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CHURCHILL HOLDS A POST-MORTEM

What He Would Have Done to Win the War

A Review by
ELMER DAVIS

THE WORLD CRISIS. 1915. By the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C. H. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.50.

MANY are the hearts that are weary tonight, waiting for the war to cease. Everybody who took part in it seems to insist on fighting it over again in post-mortems as acrimonious and futile as those of the bridge table. About the only prominent public man who is not arguing about how the hand was played is M. Poincaré, who is too busy adding up the score.

Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, among others, is going back over the war and explaining what he did in it, writing about the events of each year a volume almost as long as the year itself. We have here to deal with his history of the year 1915, or rather the things that he did, and were done to him, in that year. This was the year of the Dardanelles, also the year which saw Mr. Churchill put out of the Admiralty, which he had ably managed since 1911, and gently defenestrated via the shock-absorbing Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster. The man in the street may be pardoned for not seeing this event as the awful apocalyptic catastrophe which it seemed to its victim; but there is plenty of interest for the reader in Mr. Churchill's spirited and on the whole very effective defense of his Dardanelles expedition. To the reflective there is a deeper value in the book, for it is one of the most forthright defenses of the amateur spirit ever written, by one of the distinguished amateurs of our time.

Mr. Churchill, to be sure, does not regard himself as an amateur. He is an expert on most subjects, especially military and naval affairs. Yet throughout this volume, dealing with his career as head of the British Navy and as a member of the War Council even after his demotion, he appears in a dual rôle. He runs with the hare in naval matters, where he argues, and convincingly, that the naval experts usually agreed with him on the Dardanelles business. He hunts with the hounds, however, in dealing with the army, whose Generals persisted during 1915 in losing the war in their own way after Churchill had shown them how to win it.

Mr. Churchill doubtless has a grievance against a public which has always been inclined to underestimate his real and considerable abilities, but for this his own personality is much to blame. He would certainly have gone further had he been born plain John Smith. His whole life has been overshadowed by the fact that he is a Marlborough manqué, gifted with much of the broad vision, the energy and the talent of his eminent ancestor, but lacking just the touch of genius (also, one must add, the aptitude in double dealing) which enabled the great original Churchill to put it over. One cannot help feeling that Mr. Churchill deserves comparison with an even more versatile amateur, of still more exalted lineage, who was on the other side in the late unpleasantness; a gentleman who was also obsessed by his own singular resemblance to a great military ancestor; who knew that he could handle every department better than the dull routinarians who were in charge; who wanted to lay out every campaign, fight every battle; and who chewed his nails in futile despair as he saw other people losing a war which he could have won off-hand if he had been allowed to run it single-handed.

This is perhaps unfair, though a dozen passages in Churchill's book suggest it. After all, the late First Lord of the Admiralty never composed an opera or ventured into biblical criticism. He did a good job in getting the British Navy ready and having it in hand when the war broke out, and he manages to convince the reader that in so far as the Dardanelles disaster can be blamed on any individuals less eminent than Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos, it is not on him. His retelling of this ancient epic is interesting enough; but more important is this picture of the conflict between the professional and the amateur mind, in which the rights and wrongs were by no means all on one side. In the Dardanelles affair the conflict is less pronounced, and sheer blundering and bad luck played a big part. But Mr. Churchill's efforts to tell Kitchener, French and Joffre, not to mention Sir Edward Grey, how to win the war are more entertaining and of more permanent philosophical value.

Churchill's theory of war is expressed on Page 5:

> Battles are won by slaughter and manoeuvre. The greater the General, the more he contributes in manoeuvre, the less he demands in slaughter. * * * There is required for the composition of a great commander not only massive common sense and reasoning power, not only imagination, but also an element of legerdemain, an original and sinister touch, which leaves the enemy puzzled as well as beaten.

What was needed, in short, was something which would leave the battered Germans abased in helpless submission before the majestic superiority of British intellect. And who so expert in the original and sinister touch as Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, who, as Home Secretary, had shown his preference for manoeuvre over slaughter when he called out the Coldstream Guards and a battery of field artillery to arrest a couple of East End gunmen? Yet in this, as in most of Mr. Churchill's theories and doings, there is more value than is apt to be discerned by the casual reader who laughs at the author's unhappy manner and does not go beyond. With all his faults, he has and had the open mind. It was open to a good deal which might profitably have been shut out; but it also admitted ideas which did not penetrate certain military skulls till it was almost too late.

So we see the diligent Winston, whether or not things were going well in his own department, tormented by the spectacle of incompetence elsewhere and finally setting out to straighten things up. The Czar forbids Greek participation in the Dardanelles campaign. Churchill writes at once to Sir Edward Grey, beseeching him "not to make a mistake in falling below the level of events. You must be bold and violent." The Czar must be put in his place. Unfortunately, Churchill put the letter away overnight to think it over, and the next morning Venizelos had resigned and it was too late.

Observation of a British attack in France, from a point as near the front as could be reached "without incurring unjustifiable risks," leaves our hero with a conviction that Generals knew nothing about the life and hardships of the rank and file. Doubtless this was true, but it merely confirmed Churchill's opinion of the habitual stupidity of Generals; so, when he resigned from the Cabinet in November, 1915, and went to the front as a Colonel, he was "the bearer of a good gift—the conception of a battle and a victory." A militia Colonel, coming to France to see his first active service, explains to the Commander-in-Chief how he can win the war, and the Commander-in-Chief obtusely ignores him. * * * And yet the idea was, indeed, as its author says, worthy of study; it had in it the germ of the tank battles of 1918. The argument is not all on the side of the professional; nor of the amateur.

Churchill's strictures against the fossilized military mind which could conceive only of throwing masses of men against the enemy's trench lines have a good deal of merit. The war was not won by piecemeal offensives; it was not won purely by a western front campaign. This volume deals with the beginning of the long conflict between westerners and easterners which was never ended until unified command in France, and closer governmental co-operation, enabled the Allies virtually to operate on the basis of the single front, as the Germans had always done. When the lines were broken decisively in the west, it was with tanks and smoke, as Churchill had foreseen years before. Certainly his visions were those of the amateur; he even suggested, at one time, obliterating the enemy's trenches with steam rollers. Yet the original construction of the tanks would not have been possible without his eager support, and he was not responsible for the haphazard and inefficient tactics by which their first effects were squandered.

Indeed, one is impressed by the fact that Mr. Churchill's viewpoint on the war resembled, in many ways, that of Mr. H. G. Wells. Both had the grand and sweeping vision; both saw that this was a new kind of war; both felt, rightly, that it would be won by novel methods; and both, in their search for novelty, sometimes went rather far afield—Wells, naturally, rather more than Churchill. Wells as a fiction writer was used to bold and cheap experiments; yet after all it was another fiction writer, Colonel Swinton, who alone of officers on active service had the imagination to conceive the practicability and utility of something like the tanks.

So Mr. Churchill's jeers at the Generals who did not want to spare troops for his "side show" at the Dardanelles, when they carelessly threw them away by tens of thousands to win a square mile or so of French territory, have some foundation; also his sighs for the public which always distrusted the side show while it cheered up and hoped for the end of the war every time another French apple orchard was captured. Yet the heat of controversy is apt to lead him into the same error; most notably in dealing with the French offensive in Champagne (supported by the British at Loos) in the Fall of 1915. Churchill heard of this project with natural dismay, for it meant the withholding of reinforcements from his beloved Dardanelles. By that time, when he was out of the Admiralty, he had become a one-idea man. The Dardanelles (*Continued on Page 16*)

"Our new heavily armored cars, known as 'tanks,' now brought into action for the first time."

From "Raemaeker's Cartoon History of the War." New York: The Century Company.

Adventures of the Schoolbook Salesman

Civic Virtue and the Empty Order Book

"That is, Governor, the farmer is no gentleman. Let others assume responsibility for this gratuitous calumny. I shall not do so!"

Drawn by Stuart Hay.

By JOHN E. ROSSER

CONSIDERED from the outside, the publishing of schoolbooks is seemingly one of the most uneventful and humorless of all callings. The publisher himself, however, knows that into the making of a textbook there may creep the elements of a jest of Brobdingnagian proportions and of dire consequences. He is uneasily aware that at any time he may find himself precipitated into an imbroglio because of some picture or assertion presented in utter innocence by author and publisher.

Books are chosen for the schools in different ways. In New York and in many other large cities the Board of Education or some other authorized body may select a multiple list from which the several schools may make requisitions. In Chicago the Board of Education awards exclusive, basal contracts for a specified period of years. Counties sometimes have multiple lists and sometimes exclusive and limited lists. Twenty-four of the States, chiefly the Southern and Southwestern, choose textbooks as does Chicago. Such long-term exclusive contracts are in effect monopoly franchises, and are therefore eagerly sought and sometimes energetically attacked when in effect.

Competition in the textbook business knows a keenness quite out of proportion to the sums of money involved. The total schoolbook business of the United States is probably not more than $25,000,000 annually—a figure that is trivial indeed when compared with other industries. Beside the chewing-gum industry or peanut raising it shows up poorly indeed. And yet it knows its rapier thrusts and bludgeon strokes of competition.

In a certain Southern State a few years ago a set of readers had been chosen by a subcommission of teachers appointed to investigate the merits of all extant books on the subject. The investigators were unanimous in their statement that the series of readers named was completely suited to the needs of that State's schools. But that set of readers was not taken by the State Board of Education, which was supposed under the law to accept as final the report of the subcommission and to adopt, virtually without questioning, whatever books were named to it. When the Governor of the State, as Chairman of the board, had received and read to his associate members the report of the committee of teachers, a gentleman arose and said:

Governor, I shall not vote for those books, and I do not believe that you or any of my associates will do so when you have heard what I have to say. This State is primarily agricultural; its plantation owners are the sterling citizens upon whose broad shoulders largely rests the glory of this proud commonwealth. Upon these noble cultivators of the soil these damnable books cast a malicious slur. I shall prove what I now charge. Here in the second book of this series I find these words:

"This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-trot, gallop-a-trot;
This is the way the farmers ride,
Hobbledy-hoy, hobbledy-hoy!"

That is, Governor, the farmer is no gentleman! [He did not make the point that, by implication, the gentleman is *no* farmer]. Let others assume responsibility, if they will, for this gratuitous calumny. I shall not do so!

Thus the indiscreet utterances of Mother Goose killed dead in that State that set of reading books, which indeed received not one favorable vote. The defeated publisher had a shrewd suspicion that one of his enterprising competitors first informed the militant board member concerning the effect of the sinister quatrain. The leading newspaper of the State devoted to the defeat of the reader series a column-length story utterly unmarked by levity.

In Chicago another set of readers was incontinently thrown out of the schools when a new member of the city Board of Education, a ruddy son of Erin, arose in scornful opposition to the unhappy books. Employing tone and manner of withering satire, he said: "Let me read yez what I find. 'Says Turkey-Lurkey to Ducky-Lucky'—I'll be domned if I'll read any more av sech dhrivel!" and he threw the book violently to the floor—and out of the schools of Chicago.

Still another set of readers once failed to receive a favorable vote of an adopting body because it was pointed out that one of the books contained a selection from the well-known "Carrying a Message to Garcia," by Elbert Hubbard, then at the height of his fame and prominence. Copies of the Philistine were produced and attention invited to some of the author's Rabelaisian jests. It was held that nothing written by Hubbard should be placed before children.

The subject of history is prolific of grief to publishers of textbooks in that field. Only recently New York has had its flurry of investigation into the teachings of the histories used in the city schools. Books were publicly criticised, condemned and blacklisted. Because the public schools are financially supported and used by the people, they are concurrently subjected to political manoeuvring, and sometimes to mob psychology. What is the latest and more fearsome bogy? Is it German propaganda, the Yellow Peril, the fear of British domination? Well, let's find out what the schools are saying about these monsters, and especially what the schoolbooks contain concerning them. The pacifist learns that the histories reek with human gore and that they laud the warrior unduly. The superpatriot discovers slurs upon the Constitution and the Fathers of the Republic.

In most Southern States, all of which have State-wide uniformity of textbooks adopted by appointive boards, the laws require the textbooks chosen to "set forth fairly the interpretation of the Constitution as held by the founders of the Confederacy." The schools of Massachusetts and those of Southern States use different textbooks in history.

Always the so-called negro problem is bobbing up. Once it was discovered that a textbook adopted by a Southern State contained a cut of the Emancipation statue in Boston, where kneeling negroes uplift to Lincoln their manacled hands. The explosion attendant upon that discovery was terrific and instantaneous. The publisher of a set of English textbooks was required to cut out of his book a bit of verse by Paul Laurence Dunbar, a negro. Religious differences still produce cataclysms in the textbook world, and sometimes when least expected. A publisher's representative, appearing before an adopting body, thought to avoid all manner of controversy. He said: "Gentlemen, I do not favor the new-fangled in education. I still believe in the three R's." When it was announced that he had failed to get the business he desired, he asked a member of the board what the trouble had been. This was the answer: "We were all dead against you on that Three-R's stuff. That was what ruined Blaine—Rum, Romanism and Rebellion."

Textbooks in geography have their little ironies. Out in New Mexico, where one-half the population is of Spanish extraction and proud of the heritage, another racial problem appears. In a recent State adoption for New Mexico the publisher of a certain geography was kind enough to point out that a competing book set forth that in South America and Central America the blending of the blood of the Conquistadores and of negroes in happy marriage is not an unusual fact. The Spanish-Americans of New Mexico (be sure you so call them, rather than Mexicans!) do not lightly accept such statements. The publisher of the attacked book knew that he was fatally done for; but, by way of Parthian shot, he retorted to his discomfiter, in the presence of witnesses: "Why don't you read your own book? Yours says substantially the same thing." It was found to be even so, and, the two contending stags lying dead, the winner was a third which made no mention of miscegenation. Within the last few weeks Fort Worth has made trouble for the publisher of a geography that, as was charged, failed to give that enterprising city its proper commercial rank among the Texas cities. Indeed, the City Fathers openly expressed aversion for the untactful averment that "Fort Worth was founded upon a bluff."

What with the rising tide of fundamentalism, swept higher by the winds which Brother Bryan has set in motion, textbooks which posit their teachings upon the so-called theory of evolution are either undergoing revision which brings to the fore the dispossessed tenants of the Garden of Eden or else find themselves driven upon the beach of righteous wrath. With this matter State Legislatures have vigorously concerned themselves, and, although modern science has usually stemmed the tide of Bryanic invective, the publishers of storm-tossed volumes have prudently reefed canvas.

Physiology textbooks sometimes engender acrimonious disputes that may be disastrous to the publisher. Just a short time ago a Southern State dropped a series of health textbooks because these volumes, written in pre-Volsteadian days, depicted and described a whisky still, and, it was charged, therefore served as a complete guide for those mischievous youths whose austere parents might decline to reveal the mystery of the raisin. Possibly Texas has never heard in vocal action any legislator more outraged than was a member from a Western country who a few years ago discovered in the physiology then in use this amiable statement: "The bite of the rattlesnake is unpleasant, but it is rarely fatal." The book which bespoke charity for the gentle rattler is no longer purveyed in Texas.

If there are views and prejudices that are sometimes fatal to textbooks that oppose them, there are others which are mighty to save. In one of the Carolinas a certain set of arithmetics remained in use for the remarkable term of twenty years. No attack of competing publishers seemed powerful enough to displace these books. It was shown that the books were obsolete in method and references; but the books stayed. There was reason to believe that the strength of the long-lived series lay in the fact that the "Rule of Three" was taught by means of problems each of which was a variant of this formula: "If 60 Confederates could whip 2,500 Yankees, how many Yankees could 480 Confederates whip?"

However much it may lacerate his larynx to laugh off the jests often turned upon him, each textbook publisher bravely essays the task, upborne by the meditation that it will surely next be his competitor's turn to supply amusement for the fraternity. In fact, he will try to see that it shall be so.

There are times when a common distress befalls all publishers and when common cause must be made to solve a problem presented. The State Assembly of Virginia became convinced that the publishers of textbooks were gouging the public. An investigation was ordered, and heads of publishing houssee were ordered to appear and show that they were not profiteering. Specific complaint had been filed by a citizen who lived in the eastern part of the State. The complainant was the proprietor of a five-and-ten-cent store. He professed to have information concerning manufacturing costs of schoolbooks, and that upon his facts he based his charge of excessive profits of the publishers. A superlatively dignified President of a publishing firm was placed on the witness stand. In great detail he described the component costs of textbook manufacture. The variety store complainant took issue with the President's figures and gave a lower total.

"But," replied the President, "you have not included the royalty paid the author."

"Oh," said the gouged citizen, "so you always have to pay the author for writing the book?"

"Of course," retorted the publisher.

"Well, let's see. I notice that you get $2 a copy for Julius Caesar's book. How are the members of the Caesar family doing now with Julius's royalties?"

The publishers are now out, as a committee of the whole, to formulate a proper reply to this query.

Following the Sea Tracks of Columbus

IN QUEST OF EL DORADO. By Stephen Graham. 344 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.

HAVING voyaged twice to America from British ports and once from Copenhagen, I determined on my fourth visit to approach America from Spain and try to follow Columbus's keel over the water." So runs Stephen Graham's preface to the chronicle of his subsequent wanderings in the wake of the undaunted Genoese and later on the trail of the Spaniards, the seamen and soldiers, the adventurers and grandees who came in search of gold. And as "even today most people who seek America do so to make money," Mr. Graham realizes the continuity of this hunt for fortune through the centuries, and accordingly calls his most readable and enlightening pages "In Quest of El Dorado."

For the reader of travel volumes, El Dorado has been found. Mr. Graham gives to each spot visited a wealth of interest. His is the happy knack of animated description. Each place in turn stands out as something actually seen. "No one goes to Spain to see the future" he says. Small wonder when the past as he revives it beckons so invitingly from each shaded patio or dazzles with its barbaric splendor in each Moorish cathedral. The quaint Easter day ceremony in the palace, where the King and Queen, assisted by their courtiers, wait on and wash twenty-four of the poor and blind of Madrid, goes back to the Middle Ages or before. The inhumanity and innate cruelty of the bull ring has its certain relationship to the unfeeling deviltries of the Inquisition's Auto de Fe. But gone apparently is the old greed for gold.

Rapacity for gold killed Spain, we are told, and yet Spain has survived in a quiet old-fashioned mode of life, and cares less today for gold than the rest of the nations.

But gold in another sense remains.

The Spanish hold something which is increasingly valuable in our modern society because it is all the time getting rarer—the gold of good manners.

And so from the land of Ferdinand and Isabella, Mr. Graham begins his sentimental journey to "trace an idea geographically across the world."

The Columbus journey itself has its novelties for those accustomed to the conventional Atlantic crossing. After fifteen days at sea, the little Spanish ship reaches its first harbor in the New World, Porto Rico. Mr. Graham writes persistently to the thesis that the drive of events is making democratic America into an empire. In Porto Rico he finds his first proof. Spain, he writes, took Porto Rico for greed. The United States did not take it for that purpose—"but it was a step forward in her quest of power." In passing he does not fail to point out that

Trial by jury is not given in Porto Rico. Porto Ricans are citizens of the U. S. A., by virtue of the Jones act of 1917. They were enabled to be conscripted for the army. But they do not have the power to vote. They are represented in the United States Congress only by a Commissioner. They have no Senator. They have no part in electing a President.

Touching at Cuba, with its army of lottery ticket vendors, the music of cocktail shakers and its violent economic and social contrasts, he hits off its well-shod and brilliant capital as "the Coney Island of Key West, Florida." He sits in while there at a diverting game of human roulette, played by six girls at the Galatea Lawn Tennis Club on the Prado, before a "gallery" of 600 or more "Pygmalions" which places its bets on each girl's individual prowess. After Cuba, Mr. Graham leaves, temporarily, his Spanish itinerary, owing to the tropical heat, and spends a pleasant interlude with the artist colony at Santa Fé. Here live and work writers and painters of varying grades of distinction, but to Mr. Graham it is "the cowboys, the Indians and the Mexicans" who "make it very interesting." "You still have to be something of a cowboy to be real leader in America."

The great Theodore, New York-

(Continued on Page 12)

Autobiography of Mrs. Wiggin of Quillcote Farm

"My Garden of Memory" Posthumously Published

MY GARDEN OF MEMORY. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Illustrated. 465 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

THE ingredients of biography are two: the subject of the biography must have led an interesting life, and the author must have an interesting style of narrative. For "good" autobiography a third ingredient is essential—the author must be able to endow his portrait of himself with his own personality. "In My Garden of Memory" is the autobiography of the late Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and many other stories, who completed the work before her death. The book is, therefore, entirely her own. And it is "good" autobiography, though not of the best. Mrs. Wiggin's life was intensely interesting to herself; that is evident from the first page to the last. It is a question whether it presented a great deal that will interest the modern reader. On the other hand, the author endows almost every page with her personality, and she possesses, of course, a gift for narrative which combines many winning qualities. The book belongs to a generation that is passing, or has already passed; but there were gentlemen—and ladies—in those days, and Mrs. Wiggin's narrative has in consequence an atmosphere of fine courtesy that lends an air of distinction. And as the author was endowed with a fine sense of humor the pages are sufficiently strewn with anecdote to prevent boredom when the interest in events lags.

Mrs. Wiggin gives not only the key to the book but the key to much of her own psychology in an anecdote of Bram Stoker. Stoker, it will be remembered, was the manager of Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, with whom Mrs. Wiggin was on terms of close friendship, and the author of "Timothy's Quest" sent Mr. Stoker a copy of this serene story. The recipient of the gift thanked Mrs. Wiggin, but, after admitting the "charm" of the story added, "But I don't mind confessing to you that I like just a little more to happen in a book." Stoker sent with the note a copy of his own vigorous tale, "Dracula." This was Mrs. Wiggin's reply:

> Your "Dracula" is indeed a dramatic story, but I don't mind confessing to you that I like books in which not quite so much happens!

Little happened in the life of Kate Douglas Wiggin, and it is clear that she liked it so.

The maiden name of Mrs. Wiggin was Kate Douglas Smith and she was born in the State of Maine, in the little town of Hollis, not many miles from Portland. The author, true to the feminine tradition of her generation, seems a little reticent as to the date of her birth. But this event of moderate importance in her career appears to have taken place some time about 1860. Her ancestors were "Americans about as long as any folk save the redskins." Kate had a younger sister, Nora; and the pages which Mrs. Wiggin devotes to the childhood of the two in Hollis are among the most pleasing in the book. And this is not unnatural, for it would be strange if one with her genius for depicting child life and the child mind should fail when turning the searchlight on her own period of youth.

Most children seem to find unending pleasure in playing "school," and the little Wiggin girls were no exception to the rule. But whereas dolls are usually the only pupils, in the absence of other children, with the addition of kittens and puppies, if the household includes a supply of these, the Wiggins children—and the idea must have sprung from the fertile imagination of Kate—drew their "scholars" from an entirely different branch of the animal kingdom. The pupils in the Wiggins' private seminary were young frogs!

> We had a frog singing school once a week. It was very exciting. But troublesome. We used to put a nice board across the pool and then catch the frogs and try to keep them in line with their heads all facing one way during the brief lesson. They never quite caught the idea. They could never quite apprehend the difference between school and pool; but at the end of the Summer's training we twice succeeded in getting them into line, quiet, docile, motionless, without a hint of the application of force. It was a beautiful sight, worth any amount of toil and trouble!

Mrs. Wiggin sees in this "frog school," and in the schools for dolls to which she was addicted, a foreshadowing of her later career as a kindergartner. But it is a question whether the conclusion is warranted. An immediate source of earning became necessary through the wreck of the family fortune in a California land boom, and the kindergarten work opened the way to a livelihood. But for the collapse of the land boom and its effect on the family finances there is nothing to show in the biography that Kate Smith would have turned very seriously to any line of activity. In fact, except for being an insatiable reader during childhood and adolescence, she seems to have been a person of rather indolent mind.

One of the most interesting chapters of "In My Garden of Memory" is that in which Mrs. Wiggin reprints generously from the diary she kept at the age of 10 years. A recent notable contribution to the history of English literature was an anthology of English diaries from the time of the youthful King Edward VI. to the present, and there was but one from the pen of a very little girl—that of the Princess, afterward Queen Victoria. Hence this chapter from Mrs. Wiggin's childhood is both a contribution to English letters and to child psychology, and it is winsome and amusing also.

> Upon looking out of my window this morning (reads one entry) I found it was raining torrents. I was very much disappointed, as father and I expected to go to Hollis Centre to buy a lamb and two more hens. Ours seemed so cold and hungry that I took hay and stuffed it in all the little holes of the henhouse and then took a nice clean board and put it in the place where the wind didn't blow and put their food and drink on it.

The lamb—we learn from a parenthesis that it "was not for use but fun"—plays a considerable part in the diary. It appears to have been bought the next day, although it narrowly missed becoming part of Miss Kate's entourage, for its price had been raised from a dollar to a dollar and a quarter, which father coonsidered excessive. But the children cried, and the mother ordered the purchase of Lambie. Lambie, however, came to an unfortunate end two months later, for he got himself wound up in his tie rope, fell down the banking and choked to death.

This diary compared with that of the Princess Victoria shows that royalty and common flesh have the same appetite when young. Both children sat down with meticulous care what they have to eat, although Kate allows herself to rejoice more frequently in italics. The Princess may have thought it unregal to underscore her toast and jam. The little Maine girl, however, seems to have read a great deal more than the royal diarist. As is proper for little girls, she helped her mother with the housework. The last two entries are revelations of character:

> Made Phil's cart into an ambulance (Phil was a baby half-brother), and Nora and I are going to have a hospital for sick bugs and other things. I got four little willow branches and dropped them into the cart for a bed and made a cover of white curtain lace. It is perfectly lovely and we soon hope to have it full of invalid insects, though Nora hates worms and crawling things.
>
> I have had some trouble with lessons this week, but none at all with behavior for a very long time. It seems quite natural to be good (!!). The exclamation marks within the parentheses are Mrs. Wiggin's—probably supplied from mature wonder and perhaps doubt.

Kate Smith was seventeen years of age when the family moved to Santa Barbara, and it was in the collapse of land values in Southern California which took place a few years later that the family savings were engulfed. In an endeavor to earn a little money Kate wrote a story for which St. Nicholas magazine paid the good round sum of $150, but when she attempted to turn out other narratives her inspiration failed her. This first story, called "Half-a-Dozen Housekeepers," had been taken from her own life, and it was a trait—perhaps a limitation—of her future writing that she was able only to produce from something that had been her own experience, or very close to her own experience. This undoubtedly accounted for her later disagreement with Bram Stoker; Kate Douglas Wiggin could not fully "apprehend" (to use the word she applied to the frogs) an imaginary world peopled with Stoker's vampires and serpents.

The school in which Miss Smith learned kindergartening was in Santa Barbara. But she did not remain there to "practice." Dr. Felix Adler, in 1878, made a visit to San Francisco, where he inspired a group of citizens to establish the first free kindergarten west of the Rocky Mountains, and Kate Douglas Smith was called from Santa Barbara to organize the work. It was in the slum district of Tar Flat that the New England girl started to apply the teachings of Froebel, with fifty small children of several nationalities. It was not until after the earthquake and conflagration had destroyed the Silver Street building that Mrs. Wiggin's interest in the venture came to an end, although in the meantime she had married and moved from San Francisco. But even in her busiest years she returned for a few weeks annually, to visit, and to sign the diplomas in the training school which she also had established. Her story of trials and tribulations of a kindergartner is one fraught with human feeling and glowing often with subdued emotion. And it is rich in just the sort of anecdote that will waken response in the memory of any reader who has had similar experience with the infant mind. These anecdotes are too long and too numerous to quote, but the description of the kindergarten by a girl of 13 who volunteered to help when not at work is worth pausing over.

> "There's a canary bird," Mrs. Wiggin quotes her 'Corporal' as exclaiming, "There's fishes swimmin' in a glass bowl. There's plants bloomin' on the winder sills. There's a pianner. And more'n a million pictures! There's closets stuffed full o' things to play and work with, and there's a room with red rings painted on the floor, and they're goin' to march and have games on them. She can play the pianner standin' up or settin' down, without lookin' at her hands to see where they're goin'."

But one must leave the kindergarten—as Miss Smith nearly did when Dion Boucicault asked her to join his players, and as she actually did when, in 1881, she married Samuel Bradley Wiggin. Mr. Wiggin, a friend of her girlhood, was a young Boston lawyer who, she says, followed her to seek a career on the Coast. But this little fib may be allowed in an autobiography of close to 500 pages. It is abundantly clear that it was the kindergarten teacher and not the law which was being pursued. Mr. Wiggin, who had never been of robust health, died eight years after his marriage, in New York, whither the two had moved from San Francisco. Mrs. Wiggin subsequently married George C. Riggs of New York.

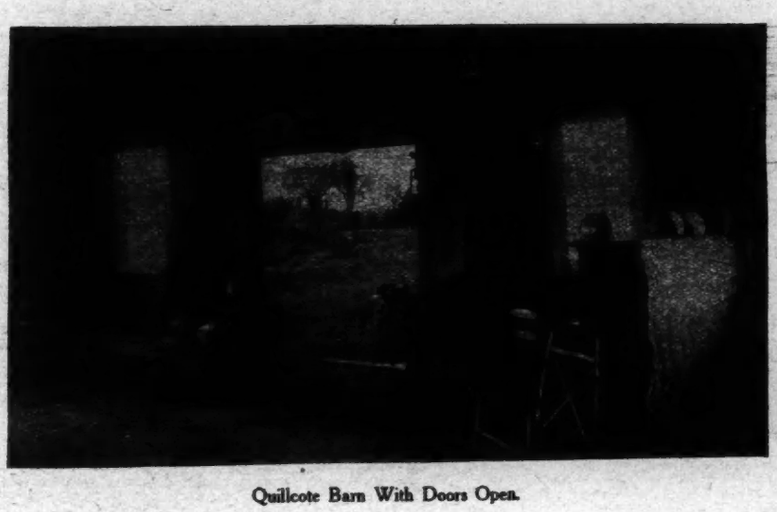
It was from her kindergarten days that Mrs. Wiggin's career as a writer actually dated, although it was not launched—to mix a figure—until after her first marriage. While at Silver Street the young teacher wrote the story which was the beginning of her success and her fame. This was "The Birds' Christmas Carol," which was quietly printed, and sold for the benefit of the kindergarten. This little paper-bound story, together with "The Story of Patsy," printed and sold in the same way and for the same philanthropic purpose, she sent, in 1889, to the Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston. This firm immediately published both stories and Mrs. Wiggin became famous overnight.

The sweet, wholesome quality of these narratives immediately made an appeal to an immense number of readers, especially the "Christmas Carol," of which three translations have been made into the German, one into the French and one—rare honor—into the Japanese. Her story, "Timothy's Quest," has been translated into German, Swedish, Danish and Bohemian; "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" into German, Danish, Polish and Dutch; "A Cathedral Courtship" into French; "The Story of Patsy" into German; "Principles and Practice of the Kindergarten" into Spanish, and "Polly Oliver's Problem" into Swedish. Few, perhaps no other, American authors can boast of so wide a conquest in foreign lands. And in addition to these translations into foreign tongues, five of the stories have been set in raised type for the blind.

The latter chapters of "In My Garden of Memory" are less interesting than the earlier pages—perhaps because they are nearer the present day; but more probably because Mrs. Wiggin betrays a naïve but rather annoying desire to impress the reader with the lists of the literary and social lions and lionesses whom she entertained, or who entertained her. But if this is a warning to the reader it should not move him to avoid the book. On the contrary. The literary world of New York, of which Mrs. Wiggin was so conspicuous a figure—when she was not living at Quillcote, in Hollis, Me.—is rapidly becoming a memory. The older generation will be glad to have it revivified for its delectation. And the younger generation, even if not wholly in sympathy with what was, after all, largely a backwash of English Victorianism, can well afford to put aside for a moment its prejudices and its aspirations for a literary revolution to pause over lavender and lace.

Mrs. Wiggin traveled in Europe for several months annually during her busiest writing years, and much of the volume of memoirs has to do with her European experiences.

Quillcote, the Summer Home of Kate Douglas Wiggin.



Quillcote Barn With Doors Open.

Mr. Swinnerton Recovers the Lost Romance of Man

Common Folk and Common Affairs in a New Novel

FELIX. By Frank Swinnerton. 439 pp. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

OF the serious-minded novelist Stevenson remarked, "The danger is lest, in seeking to draw the normal, a man should draw the null, and write the novel of society instead of the romance of man." The romance of man! How far behind the Tittlebats of fiction writing have left that glowing world while anatomizing the lugubrious business of society. But in his new novel entitled "Felix," Frank Swinnerton has recovered the lost argosy and (the flushed reviewer dares to hope) set the novel back some twenty years. For here lies a novel about human beings who knock against and brush other people, but who retain their individual selves through it all, their ruddy humors, their robust merriment, their griefs and bitter disappointments; and a novel fashioned withal by a novelist who bursts with story, who does not rub bare in more than 400 well-filled pages and who even in that fulsome space cannot say all he feels. What matter though the story at length does not hold to the road detailed in Chapter I. and though it occasionally drowns exposition in a muddy pool of introspection. Felix lives in these pages nevertheless, from the age of two years (when the novelist discovers him "sitting alone upon the bottom step of a flight of stairs, watching through the opaque glass panes of a front door the shadows of two bailiffs who vainly knock to be let into the house") to the evening in London many eventful years later when during a sharp air raid he proposes to tell the story of his life to Mary Howard, and so finishes the novel:

"Oh, but haven't I heard that?" she objected.

"This is another one," said Felix. "Listen!"

If literary affairs were like money affairs and could always be reckoned by numerical accounting, "Felix" might be put down as tragedy, or as a series of tragedies. "The life of Felix," writes Mr. Swinnerton on page 10, "was one long series of disasters"; but also, as the author appends, "one long happiness." For some 200 pages both statements seem close to the truth. The Hunters were among the most impoverished Londoners, uncertain of their meals, uncertain of their lodging, tattered of clothing; and they were reduce to subterfuges when the water-rates man appeared at the door. Pa Hunter read Froude, a cerebral exercise; and his mind of an evening was often bent on the days of Henry VIII., Erasmus, Wacham and Luther, but he could scarcely make a living as an engraver. All day long he tramped from shop to shop in London in search of jobs, and worked spasmodically within the ugly, sweating, painted walls of his office, but never to advantage. Occasionally business came with a rush; for the nonce the Hunters expanded and fattened. But a decline in business, sickness or a death soon brought them up short again. Grim disaster followed fast and followed faster. Even when Felix had forged ahead in Brinkson's advertising concern and no longer worried over money matters, and was making progress also as an artist, disaster kicked at his heels. His wife disappeared with a loathsome lover and his mother died—all in one evening. What became of him after this volume closes only the gods can tell. But surely no fortune lay in store for Felix. Early in the novel Mr. Swinnerton makes sure of that—

Felix, being a contemplative, was not therefore a philosopher. He had no philosophy. He met disaster with cheerfulness; but this was not from philosophical fortitude, but merely because he had never really counted upon anything but disaster. He honestly believed that he deserved nothing better. Any flicker of good fortune, any mocking will-o'-the-wisp, which would have intoxicated another man into pride of his own powers, made Felix garrulous and expository; but it did not change the orientation of his native view. He expected disaster, and disaster came. Then Felix went on to something else, again to meet disaster. I should have called this book "The Unfortunate Traveler" if an early genius of English letters had not already used that title. I have perhaps said enough upon this point, for, after all, events which will presently be retailed show more clearly than any explanation could do what is the truth about the wretched Felix; but I am afraid that the glamour of the man's insensibility to misfortune may create a false air of triumph for him, and that is why I erect a preliminary finger-post. You must remember that Felix was always as clever as the devil. He could always prove anybody wrong in argument, just for sport. If he had the least notion that I was writing a book about him he would demand the manuscript, would read it with attention, and would then say: "What a paradoxical fellow you are, Swinnerton! Clever, I grant. Nobody doubts your cleverness, except the people who take you seriously. But this * * * I quite agree that I'm unfortunate. You've understood, as nobody else has done, the intrinsic sadness of my life. But damn it, man, your book makes it seem as though my life had been 'roses, roses all the way.' It *hasn't*. It's been a struggle with adversity, as you say. Now what you *ought* to have said * * * and he would ingeniously rewrite my book for me, and discourage me, and no book would appear. That is exactly what a quick intelligence will always do. A quick intelligence is always destructive. It is fiendish in its power to make all human endeavor seem futile. I once read a Russian novel which told the story of Lazarus after he had been raised from the dead. The knowledge of death was in his eyes, and upon whomsoever he looked he cast that same terrible knowledge. That is what Felix does—but he does it with ridicule. He looks at a thing one has done, and one is immediately defensive. One hides a vanity, knowing one's own weakness afresh through instinctive fear of his perception of it. Whatever he examines withers. His first wife once said, before she left him, "You know, if you weren't very nice *indeed*, you'd be *horrible*."

Frank Swinnerton.

Thus, like Henry Fielding, Mr. Swinnerton occasionally lays down his pen, drops into a seat by the fireplace and talks with the reader informally about the hero of his novel. But, sly dog that he is, a contumelious maker of novels, member of a scurvy craft, he exaggerates grossly, as does Felix. The Hunter disasters are all merely academic, and quite discounted by the volatile disposition of the family. When they move from one squalid lodging to another more squalid, where "the greasy heaviness of the atmosphere, the airlessness and ingrained filth of the whole block and aspect of life are such as to create despair," they still make jokes at one another. Old Grumps, who generally was staggering toward nightfall, who came and went as unconcernedly as the Autumn snows, billowed through life on an undercurrent of good-nature—

Grumps gave a long, gentle, infuriating rat-tat-tatti-tatti-tat, tat upon the small knocker, and with arch childishness played a tune upon the letter-box.

Once as a little fellow Felix left the house on a chilly morning with a stomach quite empty, and walked to Highbury, past the fragrant food shops. Despite the gnawing in his belly he was rapt in contemplation of life, and his good spirits were ready to fly—

And then he saw the old overcoat and the greenish hat and Pa's broad face, and leapt forward, no longer in a dream, but eagerly welcoming. His painfully thin hands were raised, his face was full of alertness.

"Hullo, Mahlcolm!" he ejaculated, imitating Grumps. "Top o' the class?"

Pa looked down upon Felix with that familiar and chillingly awkward inability to express emotion, pressing his shoulder. And then, a little way down Ball's Pond Road, to which they turned because it was not considered meet that any passing of money should be public, Pa stopped.

"I got two-and-ninepence," he said. "Here's two-and-six."

"Oh, won't you take more!" cried Felix.

"I expect I'll get some." Pa was reassuring, and short. He took satisfaction in yielding up so great a proportion of his fund.

"Have you had something to eat?"

"Yes. Some bread-and-cheese and beer. I was stood. That's why I'm a bit late. Now, hurry on to meet Godfrey. As fast as you can, or he'll be gone. And then back to Ma. Give Godfrey sixpence of that." * * * He gave Felix a little friendly push, and a few seconds later was just a tall, gaunt figure in the distant press of people, his coat-tails flowing, and his hat slightly cocked. Felix, after a single peep, ran down through side streets of big solemn houses until he came to Mildmay Road. Afar, he saw a thin, shabby figure with bowed shoulders and a face which hunger had lowered to grayness.

"Hey, Godfrey!" he called, at the top of his capacious voice.

Godfrey, who was just turning away from the trysting place hungry and dispirited, wheeled round. Felix waved a triumphant hand and dashed toward his brother. The meeting was all joy.

At length the succession of poverty, lack of nourishment, responsibility and indoor labor left their mark on Pa, and he fell seriously ill. A chill crept over the household at the knowledge of all that it meant. This faint suggestion of calamity impressed young Felix disastrously. He crept into the bare room where Pa lay breathing rather heavily. In the semi-darkness his face looked quite gray, and Felix experienced a chill of horror—

"Hullo, Mahlcolm," he whispered. There came a gasping response.

"Hullo, Felix." A groping hand came out of the bed. Felix gripped it.

"Howjer feel? Better?"

"I'm not ill," came indignantly from Pa. "Who says I'm ill? I'm not!"

"No, I can see," retorted Felix, impudently. "Just you get up and leave off shamming."

Pa grinned. He raised his head from the pillow.

"What's the time?" he asked.

"Phew!" Felix jumped up. "Have to run. You're *going* to get up, aren't you? I mean, you don't *really* feel ill?" He held the door for an instant; then closed it quietly and went into the next room, where Godfrey lay asleep. "Up, Timothy, up!" he cried; and thoughtfully drew the bedclothes from about the peaceful body of his brother. That body was comfortably curled as if in a hollow of the bed. With two giant strides Felix was safe, and he immediately set out for Messrs. Nimmodyne's Advertising Agency.

Let circumstances heap disaster and tragedy as busily as they may, "Felix" still remains as serene as a romance. Exacerbating things may happen, things at which the cadaverous novel heroes of today fulminate and flagellate, bringing down the welkin about their ears. But "Felix" still purrs and simmers. For Mr. Swinnerton has done it lovingly with a merry eye upon his characters, his tongue in his cheek at fates and demoniacs; and he has taken joy of every page. "The aim I had," he warns his publishers, "was to write a chronicle novel, about serious and tragic things, and squalid as well (as the mixture often is in life), but lightened by the rather buoyant personality of the central character and the variety of persons straying in and out of the book." So, and perhaps with less intelligence, Dickens wrote his expansive novels, with the same loving warmth of humanity. For a hundred pages toward the close of the book "Felix" loses its radiancy, perhaps because Felix does, too, under the weight of husbandly cares and routine, and an allegiance badly divided between his wife and mother. But in Part V., labeled as "Beginning Again," the elfins start dancing over the hills once more and "Felix" pushes on to the end. Mr. Swinnerton writes as the expert novelist, with an eye to all the machinery of his craft, the story, the characters, the philosophy and the setting. Occasionally he sets down a vivid description of London, impressionistic, emotional and withal exact—

The top of the tramcar reeked with the smoke of shag; damp and warmth gave clamminess to everything that was touched, to the hand-rail, the back of the seat, the coats of those who pushed roughly by to their places. The raised windows of the car streamed with the splashing wet of rain upon the outside and the condensation of moisture within. Choked and conscious of being sodden with rain, the occupants of the upper deck were all alike depressed and sullen. They shrank from each other, from the smears of wet, and wriggled within their sticky and uncomfortable clothes. They glowered at two friends who had met and were talking in loud, jovial voices about their families and their friends as if there were no storm and no swamp-like atmosphere to poison the hearts of men. They were all brusque in seating themselves and rising up again, transferring to their fellow-sufferers responsibility for the common distress. Felix had a vision of the occupants of the upper deck of this tramcar. He became esthetically aware of them, pervaded by an imagination of their stifled rebellion against the inevitable. Suffering himself, he transcended suffering. He made the magic of creation, and in this subtle magic they became the basis of a picture which had been born in Felix's vision. Rembrandtesque, perhaps, but typically Hunterian also. No question of that.

In an introduction to the letters of Alciphron, published this season, Mr. F. A. Wright observes of the extreme psychologists like Marcel Proust and James Joyce: "They have already reached the extreme limits to which the substance of the psychological novel can be stretched. A little more straining and the form will collapse, and we shall be back with Plato again." Mr. Swinnerton, however does not march with the advanced guard of novelists. Of him they may coldly inquire: "Now just what have you done for the current novel in 'Felix'? What new and hidden corner of life have you flooded with light?" Alas, he has not come to the picket line bearing ammunition. He has only clung to the tradition of Fielding, Thackeray and Dickens; not, perhaps, because he believes in fostering that merry progeny, but because by temperament, by the love he has for his art, he can do no better. And for the same reasons he is destined by some mysterious crossing of the stars to write merely "the romance of man." He may try to be realistic or naturalistic or even psychological, as others have been; but it will profit him nothing. "The romance of man" will seep in somewhere.

Navies That Bring Ivory and Apes and Peacocks

Mercantile Marines from Earliest Times

A Review by
NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

THE MERCANTILE MARINE. By R. Keble Chatterton. 251 pp. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5.
THE MERCHANT MARINE. By Rear Admiral William S. Benson. 182 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.
AMERICA AND THE ATLANTIC. By Vice Admiral G. A. Ballard, R. N. 351 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.

The Chesterfield Packet (Captain Robert Lea Jones) Rescuing the Crew of a Sinking Ship. About 1795.

ONCE in three years," it is written in the Scriptures, "came the navy of Tarshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory and apes and peacocks" for the greater glory of King Solomon. The cedars of Lebanon served as their masts, and their boards were made of fir trees from Senir. Fine linen, with broidered work, from Egypt was spread forth to be their sails, and they were covered with blue and purple from the Isles of Elishah. They coasted along the Mediterranean shores and among the isles of Greece, and some, stationed in the Red Sea, sought the wealth of the East.

So it had been in the past and so it has been since. Kings and Princes who have possessed a great merchant marine, and the power to uphold it against predatory rivals—whether in the guise of pirates, as was the case so often in the history of the Mediterranean, or of the freebooters of the Spanish Main, or of privateers or hostile navies in times of war—have gathered wealth for themselves and power for their nations. On its merchant marine was founded the greatness of Venice. The Spanish galleons bringing the gold of the Incas to Seville were the sinews of Spain, and the Dutch fleet brought power to Holland. That Great Britain is built on her merchant marine and her navy is now fully recognized even by foreigners. And so the story goes.

As told by R. Keble Chatterton in "The Mercantile Marine," it is an interesting tale of Britain's commercial development. He traces the British merchant marine from its earliest days down to the present; from the fishing fleets which ventured into the North Sea, from the traders who sought new markets, from the great Admirals and adventurers of the days of Elisabeth, down to the steamship lines of 1923 which send vast fleets all over the world. Incidentally he shows how the movement of the herring into the Baltic Sea in the twelfth century brought wealth to the Hanseatic towns and stimulated them to build great fleets; and how when the herring left the Baltic forever in 1425 and visited the Dutch coast, the Hansa power began to decline, and the Netherlands developed a great trading industry and built a large fleet to carry their wares to the south and west and east. Of the formation of the British East India Company he tells with much interest, and of the gradual expansion of British trade throughout the world during the last two centuries.

What Chatterton does for the British mercantile marine, Rear Admiral William S. Benson, U. S. N., does for our own, in his small volume "The Merchant Marine." His is a brief history of American mercantile development, from its origin in the earliest Colonial days, down through the great period of expansion which accompanied the China trade, and, lapsing for a while, had a new burst of glory during the clipper ship era that ended with the Civil War. The burden of the Admiral's book, however, is not so much the story of the past as its lesson, and this for the Americans of today is particularly important.

Like the lesson of preparedness, there is little that is new in it. The late war has shown the necessity of a great merchant fleet—a thing which we did not possess between 1870 and 1917—that not only in case of a war in which we are involved, but also in one in which we are neutral, we must have a big merchant marine in order to preserve our contacts with the outside world. As early as 1681 an Englishman wrote:

> As concerning ships, it is that which every one knoweth and can say: they are our weapons, they are our ornament, they are our strength, they are our pleasures, they are our defense, they are our profit. The subject by them is made rich; the kingdom through them strong; the Prince in them is mighty. In a word: by them, in a manner we live, the kingdom is, the King reigneth.

What was true of Britain then is true of the United States today. Whoever doubts this on reading Admiral Benson's book need only turn to "America and the Atlantic" by another Admiral—a Britisher, this time, G. A. Ballard by name—and there get a more complete historical picture of the influence of the sea on American history and of the value of a navy to a nation's commerce. There is little in this volume not already expounded in the various writings of the brilliant naval historian Mahan, but taken as a whole it gives an admirable survey of the part played by navies in modern history, and more especially in the growth of the American nations. Admiral Ballard shows how Spain's naval supremacy made her all powerful in Central and South America in the sixteenth century; how the defeat of the Armada led to the supremacy of the British Navy and made possible the extensive colonial ventures in North America; how the defeat of the Dutch Navy lost to Holland New York; how British control of the seas in the various wars with France checked French colonization in America and finally lost Canada to France; how the combined strength of France, Spain and Holland during the American Revolution hampered British operations in the United States; and finally how Spain's weak navy lost to that country her possessions in South America in the early 1800's, and at the end of the century Cuba.

On one important point the British Admiral differs from American authorities. He minimizes the value of the French fleet to the United States during the Revolution on the ground that it might at any time have ended the war in favor of the United States by striking a blow at the British fleet. To the theory of the "fleet in being" he gives apparently but little credence, although it is clear that the French Admirals by their very act of hovering off the American coast, sailing first from one place to another, prevented the British fleet from co-operating with the British land forces, and ultimately led to British defeat.

But the technical aspects of naval strategy are of little interest to the public. What is of great interest, however, is that our merchant marine is again facing extinction, and that despite the Washington conference the old tendency of Congress to weaken the navy is again manifest. That we must have a navy equal with the strongest is admitted by all but professional pacifists and Congressmen. But there are so many doubters about the merchant marine that it is well to emphasize the following words from the pen of Admiral Benson:

> The vast sum heretofore and still paid foreign vessels for transporting American products to foreign countries, if paid to American vessels, would itself be a great addition to our national assets. This, however, is but one aspect of the matter in relation to our commerce. In addition to the freight money paid foreign owners, we place in their custody as an open book all the "secrets" of that part of our foreign trade carried in their ships, for the manifests which form a part of the ship's papers contain in great detail information concerning our imports, our exports and our customers. If a citizen wishes to understand what this means and what folly it is to permit it, let him consider what he would think of a great department store employing the delivery wagons of a competing establishment for the delivery of its sales, thereby entrusting to its competitors the names of the buyers, a full description of the goods, and their prices! In addition to this folly, another disadvantage from dependence on a foreign merchant fleet occurs when there is a shortage of tonnage, for preference is naturally given by the foreign vessel to carrying the commerce of its own ports, not only from a possible sense of loyalty, but at times from a desire to affirmatively injure our foreign commerce, as a competing nation.
>
> Furthermore, when the nation whose flag the foreign vessel flies needs vessels because of war or some other national emergency, however much inclined their owners might be to continue operating their vessels in commerce, their Government may take them at any time without regard for the inconvenience or loss our merchants will suffer in their foreign commercial relations. This aspect of the matter is not merely academic—it was our experience when Great Britain withdrew large portions of her tonnage to assist in transport work during the Boer war; and we experienced it in a still greater degree during the World War. Our only protection is to have an ample merchant marine under our own flag, subject to no call which has priority over our own, whether in time of peace or time of war.

To these words of a man who was Director of Naval Operations during the World War and later Chairman of the United States Shipping Board, there is little that can be offered by way of opposition. His argument is sound, and his defense unassailable. It is one of the tragedies of our history, however, that in matters pertaining to our strength in times of war and peace Congress notoriously turns a deaf ear to sound and unassailable advice. But a wider reading of books such as the three herein mentioned should help to enlighten the public opinion that elects Congressmen and to make clear that if the United States is to retain her great position in the world as it is organized today she must have a big merchant marine backed by a strong fleet.

The Mauretania, Assisted by Tugs, Coming Alongside the Quay at Southampton.

History of Art and Engraving

A HISTORY OF ENGRAVING AND ETCHING FROM THE 15TH CENTURY TO THE YEAR 1914. BEING THE THIRD AND FULLY REVISED EDITION OF "A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGRAVING AND ETCHING." By Arthur M. Hind. With frontispiece and photogravure and 110 illustrations. 487 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.: $12.

PROFESSOR HIND'S volume has long become an indispensable reference book, the only of its kind in English. There are other books, good ones, written for the beginner in this field of art, written with an eye on appreciation and not with the view to historical completeness. It is rather to them that one should turn for consideration of the vital connection between art and life. To expect that point to be brought out very strongly in a book such as the present one is not quite fair. And yet, although so many facts had to be crowded in, the author does bring in the social background of prints incidentally. Much technical discussion is enlivened by terse and illuminating criticism. But one must read the book attentively to find it. This is essentially a reference book, and from that standpoint a flaw is the absence of a general index to lead to such terms and subjects as ornamental pattern designs, plagiarism, the use of pewter instead of copper, print-sellers, niello, steel plates, early Italian copper plate printing, the relation between drawings and prints, and many another. On the other hand, the ingenious and very useful classified and chronological list of engravers is backed up by an excellent index of names. The bibliography, too, is so inclusive that there is no necessity for pointing out the few titles that have escaped the dragnet.

The wonder is not that there are some omissions, but that there are so few. It is always comparatively easy, in a work of this kind, to indicate missed possibilities of inclusion. If the dull precision of bank note engraving in the United States is mentioned on page 211, and Henriquet Dupont's attempt to get away from deadening system on p. 212, a reference might perhaps have been made to the American S. A. Schoff's remarkably free handling of the line, to translate color values, or even brush marks, in his "Bathing Boys," after W. M. Hunt. Probably the matter never came to Mr. Hind's attention. After all, it is, to use that Boyle-Roche-ism, hard "to be like a bird, in two places at once." One need not quarrel with British predilections which are not excessively apparent, although they do lead the author to mention "in particular" Bartolozzi's unconvincing renderings of Holbein's drawings, and to the statement that Cruikshank "produced in art an almost perfect embodiment of what Charles Dickens created in literature"—which, if true, is a bit rough on Dickens. Schoff does not appear in the index, nor Hassam, Sloan, Eugene Higgins, Mahonri Young, S. Arlent Edwards and perhaps other Americans. Yet any one who has tried to write a succinct account of recent achievement in any art in which there is lively activity, and knows how troublesome it is to decide just where to begin putting in and leaving out, will sympathize with Mr. Hind.

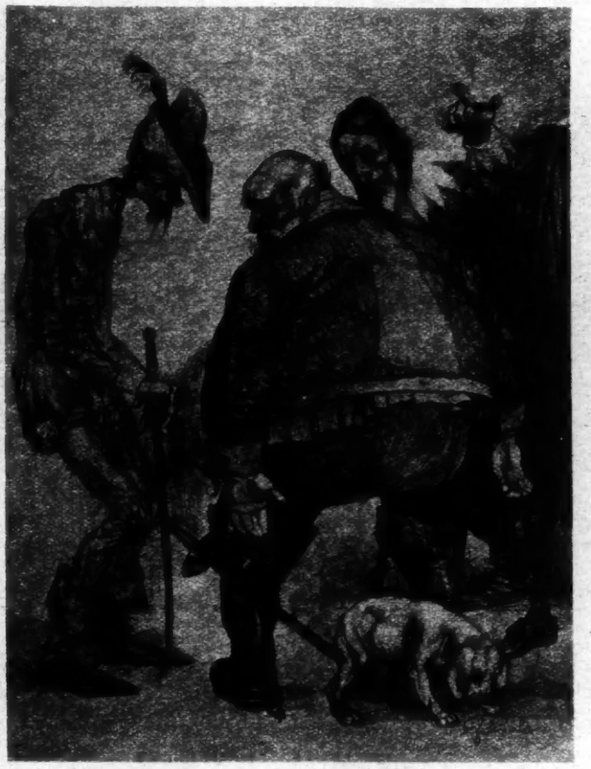
The chapter on modern American etchers is negligible, which makes it all the more noticeable that the supposed importance of Cadart's "French Etching Club" in New York in 1866 is twice referred to. In fact, the whole portion on modern prints is just a bit perfunctory—not surprising, when one considers that H. W. Singer and Curt Glaser have each recently published a quarto volume of nearly 500 pages on that subject.

A new edition was necessary, if others had the same experience as the reviewer, the copy at whose desk became badly frayed at the bottom of the pages through use. That is in part to be attributed to the condition of paper today, and especially to the coated paper which we still seem to find necessary in order that half-tone plates and type may be printed on the same page.

The illustrations are well done (the half-tone frequently avoided in the reproduction of line work), and form eminently satisfactory memoranda. The hypercritical demand for perfect facsimile reproduction in a book of this kind, size and price is unthinking.

FRANK WEITENKAMPF.

"I AM IN THE WAIST TWO YARDS ABOUT; BUT I AM NOW ABOUT NO WASTE"



To the Left—"Go carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet."

To the Right—"Setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms."

From "The Life and Death of Sir John Falstaff." Illustrated by G. B. Galizzi.

New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Epic of the Great Bagdad Railway and the Near East

A Review by
WILLIAM MACDONALD

TURKEY, THE GREAT POWERS, AND THE BAGDAD RAILWAY: By Edward Mead Earle. 364 pages. New York: The Macmillan Co.

PROFESSOR EARLE has chosen a fascinating subject. The history of railway promotion is a story of faith, daring, scientific effort and diplomacy such as no other business operation can show. The men who projected and built the transportation lines which now link sea with sea and continent with continent have been admittedly great pioneers of civilization, but they have been also great practical idealists, seeing countries and peoples not only as they were but also as they were presently to become. One might write the history of Canada or the United States, for example, in terms of railway expansion without omitting much that was fundamental in the development of economic life, or the dispersion of population, or the growth of manufactures, commerce and agriculture, or the employment and distribution of capital and labor; yet when the tale of economic performance had been fully told, the stories of such great systems as the Canadian Pacific or Canadian National Railways, the Northern Pacific or Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé lines would still remain as among the great historical romances of recent times.

The position of the Bagdad Railway, however, is unique. As a revenue-producing project, even if the plans that were laid for it had been fully carried out, it would almost certainly have been for many years of less importance than any one of a dozen railway systems that might be named. The regions through which it passed, while abundantly populated and rich in natural resources, were and still are little developed in comparison with the countries whose Governments and citizens interested themselves keenly in the enterprise. On the other hand, no railway ever projected has been so closely linked with national and international rivalries and schemes of imperial expansion, or enlisted the anxious concern of so many rival financial groups, or promised, if completed, to affect so radically the balance of political power in the world. Unlike any of the great transportation systems into which capital has been poured or for whose control political and financial battles have been fought, the Bagdad Railway was an undertaking whose international political possibilities were never out of sight; and until the World War wrested it for the time being from the hands of those who down to that time had mainly controlled it, no diplomatic manoeuvres affecting the vast region between Austria-Hungary and India could leave the railway wholly out of the account.

It is the story of this great political-economic undertaking that Professor Earle has told with a wealth of information so exhaustive, a temper so impartial, and a style on the whole so readable as to call only for hearty praise. The book is one of those definitive pieces of work which it is always a pleasure to welcome, but which unhappily is all too rarely found in studies of contemporary questions. It is one of the most valuable contributions to the political history of Europe and the Near East that has been published since the war, and it will not cease to be of importance if, as now seems probable, there is to be a continuation of the story which some time will have to be written.

The history of the Bagdad Railway is so imbedded in the national and international politics and finance of the past twenty years, and plays so large a part in the ambitions and intrigues and rivalries of Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia and Turkey from about 1900 onward, that a review of this book can do little more than indicate the principal topics which Professor Earle discusses. It was not until toward the close of the long reign of Sultan Abdul Hamid II. (1876-1909) that the great natural wealth of Asiatic Turkey began to claim attention of outside interests. German investigations in 1901 revealed petroleum wealth of vast importance, and the beginning of the Chester interest dates from a year or two later. The Ottoman Public Debt Administration was also interested because of the importance of the proposed railway in the economic development of the country. Railway connection between Constantinople and the European railway systems had been completed as far back as 1888, and by 1893 German concessionaires had built a line to Angora and were projecting an extension into Mesopotamia. The decline of British and French influence in Turkey between 1870 and 1890 strengthened the influence of Germany, although Bismarck, bent upon isolating France in Europe and anxious to avoid international conflicts, did not favor German expansion in the Ottoman Empire.

It was the economic position of Germany in Europe, however, that forced a policy of commercial expansion in the Near East, and, as always, trade and politics were soon marching together. The complicated story of British, French and German competition, told with admirable clearness by Professor Earle, moved rapidly to its dénouement. A merger of French and German interests in 1899 eliminated French opposition to the Bagdad Railway for the time being; but the Germans, with their plans for a railway connecting Constantinople with the Persian Gulf, and, by means of lines which the French had opened in Southern Anatolia and Syria, with Damascus, Beirut, Mecca and Mosul, had the more comprehensive scheme and the one which appealed most strongly to the Public Debt Administration and the Turkish Government. Even Great Britain was friendly, and in 1902 the Bagdad Railway concession was definitely awarded to the Anatolian Railway Company, back of which was the powerful Deutsche Bank of Berlin. With the revision of the concession in 1903 the primary plan was complete. The length of the line was about 2,500 miles, a distance greater, Professor Earle reminds us, than that from Omaha to San Francisco by the Union Pacific or from Chicago to Los Angeles by the Atchison route.

Then followed a period of active development of the enterprise under banking auspices, and the inevitable identification of the German Government with the undertaking. Professor Earle is at pains to point out that Germany did not aim at the colonization of the region traversed by the railway, and that a protectorate over Asiatic Turkey was not contemplated. The Bagdad Railway cemented German ties with Austria-Hungary, lessened the influence of Russia and France in Turkey, menaced the imperial communications of Great Britain, and opened a possibility of securing Turkey as a German ally if there should be need. Even more interesting, to some readers, than the account of the beginnings of the Bagdad enterprise will be the chapters in which the opposition of the powers, whose status or future the railway threatened, and the importance of the railway in the World War, are set out. Russian opposition was voiced as early as 1899, three years before the concession was granted, and in 1900 the Black Sea agreement "pledged the Sultan to award no further concessions for railways in Northern Anatolia or Armenia except to Russian nationals or to syndicates approved by the Czar." The original route of the Bagdad Railway was changed, and Russia pushed forward its Transcaspian and Transcaucasian systems and the Siberian Railway.

That the Czar did not suffer serious resistance to the construction of the line was due to the rise of serious complications in the Far East, the crushing defeats of his army and navy in the war with Japan, friction with Great Britain in Persia and in Central Asia, and the outbreak of a revolutionary movement at home. But the Russian press called upon French citizens to show their loyalty to the alliance by refusing to participate in the financing of the railway.

The French Government hesitated, believing that French interests were menaced; but the prospect that the two groups of French railways in Turkey would become parts of a widespread transportation system serving not only Turkey but the further East won support for the enterprise. British opinion, on the other hand, which at first had been favorable, yielded to the pressure of vested interests; imperial defense became the dominant consideration, and the Anglo-French entente strengthened the opposition to Germany. Then came the diplomatic triumph of Germany in winning over the young Turks and the Czar, the division of the spoils between German and French financiers, and measures for safeguarding British imperial interests. Meantime the German railways in Turkey had justified themselves economically, and "the economic prospects of Turkey never were brighter than they were just before the outbreak of the great war."

The importance of the Bagdad Railway in the war as a powerful arm of German influence, and the significance of the struggle for its possession are well brought out by Professor Earle in one of the most informing of his chapters.

For Turkey * * * the war had come at a most inappropriate time. Had hostilities begun ten years later, after the completion of the Bagdad system, military operations in the Near East might have had an entirely different result. As it was, the Bagdad Railway—and the international complications arising from it—proved to be the ruination of the Ottoman Empire.

A final chapter brings the narrative down through the Angora treaty, the Lausanne conference, and the unexpected appearance of the United States in connection with the exploitation of the oil fields of Mesopotamia and the Chester concession. The prospect of American entanglement in political situations of grave importance, through the economic interests of American citizens in Turkey, gives Professor Earle obvious concern.

The temptations will be numerous to lend governmental assistance to American business men against their European competitors; to utilize the new American economic position in Turkey for the acquisition of political influence; to use diplomatic pressure in securing additional commercial and financial opportunities; to emphasize the economic, at the expense of the moral, factors in Near Eastern affairs. To yield to these temptations will be to destroy the great prestige which America now possesses in the Levant by reason of disinterested social and educational service. To yield will be to forfeit the trust which Turkish nationalists have put in American hands. To yield will be to intrench the system of economic imperialism which has been the curse of the Near East for half a century. To yield will be to involve the United States in foreign entanglements more portentous than those connected with the League of Nations, or the International Court of Justice, or any other plan which has yet been suggested for American participation in the reconstruction of a devastated Europe and a turbulent Asia.

Five Essayists Build a Microcosm of Their Art

Criticism, Confession, Humorous Flings and Literary Editorials

A Review by
HERBERT S. GORMAN

RANDOM STUDIES IN THE ROMANTIC CHAOS. By Francis A. Waterhouse. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $2.50.

SOME CONFESSIONS OF AN AVERAGE MAN. By Richard King. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.

MASTERS AND MEN. By Philip Guedalla. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ESSAYS IN EUROPEAN AND ORIENTAL LITERATURE. By Lafcadio Hearn. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

CLOUD CASTLE AND OTHER PAPERS. By Edward Thomas. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

An essay, more often than not, is an infinitesimal island of thought surrounded by roaring Atlantics of words. It doesn't matter who inhabits the island; it is the wash of the waves that counts. They may roll in to majestic thunder or they may daintily perish in rhythmic deaths along the beach. This, of course, is the essay proper—the few pages of prose that may honestly appropriate no other title than simply that of essay. But there are other types of writing which may also be classified under the general heading of essays. Indeed, anything in prose that is not a short story or a sketch and which is limited in number of words may be termed an essay. Practically all criticism, for instance, is cast in the essay form. It is the loosest literary form that there is, and this is because it is concerned far less with the technique of construction than it is with the establishment of a thesis or an atmosphere. The word essay itself, of course, possesses a synonym in attempt. All essays are attempts to communicate something. The five essayists whose books are considered in these columns are excellent examples of the varying attempts which may be circumscribed by the essay form.

Mr. Waterhouse attempts to communicate certain assumptions and convictions regarding the modern state of letters in "Random Studies in the Romantic Chaos." Mr. Richard King, hugging the essay form simple, attempts to set forth the average man's attitude toward life in "Some Confessions of an Average Man." Mr. Philip Guedalla attempts to be brilliant and bewilderingly epigrammatic in "Masters and Men." Lafcadio Hearn attempted to set forth single literary truths in the newspaper editorials which form "Essays in European and Oriental Literature." Edward Thomas attempted to be poetical, mystical and imaginative in "Cloud Castle and Other Papers." Such a series of volumes covers practically all phases of the essay except the broadly humorous and the religious. They show how elastic the essay form is and how easily the most differentiated mentalities may find themselves equally at home in it. A closer application to these five books will emphasize this statement.

Mr. Waterhouse has delivered himself of a deal of reasonable and intriguing material in "Random Studies in the Romantic Chaos." He writes from the attitude of the aristocrat of letters, viewing what is popularly termed the American Philistine with a lowering eye. His thesis seems to be that the Mob (what Mr. King would dub the Average Man) is always wrong when it comes to letters and that it has always been wrong from the very beginning. To prove his case he adjusts his arguments to such figures as Jean Jacques Rousseau, Napoleon, O. Henry, Rudyard Kipling, Claude Debussy. Standardization is the principal curse of American intellectual life, according to him, and he makes no bones at hurling a direct indictment at the prevailing state of affairs. His first essay, "A Short History of the Philistine," is particularly apropos, for it traces from its earliest beginnings that mob instinct that has always lowered the levels of art. From the garlic-breathed Roman populace that thrilled at the gladiatorial combats and enjoyed the excitements of violent deaths without any discomfort to themselves to the modern American who vicariously enjoys his crimes in the cheap novel and the motion picture there is no essential difference. The underlying motive is the same. It is a spiritual cowardice and an inability to reach above materialistic ends that is at the back of this. Until there is social and financial stabilization in America there can be no great art, according to Mr. Waterhouse.

When the fear of losing the position he has painfully acquired is removed, the American Philistine will find at his command a surplus of courage which the terror of social competition is now absorbing. This surplus of bravery he will be free to utilize in two ways: to combat, on the one hand, the bullying attitude of his clergy that forbids him all sincerity, and, on the other, to face the beauty of sorrow.

In "Paradox on Bonaparte," another extremely engrossing essay in this book, Mr. Waterhouse seizes on his thesis from another direction. Using Napoleon as an example, and pointing out that the French Emperor's decadence began in 1796 after he had perfected his art of war, and, therefore, ceased to think, Mr. Waterhouse shows that the same is true of the average American. After he has won anything he spends the rest of his life consolidating that success, and so paradoxically enough paving the way for his own failure. It is almost the process of the matinee idol who trades upon his initial success during the rest of his career. The American Philistine is unadventurous; he consolidates; he hates to leave his time-honored and comfortable bed. This book is undoubtedly bitter in portions, but it does bring to the front many truths that would seem to parallel some of the assertions of H. L. Mencken.

Richard King, in "Some Confessions of an Average Man," approaches that much-discussed individual in a totally different spirit. For him the Average Man is a creature that we are only too likely to take at face value, whereas the truth is that behind his conforming mask moves a restless and poetical ego. This may be very truth, although it is difficult to accept any such statement as far as intellectual progress is concerned. However, Mr. King's premises are not based on an intellectual observation of the Average Man. He views him through the eyes of the light essayist with a rather quiet tenderness and discourses engagingly on such obvious "essay" themes as "The Dullness of 'Doing It Now,'" "On Getting Back Home Again," "Loneliness," "On Managing Other People" and "On Falling Out of Love." It must not be imagined that Mr. King's book is one of those cursory volumes where every essay is "on" something. It is really a witty volume, so quietly written as to slip the wit over on the reader before he is quite aware of it.

If quietness is the tone of "Some Confessions of an Average Man" quite the reverse is true of Mr. Philip Guedalla's "Masters and Men." Mr. Guedalla has won the reputation of being almost unbearably brilliant. It has even been suggested that sun-glasses be worn while perusing his coruscating lines. Naturally he had to live up to his reputation, and the result is a volume of essays in which at least every other sentence is studded with a glittering quip as big as a Holland Jew's cravat diamond. Part of the book is certainly literature; the rest reads as though Mr. Will Rogers were delivering one of his comical causeries on contemporary happenings. Indeed, the resemblance to a vaudeville monologue is almost fiendish at times. One need go no further than the opening paragraph of the book to note the likeness.

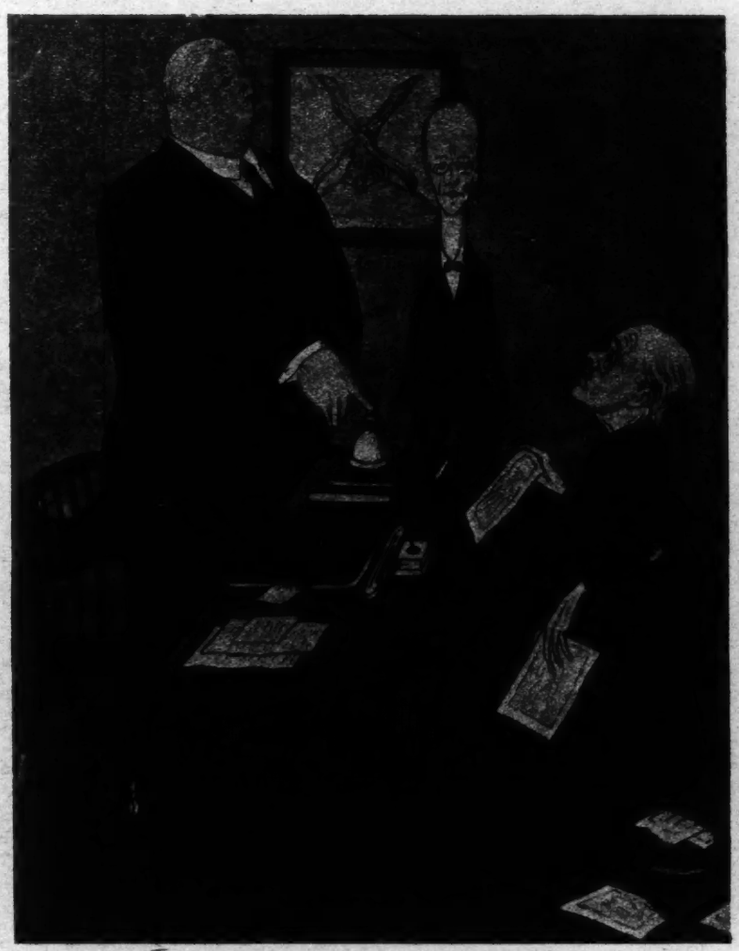
Years ago, when there were horse omnibuses in Oxford Street and editors could still afford a sense of style, some one (there were so many of them in those days) wrote a penetrating little essay about the changes of fashions. Those were the times when they knew all about fashions; Mr. Wilde had a great deal to say on the subject, and one could buy a portrait of Mrs. Langtry at any photographer's. He wrote it for one of those dapper little magazines, all Whistler and margin, which diversified the later years, but not (one fears) the book table of Queen Victoria; and it had all the accomplishment, the rich allusion, the delicate touch which one associates with a sluggish circulation, a cruel but progressive emaciation of the advertisements, and an early death. Even the names have faded. Perhaps Mr. Le Gallienne wrote something for them; perhaps they had a wicked drawing by Mr. Beerbohm. One remembers only the little essay about fashions. It was so *fin de siècle*, so tremulously daring. The writer played elegantly with the changing shapes of clothes, and then (he must have been to Paris once, and probably on the left, the naughtier, bank of the Seine) he hinted that the mutability of fashion extended even to the fashion in virtues. Having launched his wicked paradox, he tilted his hat and, seeing an epigram in the distance, strolled jauntily off up a side issue, as an essayist should.

Passing over the demonstrable self-analysis of the last sentence here it is easy to conceive how Will Rogers would ring his changes upon such material (more colloquial, of course) and still hold pretty close to the formula. "Years ago," Mr. Rogers would say, "when there were seats in the subway and millionaires could still afford a bottle of Scotch. . . ." It is really too easy. It is simple enough to read a few pages of this type of epigrammatic writing, but imagine reading a whole book of it! It is too much to ask. Mr. Guedalla's brilliance becomes boresome, and especially so since he hasn't very much to say. He decries the egotistic school of younger writers and exclaims that he might read them if they muted the insistent personal note. He writes about the lack of history and romance in Switzerland, but not half so happily as Max Beerbohm did in "And Even Now." And he draws pictures of various contemporaries that are sometimes amusing and keen and sometimes overlarded and boresome. An unpleasant note of insolence inevitably creeps into his work. Mr. Guedalla is altogether too brilliant to be a good writer.

Turning to the late Lafcadio Hearn's book, we find a series of editorials written for The New Orleans Times-Democrat during 1882-87, and painstakingly dredged from dusty files by Albert Mordell. The book is undoubtedly a labor of love, for there is nothing in "Essays in European and Oriental Literature" that will add to Hearn's stature as a writer. Mr. Mordell offers a sort of apologia for the volume by stating, "All the writings of a genius contribute to understanding him, even if they have little literary value." This may be true, but it is doubtful whether any of the pieces in this volume will throw any new light on Hearn. Several of the essays are good, but the majority of them are no more than Hearn intended them to be—anonymous editorials on books and literary arguments that were new in the 1880s. Many of these questions have entirely passed away. For instance, it is no longer the fashion to write diatribes against that horrid Mr. Zola who was supposed to be upsetting French letters. It is entertaining to note the righteous indignation of Hearn at such realism and then consider Hearn's work as a reporter, the description of the Tanyard murder case in Cincinnati, for instance. There were times when Hearn out-Zolaed Zola. Perhaps the best part of this book is to be found in that section which deals with Oriental literature.

One travels very far from realism, indeed, in opening the late Edward Thomas's "Cloud Castle and Other Papers." This is a book which contains a number of mystical stories and sketches of Wales and England and there is not a paragraph that is not impregnated by a delicate and finely informed sense of poetry. As the late W. H. Hudson remarks in the pitiful fragment of a preface to this book (he was working upon it at the time of his death) Thomas was a mystic. He was very chary about revealing himself as such, however, and it is possibly through a gentle shyness that he puts most of the mystic comments in these sketches into the mouths of created characters. The author himself rarely speaks directly to the reader. The sketches are all short and one or two of them are rounded enough to be called short stories. They deal with ancient romance (Isoud, for instance), of dwellers among the hidden vales and solitary crags and tors, of women who move like shadows through the pages. Indeed, there is a sort of twilight spell over the book; an atmosphere of ancient things pervades the pages. The prose itself is beautifully fashioned and brings out again only too clearly the loss that English letters suffered in Edward Thomas, for he appears to have been upon the very threshold of splendid achievement. In a different way he was as great a loss to English letters as was Rupert Brooke.

MAX BEERBOHM APPROACHES HIS PUBLISHERS TIMIDLY



Myself (to Mr. Byard, head of William Heinemann, Ltd., and Mr. Evans): "Oh, Gentlemen, I know I'm not very gifted, but I *am* poor."

From a New Volume of Fifty Cartoons by Max Beerbohm, to Be Published in an Edition de Luxe in America by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

YOUNG DICKENS VISITS HIS FATHER AT MARSHALSEA PRISON

Latest Works of Fiction

LAZY LAUGHTER. By Woodward Boyd. 295 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

LAZINESS and its companion vice, day-dreaming, are so common that any one desiring to study them need not go far afield for subjects, but it is a rare thing for one not addicted to these vices to consider them with anything like the sympathy and understanding that Woodward Boyd displays in her novel, "Lazy Laughter." One might suspect from this that the author herself is inclined to be lazy, but her novel is the best evidence in the world that if she ever had such a tendency she has bravely overcome it. A lazy person might think of writing a novel, might even begin to write one, but to carry the work to completion requires sustained effort quite beyond the powers of any indolent day-dreamer.

Dagmar Hallowell, the chief character in "Lazy Laughter," comes honestly by her laziness. Her grandfather, Charles Montgomery, the founder of the family fortune, had built his magnificent new house close to the street so that he would have only a few steps to walk from his carriage to his door. That such a man should have been able to accumulate wealth, or rather to increase the moderate fortune which he had inherited, was due to luck rather than to industry. After his death, his fortune was soon dissipated, but his laziness remained in the family. One daughter, Ethelia, early adopted the rôle of family invalid in order to have a good excuse for avoiding all forms of exertion. The other, Margaret, married and bore two children, Dagmar and Herbie, and it is with the fortunes of these two, and more particularly of Dagmar, that the story is chiefly concerned.

In picturing Dagmar Hallowell, Mrs. Boyd has managed subtly to convey the impression that the girl possesses unusual qualities of heart and mind which might, were she but able to rouse herself from her lethargy, make some of her ambitious day-dreams come true. Dagmar dreams of a career, but she cannot spur herself to work for it. Her stage ambitions lead her no further than to dance at a charity entertainment, where she wins the plaudits of her friends and predictions of future success. Her next away is into journalism. Through family influence she secures a job as society reporter for a daily newspaper, but the managing editor finds her more ornamental than useful. Her last feeble attempt to find a career takes her to Chicago, where she is employed in the office of the School Lovers' League, an organization devoted to the betterment of educational facilities. Here also her aversion to early rising and her genuine talent for shirking soon become apparent to her employers, and she is politely requested to resign.

In her love life, too, Dagmar's laziness and self-indulgence stand in the way of her happiness. She is in love with a young man who is poor, but ambitious and energetic. She feels that she could be happy with him if she could only steel herself to endure poverty for a few years until he makes his way in the world. But poverty means work and doing without the luxuries of life, and there is a rich man, many years her senior, who also wants to marry her. Dagmar does not love him, but she does love the easy life he offers. And yet, when Dagmar chooses the easier way, one feels that it is not entirely through selfishness. She wants to provide for her mother and her worthless brother, Herbie, and she feels, too, that she would only be a drag on Pal Bennett if she married him. Or is it that she deceives herself in assigning an honorable motive for a dishonorable act? One can never know.

The characters in "Lazy Laughter" are unusually well drawn. Not only Dagmar, but her mother, her Aunt Ethelia, her brother Herbie, Martin Plunkitt and his sister Martha, and others, possess distinct individualities, although the two last mentioned are perhaps slightly caricatured. Pal Bennett, on the other hand, is rather vaguely sketched in. One does not visualize him so clearly as one does the others. But then, he is a far less important figure than would appear from his position in the plot. On the whole "Lazy Laughter" is a very creditable piece of work and a distinct advance on Mrs. Boyd's earlier novel, "The Love Legend."

THE HOPEFUL JOURNEY

THE HOPEFUL JOURNEY. By Beatrice Keane Seymour. 403 pp. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.

BEATRICE KEANE SEYMOUR in her latest novel, "The Hopeful Journey," has apparently made an ambitious attempt to explain the transition from the conservative conventionalities of the middle of the nineteenth century to the ultra modern social tendencies of the present. It can hardly be termed a novel in the technical sense of the word, but is rather a series of five episodes or "books," as she has called them, covering the complete lives of three generations of a rural English family, and, as far as the reader can see, with few details left out.

The author evidently has a deep-seated belief in the influences of heredity, for throughout the various parts of the general story are references to it at rather frequent intervals. Mistresses play a prominent part, for no other reason apparently than that it is "in the blood." Chronology rather than plot seems to be the basic foundation of the novel, and each year from 1853 to the present comes in for its share of the story. The Crimean, Boer and World Wars have their influence on the story, as do the famines and other important events during the three generations portrayed in the story.

The plot deals with the lives of the Sacheverell Bentleys, who were of the middle class of English society. The story opens with Jeremy Bentley, who, intended for the ministry, had become a practical farmer. He prospered and married and his children and their early lives and influences brought to bear upon them make up the first book. The second is devoted to Eve Bentley, Jeremy's daughter, who exemplifies the emancipation movement of that time. She wants to become a physician, but in this she is discouraged and marries instead.

Eve's marriage to Frank Norman, a dentist, and the birth of their children, Mark and Monica, are the outstanding events in Book Three. From that point on the story deals almost entirely with Monica, who has become modern in every sense of the word. She has an affair with a young man in the neighborhood who is slain in France. Then she marries a young novelist who becomes the toast of two continents, and her life palls. The story at this point is concerned largely with "affairs," lovers and mistresses in confusing numbers. The novelist's affair turns out badly and he is named as a co-respondent. He and Monica break and he goes to America, whence he returns a victim of drugs and drink. How Monica meets the situation and happiness bring the final episode to a close.

The story is excellently written and characterization is drawn rather fine, but the mass of unimportant detail, dragged in by the heels, is often a bit tiring. For instance, when a new character enters the piece, the author finds it necessary to go back several centuries and trace him through a mass of tedious material which the reader forgets before he has recovered the thread of his story. The title, "The Hopeful Journey," and the book itself are filled with a certain buoyant spirit, ever striving, ever pushing forward, all of which is well summed up in a speech by one of the characters at the end of the story:

> The goal for us is El Dorado. You can't tell us there isn't one—only that you haven't found yours. Well, we're going to find ours. * * * If you could stop us believing that you'd stop everything.

MISS BRACEGIRDLE

MISS BRACEGIRDLE AND OTHERS. By Stacy Aumonier. 332 pp. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

A POKER player finding himself in possession of four aces can afford to relax, to feel a friendly, not to say benevolent, feeling toward his opponents. In like proportion such knowing readers as fall into the possession of Stacy Aumonier's volume of short stories, "Miss Bracegirdle and Others," may safely settle for the evening in lounging robe and slippers, for here is a full evening's diversified entertainment. Of the baker's dozen of tales which make up the book there is not one but has its slice of human nature in one phase or another, and withal well seasoned with the pepper and salt of understanding.

In the opening story, from which the book takes its name, is a rapid sketch of a spotless spinster who, having arrived at middle age untouched by any rough or untoward circumstance; whose life, in fact, has been one long drink of cambric tea, passed in a sleepy English cathedral town, is suddenly thrust into an amazing and stark experience. Armed with a smattering of French, Millicent Bracegirdle, sister of the Dean of Easingstroke, who has never traveled from home alone, journeys to Paris to meet her young sister-in-law, returning from Paraguay.

Imbued with a horror of travel, an ingrained distrust of foreigners, and convinced that the French were not quite "nice," Millicent's mission is a tense and fearsome one. Yet, once established in her hotel room, having made her timid way down an unknown passage to the bathroom, she plunges into a warm bath, fairly "wallowing" in its heat; and there steals over her for the moment a sense of enjoyment in her adventure. Later, wrapped in her dressing gown, armed with sponge bag and towel, she makes her way back to her room. In closing the door behind her the handle comes off and the knob's pin slips beyond her reach. She turns to find herself in a strange room where a second glance reveals a man apparently asleep on the bed! So begins as unique an episode as ever befell the life of a carefully nurtured spinster.

Another good story, "Where Was Wych Street?" goes to show that even the most innocent arguments may house a bit of dynamite which, if fired by a quick temper, may lead to murder in one quarter and the breaking off of a good match in another. Beginning in the public bar of the "Wagtail," in Wapping, where four men and a woman are drinking beer, the final discussion of the exact location of a haunting old street carries to a group of professionals and terminates at the lunch table of the Lord Chief Justice.

One of the most original of the stories is "The Octave of Jealousy," in which, through a series of cleverly executed silhouettes, one sees the class jealousy of provincial life nibbling at the heart of happiness through the lives of five or six otherwise happily married couples.

"The Lucky Man's Day," "Mrs. Beelbrow's Clone" and "A Man of Letters" are as clean cut as they are diverse in theme.

Mr. Aumonier has written a handful of more or less good novels, among which "The Querrils" is one of the best. In it Ptolemy, a cat, plays a prominent part, and we defy any one who has read that book to deny that Ptolemy has not since remained an abiding figure on the hearthstone of book memories. Mr. Aumonier has a way of making his readers at one with his characters. He lets them, so to speak, know their heartbeats, so that when the story is done one is sure to have made at least one friend to tide one over a rainy day.

HERE'S TO THE GODS

HERE'S TO THE GODS. By Austin Parker. 324 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

THERE are a few good books which make one ask seriously why they are not great books. "Here's to the Gods" is an excellent piece of realism, has satisfactory characters who are adequately presented, and has a real—albeit picaresque—plot. It is clearly written.

The son of an adventuring father and a slightly sentimental mother is brought up through childhood in Singapore, schooled at a private institution and three years of Cornell. During that time he becomes a moderately rich orphan, acquires the popular variety of naïve sophistication and learns by experience to handle himself in various situations. Then comes a section of the book which treats the war calmly as a messy business and a glorious adventure. The boy becomes a man, and incidentally has a pretty and intense love affair which is cut short by separation and subsequent loss of addresses.

New York again, and another picture of life as lived by the younger sophisticates. The proper, pleasant and beautiful girl is almost casually married. Then follow more adequately presented pictures of the slightly married set.

At this point comes the situation which might have been great. The hero, not condemning such a life, not even particularly disgusted with it, finds it unsuited to himself and decides to leave for Panama to follow up an old venture of his father's. He meets the girl of the Paris romance at this moment and almost accepts her proposal that they should go back to France and fulfil their old plans. But in a climax which beautifully completes his character he refuses and goes his own way.

Conrad could have made this theme come near to equaling "Lord Jim." The character is of his, Mr. Parker's execution falls short of the conception. There is much extraneous material, and the style does not lift to match the story. However, this is an unusually good book.

GASPARDS OF PINE CROFT

THE GASPARDS OF PINE CROFT. By Ralph Connor. 318 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

PAUL GASPARD is the true type of a Ralph Connor hero, which is to say that he is a red-blooded, two-fisted Christian gentleman. He rides like a centaur, knows the woods and the wilderness trails as well as the Indians themselves, is a dead shot with rifle or revolver and is exceedingly handy with his fists; but he never fights except in a just cause. Insult or injury to himself passes him by as the idle wind, but let any one maltreat a woman or a child in his presence and he goes into action immediately and effectively. He is, moreover, human enough to take a fierce joy in beating up a miscreant whom he feels it his Christian duty to chastise. There are times when he wants to kill, but he doesn't, somewhat to the reader's regret. There is a villain in the book who richly deserves killing, and Paul might just as well have done it. He could have repented afterward.

To return to the catalogue of Paul's sterling qualities, he has inherited from his father an artistic temperament which expresses itself in music, and from his mother an abiding faith and a deep sense of duty and responsibility. His childhood is passed on his father's ranch in British Columbia, where his father teaches him to ride and shoot and play the piano, while his mother instructs him in the doctrines of the Presbyterian faith as outlined in the catechism. The story proper begins when Paul, after the death of both his parents, is left to shift for himself at the mature age of 14. He has need then of all his faith and all

his manly accomplishments, for he has to take upon his shoulders a burden of debt and responsibility which might well stagger a full-grown man.

The other characters include a former British Colonel and his wife and daughter, several clergymen and missionaries after Mr. Connor's own heart, a noble red man, an Indian woman (Paul's stepmother) and her two half-breed children, a villain who has ruined Paul's father and an assortment of ranchers, cowboys, Hudson Bay Factors, besides two moral derelicts whom Paul saves from perdition. Oh, yes, there are two girls, both in love with Paul. Tough luck for one of them, but such is life.

The scene ranges from the Windermere Valley, in British Columbia, to the Hudson Bay country, and there are plenty of thrilling adventures which give Paul a chance to display his heroic qualities of heart and mind and body.

WITH THE GILT OFF

WITH THE GILT OFF. By A. St. John Adcock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

THESE are stories of the London streets, evidently told by a man who knows; he has gone among them often, and observed their ways. He has seen their rough generosity and portrayed it in the "Soul of Penelope Sanders"; their coarse humor, in "The Seat of Repentance." Here men are oftener harsh than tender, preferring the lights of the saloon to the poor fires of home; they swagger and boast and play the seducer in a perfectly ungilded fashion. And their passions are as free as their talk; they will murder a rival because some East End Jenny has maddened them, rob and kill for the sake of a few shillings. It all happens casually enough; Don Juan of Haggerston can win a heart even as he walks down the street eating fried fish from a paper. As for the women, they are generally coquettes, hung with tinsel instead of gilt; street-walkers, or servile wives who have forgotten that they ever dreamed of happiness. They all have a blind maternal tenderness even for the men who ill-treat them, and helplessness will always stir their pity—as in "Tilly's Sister" or "Helen of Bow." In this book the characters are revealed more through action than analysis; but the treatment is plain and uninspired, the irony of circumstances crude. No mystery is there to soften hard outlines, no sinister movements to lend them grace; for these streets are far away from Burke's Limehouse. They are cockney, with the salt left out. If the stories were handled with any charm at all—either of line or color—or any subtle human understanding, "With the Gilt Off" might justify its publication.

WIFE OF THE CENTAUR

WIFE OF THE CENTAUR. By Cyril Hume. 372 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

A SUCCESSION of inconsiderable anecdotes, that seems interminable, is obliged to carry a most momentous cargo of comment in this first novel of Mr. Hume's. It is not far removed from the old "who's-going-to-marry-whom" school of fiction, rewritten from the angle of the Younger Collegiates: F. Scott Fitzgerald, Dorothy Speare, Stephen Vincent Benét. Mr. Hume, too, is fond of the week-end, full of ginny petting parties, in New York, or on the country estates of the patrons of college youth. It would almost seem that the classic hero of American literature has advanced from his Tom Sawyer period to an unwilling carnality of adolescence.

> Long unchanging years pass by and are wrought over with the chisels of little incident. The body grows strong and swift; the mind reaches out like a slow protracted explosion into the void of the unknown, filling dark spaces. Rapidly the seasons ripen and fall away from the tree of the centuries.

That is a sample of Mr. Hume's cosmic intoxication. He seems to cherish the delusion that a novelist, to write a great book, must deal with great things. He has only half assimilated the possibilities of a more immediate method. His "little incidents" and his conversation bear often the hallmark of observation, and his power of visualization is sensuously lovely. The reader cannot but wish for a little more detachment in him; the spectacle of a young poet caught between his primitive inheritance of animality and the tradition of "the square deal" does not need to be made the text of a sermon on "What is the matter with our young people since the war?" to be a fascinating narrative. Mr. Hume, it would appear, has not escaped the ethical earnestness of his own character.

Jeff Dwyer's successes with the girls of his circle are too casual and too irresponsible to evoke more than a faint amusement. He is a mixture of the individual and the general. His pubescent dream-life is, therefore, partly authentic and partly tommyrot. In the realm of action, too, there is the same incongruity. Mr. Hume is too serious about Jeff's prolonged siege with the bottle after his fiancée has jilted him; it is bad enough to have to bear with Jeff's maunderings in the throes of his grand romantic passion; the writer's awed acceptance of Jeffrey as a big person in a tragic period is too much. Jeff's marriage to another girl and his resumption of the first love affair have both the half-baked flavor of desperate striving after climax. Jeff's night on the hillside, when he finally chooses between wife and beloved, is ponderously trivial.

Mr. Hume's intention was to develop a poet from boyhood to maturity, to trace the significant impressions and happenings of his life, and to give, also, a similar portrait of his wife. In spite of much fine writing and much platitudinous reflection the work has an indefinable bloom of youth in spots and a breathless eagerness to be that all but erases its smugness and its priggish conclusions. There are episodes of pure comedy, and a few glimpses of intuitively realized beauty. It is much too long and is overwritten in almost every sentence, but it is not altogether a negligible first novel.

VALLEY OF GHOSTS

THE VALLEY OF GHOSTS. By Edgar Wallace. 307 pp. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.

WHEN a mysterious midnight murder has shaken the equanimity of an exclusive suburb and the chief detective sent down from headquarters immediately proceeds to hide, as best he can, the numerous clues which the beautiful girl has left strewn all about the murdered man's home, interesting developments may be expected.

Dr. Andy MacLeod, erstwhile pathologist, who has drifted through his enthusiasm and ability into the rôle of famous detective, while searching the English countryside for "Scottie," a notorious criminal, runs upon a second mystery.

An aristocratic young girl, Stella Nelson, from the aloof suburb of Beverly, strangely winces and turns pale upon learning that a detective has come to town.

MacLeod finds his man posing as an eminent geologist and enjoying the hospitality of the residents of Beverly. On the night following "Scottie's" arrest, a mysterious letter is pushed under the door of Stella Nelson's home. Terrified by its contents, she rushes out into the night, and shortly after midnight is seen leaving the Merrivan home. Before dawn the next morning Mr. Merrivan is found dead in his library. MacLeod, being in the vicinity, immediately takes up the case. He finds a second body in the garden and a scarf of Stella's near by. In the grass near her home the enormous diamond Merrivan had urged upon her as an engagement ring is later discovered. He is convinced of her guilt, but by this time is so wholly in love with the lady that he determines to sacrifice his reputation by whisking her out of the country to safety. But those indefatigable sleuths, the newspaper men, interrupt his plans. Though Merrivan is dead, the villain still pursues the lady. She, as well as most residents of the exclusive Beverly, has been cringing under the threats of the wily blackmailer.

The beautiful suburb is, in reality, a "Valley of Ghosts." Even the familiar figure of Merrivan is seen strolling about in the dead of night. There are lights in his former home in the early morning hours, and important papers disappear from a secret cabinet in his mahogany bed.

But the secrets of a mystery tale must stay hidden so that he who reads may thrill in apprehension as he turns each page. Mr. Wallace's style is something of an improvement over that of the average mystery story, and the characterizations are unusually good, especially that of the one-time English parlor maid who became widow and heir to the millions of an American grocery merchant.

CRAIG KENNEDY LISTENS IN

CRAIG KENNEDY LISTENS IN. By Arthur B. Reeve. 391 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

THE title of Arthur B. Reeve's newest volume of detective stories is a misnomer. "Craig Kennedy Listens In" leads the reader to expect super-criminals who have converted the radio mysteries into instruments for furthering their own nefarious ends, and their ultimate defeat and capture by that scientific human bloodhound, Craig Kennedy. This is true of the first yarn of the series of six in the book, but in all the others there is only one reference to the use of the wireless.

"The Wireless Phantom" deals with a spirit face on a moving picture film, and brings in interesting complications with ectoplasm and other spiritualistic phenomena, of course faked by a band of criminals under the guiding spirit of a "master mind," the exposure of which by the detective forms perhaps the most interesting story of the half dozen.

Two other yarns will be of special interest to readers of the New York City daily newspapers in that these yarns are palpably based on incidents which created quite a furor in the press at the time they happened. "Buried Alive" has many points and situations which are closely related to the search for the Czar's crown jewels in the sailor's grave in Brooklyn a few months ago, while "The Boulevard of Bunk" has much in common with the famous Schoellenkopf jewel robbery case less than a year ago.

"Buccaneers of Booze" and "The Soul Merchant" deal, of course, with rum running and the drug traffic, while "The Brass Key" is simply a well-told detective yarn of the average Craig Kennedy type. The stories range from suspended animation to the weed of madness, from forged finger prints to selenium cells, and the adventures of the sleuth and the newspaper reporter who accompanies him run the gamut of scientific discoveries. Nothing escapes the eagle eye of the famous detective, not even the chemical analysis of ectoplasm.

With the exception of "The Soul Merchant" and "The Brass Key," the stories of this volume will give the lover of detective yarns an enjoyable hour or so.

LAUREL OF STONYSTREAM

LAUREL OF STONYSTREAM. By Faith Baldwin. 334 pp. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.

IT is the ethical thing, no doubt, for the hero of any right and proper novel to court the much-sought-after heroine and, in the end, to win her, but every now and then a novel is constructed on the more modern thesis that a woman's business is to see how soon she can marry, and a man's business to see how long he can remain unmarried.

"Laurel of Stonystream" is not a daring "modern" novel. It is neither startling nor unusual, but there is a flavor of originality in the frank presentation of a theme in which the heroine is a homely woman. Laurel is overly stout and she has brown skin and a snub nose, but she also has an undying love for a lad who is a long time in developing any love for her. Faith Baldwin has woven a very pretty and a genuinely wholesome story about this situation and has added interest and color by the two sharply contrasting love dramas which are coincident with Laurel's own. The author is quite as charming in telling of the great adventure of the flapper and of the languidly bewitching "Lily Maid" as in telling of the loyal sturdy little heroine.

Miss Baldwin has some knowledge of human nature and an inoffensive way of presenting it from its most sentimental angle. Like some sentimentalists, however, she avoids the piquancy of real issues. According to her theory, it is Laurel's unselfish and unfaltering love for Robin which finally wins him, yet he discovers her love through no deliberate word or act of hers, but through the merest accident, the mailing of a wrong letter. This purely mechanical solution weakens a story which might otherwise have been a strong one.

THE CINDER BUGGY

THE CINDER BUGGY. By Garet Garrett. 357 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

ANY one desiring a working knowledge of the steel and iron industry from the American Revolution down to the formation of the gigantic trusts a few years ago will do well to read Garet Garrett's new novel. Technical details both of the manufacture of the steel and iron and the organization of the business are interwoven with the romance of human emotion in such a manner that the interest in both elements of the story is increased. However, the reader sometimes resents the break in the thread of the story when the author chucks his characters behind the scenes bodily for a time and explains how the puddlers mix the iron in an old steel process or some similar bit of information.

In dramatizing the steel and iron business Mr. Garrett has thrown some of the grim, metallic elements into his characters. There are no weaklings in the yarn, no one who ever gives away one iota from the purpose he originally sets out to accomplish. They are grimly tenacious to the end. The novel gets its name, "The Cinder Buggy," from the two-wheeled, bow-legged tub in which the slag of the iron furnace is taken away to the dump. And there is that about one of the chief characters of the story, one Enoch Gib, which is always reminiscent of the cinder buggy—silent, useful, soulless, ugly and almost indestructible.

New Damascus, Pennsylvania, is the stage on which the author has builded. The story begins with the foundation of the town and the iron business prior to the discovery of the value of anthracite coal. The iron works were owned by a partnership, Woolwine and Gib, and their activities are hurriedly passed over, bringing the reader down to the next generation, the Breakspeares (of the Woolwine family) and the Gibs. Then comes a break in the partnership, and Aaron Breakspeare drifts away, leaving Enoch Gib to amass a great fortune.

The son of Aaron Breakspeare returns to New Damascus and falls in love with the daughter of Enoch Gib. Because of her obstinate will her father practically imprisons her. She escapes and goes to a party at Breakspeare's rooms and on the return home sprains her ankle. An iron puddler carries her to the Gib mansion, where her father, believing that she is a willful wanton, forces her to marry the puddler, one Thane. Then he drives them both from the house.

Young Breakspeare and the Thanes go to Pittsburgh, where the former purchases a nail mill, which forms the beginning of the nail trust. Gib, by underbidding, almost destroys Breakspeare's organization, but the discovery of the steel wire nail process saves him and breaks Gib. The old iron king dies and is cremated in one of his blast furnaces. Young Breakspeare takes a flier in Wall Street with disastrous results. His associates lose nothing, but the blow shakes his own fortune. He recovers through the discovery of a new and cheaper way to make steel rails.

In a strike at one of the mills Thane is shot dead by a demented clerk and Breakspeare dreams dreams. He organizes the steel trust and again bucks Wall Street. The results of this and how he finds happiness closes a story which carries the reader along its 357 pages with interest that rarely flags. As a novel there is perhaps a bit too much technical information without any camouflage, but as a "fable of steel and iron," as the author has branded it, he leaves little to be desired. There are times when he approaches the manner of a college chemistry lecturer to a class of beginners.

MONSIEUR JONQUELLE

MONSIEUR JONQUELLE, PREFECT OF POLICE OF PARIS. By Melville Davisson Post. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.

THESE twelve stories by Melville Davisson Post are detective stories, but they are not ordinary detective stories. The shots do not ring out at midnight—at least not within the time of the events recorded in these pages. They are mostly "after the fact" stories, the author, with the master touch of the expert criminologist which he is, bringing about the summing up, the explanation and the solution of the riddles toward the end of each story with a naturalness and absence of strain that make for delightful reading.

Jonquelle, Paris Prefect of Police, a suave Frenchman of the first order, moves unobtrusively through the pages. Concerning more than one of the stories, the reader will muse as he begins it, "Well, Jonquelle evidently does not appear in this particular story; they have stuck it in here to fill up the space." Three-fourths of the way to the end, and the famous detective is still nowhere in the offing. And then, toward the very last few pages—or sometimes just within the last paragraph—Jonquelle reveals himself; and the reader discovers that it is he who has been responsible for the events of the narrative, and that those events have, each in their way, contributed something to the explanation of the mystery.

Three of the stories are told in the first person, by some one whose identity is disclosed only by the pronoun, whose connection with the story is a romantic sort—a young adventurous American in each case, who discovers (also in each case) that the lady he has been in love with is an accomplice of the master villain for whom Jonquelle is searching.

One of the stories, the last, is told by Jonquelle himself. The others are told by the convenient "disinterested observer"; and the whole volume offers plenty of variety in the matter of treatment.

(Continued on Page 14)

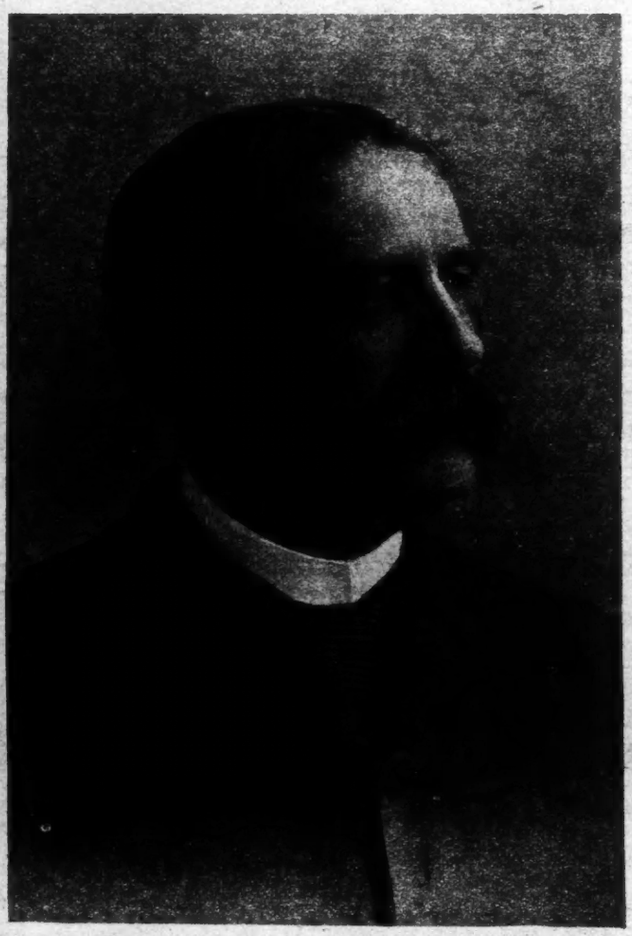
NATURALIST AND NOVELIST

The Late W. H. Hudson. From a Sketch by A. D. McCormick.

From the Complete Works of W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Soldier, Economist and College President

Francis A. Walker, an American Type of 50 Years Ago



Francis A. Walker.

A Review by
ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

A LIFE OF FRANCIS AMASA WALKER. By James Phinney Munroe. 448 pp. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

ALTHOUGH General Walker died nearly twenty-seven years ago, his biography has not been written until this present volume. It was well worth writing, for, quite aside from his very notable contributions to economic discussion and his important work in developing the Census Bureau and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Walker's career was highly typical of the period in which he lived. The young man of the '60s who volunteered for the Civil War, whose courage and military judgment brought him the rapid promotion possible in those days of simpler warfare, who took a hand energetically at politics when the war was over, devoting his energies unsparingly to public and private administration, was a familiar figure in our social history of half a century ago. This was the background for scores of distinguished careers in legislation, diplomacy, business organization and educational work. In many respects Walker's career stands out conspicuously among them.

Graduating in 1860 from Amherst College, where he had taken the important first prize for extemporaneous debate and where he had already written for outside publications papers discussing the economic situation of the day, Walker studied law until, on coming of age in 1861, he volunteered for military service. He began as Sergeant Major, but in a very short time was commissioned Captain and Adjutant General. From this office he was promoted successively to Major in 1862, to Lieutenant Colonel in 1863, to Brevet Colonel in 1864 and to Brevet Brigadier General in 1865. His service, chiefly under Couch in the Second Army Corps, was marked not only by military and executive skill, but by great personal daring; he was in the thick of battle in the first Peninsular campaign, at Fredericksburg and at Chancellorsville, where he was wounded.

His judgment of the situation in that campaign was shown by his written comment in the middle of 1863: "I don't believe in McClellan; profoundly confidential that means." Captured by the enemy in August, 1864, he escaped with a fellow-prisoner while on the way to Richmond, swam the Appomattox to regain the Federal lines, and, by a turn of ill fortune, climbed the other bank only to walk, without a garment on his person, into a North Carolina regiment. Two months in Libby Prison, from which in October he was exchanged with shattered health, terminated his active military career.

With the ending of the war General Walker plunged instantly into the work in economic science which was destined to be his principal claim to public reputation, and began the contributions on economic and historical subjects to the reviews and magazines, which continued almost uninterruptedly during the thirty-four ensuing years. His father, Amasa Walker, was a political economist of note and a lecturer at Amherst; Francis began by assisting his father in the lecture room and in the preparation of the elder Walker's "Science of Wealth," which is still read as an economic textbook.

He took a turn at journalism on The Springfield Republican; in 1869 he was placed in charge of the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury, and in the same year became Superintendent of the Census. In preparing and publishing the Census of 1870 General Walker set a new standard for such publications. As one competent critic said of the completed work: "There is a mania in many figures as there is madness in much learning; but Mr. Walker is strong enough to resist the contagion, and doubles the value of his work by the buoys and lighthouses erected on its sea of numerals." He was by common consent drafted again, a decade later, for the Census of 1880.

This was, in fact, a chapter in his notable life achievement of making dry economic statistics interesting even to the casual reader, for the clearness with which their significance in the every-day experience of the people was outlined in this official work was typical of all his writings. An interlude of one year followed, in which his personal resolution and executive ability were called into active play in reforming as Commissioner of Indian Affairs the abuses of the office; but in 1872 began his more notable career as instructor of political economy, pursued at Yale for nearly nine years, until in 1881 he was elected President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, an office which he retained until his death.

General Walker was, perhaps, not one of those eminent instructors who, like his coadjutor Professor Sumner of Yale, leave the impress of their mind and individuality in the convictions which their students carry throughout their later lives. But he had in very rare degree the faculty of making plain to the simplest mind the principles and phenomena of economic science. In his very voluminous writings on the subject this faculty stands out pre-eminent. Possibly more students have obtained a grasp on economic theory and economic history through his textbook on "Money" than from any other economic treatise. In that book particularly, but also in most of his other general writings on the subject, Walker was inclined to balance opposing theories against one another and state the case fairly and fully for each, rather than to make the advocacy of one theory or the refutation of another his method of treatment.

This did not mean that his treatment lacked vigorous conclusions of his own. In such special instances as his reply to the theories of Henry George and Edward Bellamy the polemical method was pursued with great effect; "Progress and Poverty" has perhaps never been more cogently dissected than by General Walker, and the paper on "The Wages Question" was brilliantly destructive of one of the misdirected assumptions of the older school of economists. But his larger works have more importance in relation to the history of economic thought than to the establishment of economic doctrines. On the other hand, very few books have been written on the subject which will acquaint the student so clearly and thoroughly with the whole field of economic controversy, in the light of human history.

The attitude of General Walker in regard to silver bimetallism and the somewhat false position in which the Bryan free-silver-coinage campaign inevitably placed him was one of the few matters in which General Walker's friends and admirers had to doubt his judgment. Mr. Munroe emphasizes rightly the guilt that separated Walker's views on silver remonetization by the leading nations, acting in concert, and the purely inflationist doctrines of the "free-silver" politicians of 1896. He adduces evidence, which was not unknown before, that a strong bimetallist sentiment existed at the time among many eminent Englishmen—Mr. Balfour, for example. But the biographer refrains—very wisely, it seems to the writer—from unqualified approval of General Walker's policy.

That Walker was sincere in his contention of 1895 and 1896 that silver demonetization had caused "great stagnation of industry" and "prolonged, if it has not produced, commercial panics and crises," can naturally not be doubted. But the question was highly debatable, and yet Walker's position in regard to it was dogmatic in an unusual degree. He believed in the adoption of bimetallism by England at a time when, according to evidence subsequently brought to light, there was no reasonable possibility of such a change. From the political viewpoint the very unfortunate fact was General Walker's failure to appreciate how, in the absence of the predicted concurrence of Europe, the propaganda of free silver for the United States alone would be inevitable, that this unsound proposal would have to be fought with all the power of conservative thinkers and that Walker's own arguments would be used with great effect by Bryan and his followers. From the economic viewpoint it was equally unfortunate that Walker, even on the basis of the quantitative theory, had not recognized the potential future influence of the new gold production in South Africa and Colorado, which had nearly doubled the world's annual output in the ten years prior to 1896 and was destined to double it again in the next ten years.

This controversy, entangled as it was with the political situation, no doubt somewhat embittered General Walker's later years. It is impossible to say precisely what position he would have taken in the matter if he had lived until the great economic revival which came with our country's formal reassertion of the single gold standard in 1900. But if his attitude on that question was mistaken, it was the exception in his history as a political economist. The influence of his writings and teachings is of a permanent character, which will not be affected or impaired by this single controversy, which is now past history.

Story of Bashan, a Priceless Companion

BASHAN AND I. By Thomas Mann. Translated from the German by Herman George Scheffauer. 270 pp. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THIS story, "Bashan and I," has been termed the finest study of the mind of a dog ever written. A few, here and there, boldly assert that it is no doubt one of the greatest portrayals of the inside, the deep down inside, of a man's mind. And there is the reason for Thomas Mann's having the rare gift of revealing the processes of Bashan's mental organization. How do you suppose Davis got the inspiration to write the "Bar Sinister"; Terhune, "Laddie Boy"; Oliphant, "Bob, the Son of Battle," and so on, and how did Byron come by the lines, "I never knew but one friend, and here he lies"? Does one imagine these love works sprang from unusual observing and recording gifts? No, indeed; a dog lets only that human being see his smile, hear his laughter, or even witness his weeping who who is himself rich in the virtues of the canine kingdom.

We have a beautiful example of this in the extremely lovable story "Bashan and I." And in the simplicity of the telling lies the great pull of the author's message. Thomas Mann is a passionate husband of the wonders of creation—the rocks, hills, mountains, rivers, even their little sandy banks and shoals which he magically transformed from inland to wild seascapes, tanged and fresh with salt and ocean spume; even the bunnies, and the pathetic victims of Bashan's forays—the field mice. Mann loves those tiny mice and tears your heart with the tragedy of their agonizing deaths. How does he do this—this description of a most calamitous event? Is it with the usual maze of elaborate and extravagant words that bother you so that you forget what they are supposed to describe? Happily not in this story, for Thomas Mann has throughout employed the simplest symbols available in the language and has so intensified them to the ultimate of their dramatic power that you come dangerously near to an emotional gagging in the reading. Toward the end of the book Mr. Mann says as much himself:

> Big words, the big, well-worn words, are not very suitable for expressing the extraordinary. One may best achieve this by intensifying the small words and forcing them to the very acme of their meaning.

Thomas Mann is far beyond any attempt to make of "Bashan and I" a tale intended merely to divert and perhaps amuse exceedingly. It is rather, as Scheffauer says in the forewords, "a flight from the hideous realities of nature (meaning the latest war!) from the hate and inhumanity of man to the devotion and lovableness of the brute." And again: "This little work will bring delight and refreshment to all who seek flight from the heavy-laden hour," and "in its final form and precipitation" it is indeed "a work of exquisite literary art." "Bashan and I" is indeed an idyll, as this paragraph indicates:

> Then, late, at midnight, the last tram deposits me far out at its penultimate stop. Or I come jogging along on foot, long after the last tram has returned to town—I come wandering *distrait*, tempered with wine, smoking, having passed the bourne of natural fatigue and wrapped in a sense of false security in relation to all things mundane. * * * It is pitch dark, and the river goes by with a rushing sound as I turn into the poplar avenue. A few steps more and I feel that I am becapered and beswitched by paws and tail, and have no clear idea of what is happening to me.
>
> "Bashan?" I ask of the darkness.

The beast that the hospital register has enrolled under the title of "bastard setter" has been waiting in the icy wet snows for the homecoming of his master. The master cannot see him, but he knows that he is being encircled and rubbed against and lavished with ecstatic adorations of a true friend who knows no resentment. The dog takes his master's cruel faithlessness as a blessing, and his selfish neglect as something over which to grunt and yawn with unfeigned delight. In another picture Bashan has just been sent from the author's study after having left the imprint of his muddied paws on several sheets of manuscript. The author now sees the dog through the glass door disporting in a clumsy, uncle-like manner with the children on the small patch of grass in front of the house. In an uncle-like manner! What a priceless companion! The book is an enchanting classic, destined for conspicuous place amid the greatest dog stories of all time.

JACK HINES.

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Following Columbus

(Continued from Page 2)

er as he was, made a great impression on the minds of the cowboys. And again, I suppose his make-up of cowboy and rough rider fired the imagination of the East. Curious that the Republican President should masquerade as one of the Wild West?

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But it is when he surveys the whole country from the vantage point of New York that Mr. Graham seems most effective in his rôle of keen and kindly critic. He has a feeling that the American commercial system is hardly compatible with pure democracy, and he points significantly to the rapidly increasing "leisured class." "The East" is larded with leisure; the West runs on it as on oil." One of America's great needs, he points out, is to do something for the children of leisure—"to make life more interesting." He sees a danger in the American desire for praise:

> America's faith in that America is doing right, that she has a divinely appointed mission, is short of nothing save the faith of the Catholic Church.

He believes that some study in a scientific spirit is essential—"a dead level dispassionate facing of things as they are." As for prohibition, Mr. Graham looks upon it and its enforcement with most optimistic eyes. He compares New York when he saw it in 1913, with its huge gin-palaces and their sordid and vicious entourage, with the city of today, and then casts his eye over the whole country:

> Even near the Mexican border, after a forty-mile ride in the snow, when one would give a good deal for a stiff drink, not a rancher but was a teetotaler.

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(Continued from Page 9)

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BARBRY. By Henry Milner Rideout. New York: Duffield & Co. $2.

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The heroine of the story, Barbry, is a very little girl when the book opens. Asked her name, she says that her dead mother had called her Barbara, but her father told her that her name was Marianne Françoise. This father, a drunken wastrel, sells the child to a farmer, one Bion Savory, whose farm is on a hill some way out of the New England village near which most of the characters live. There on the hill Savory has a rather uncomfortable home with his wife Jen, an excessively economical woman, "grave, broad, pug-nosed, * * * with cold blue eyes." The farmer was as kind to Barbry as he knew how to be, and his wife, though strict and severe, was not actually cruel. With these two Barbry grew to womanhood, working on the farm, going to school during the Winter, and reading in an old volume of Shakespeare. She was handsome, of course, and presently two men fell in love with her.

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(Continued on Page 10)

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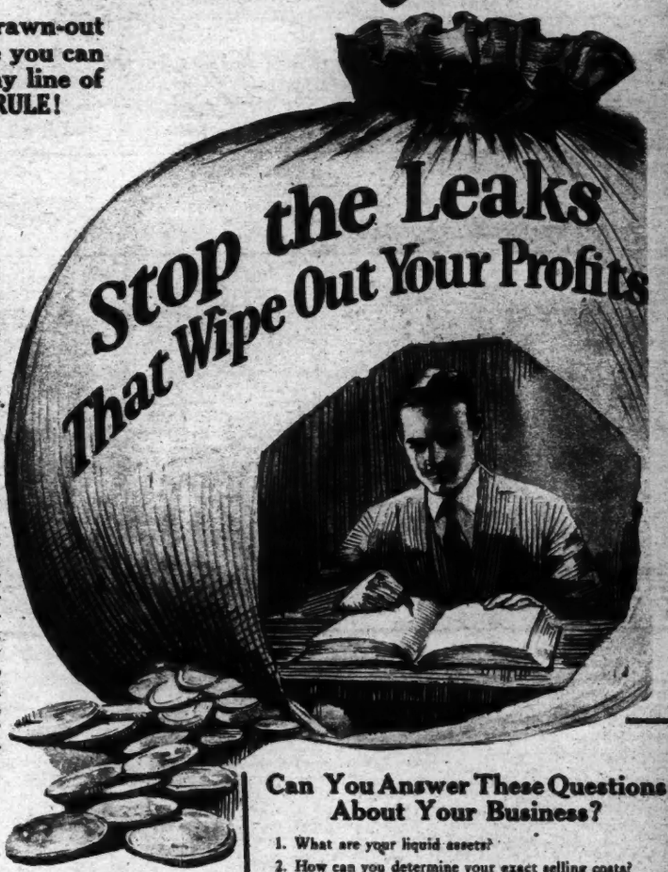

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Churchill's Post-Mortem

(Continued from Page 1)

campaign was his baby, and it is not hard to see that he might have incurred among other members of the Government the usual unpopularity of the monomaniac. Churchill promptly told Kitchener that the offensive in France had no chance of success. That is his story, and he is going to stick to it; so he proceeds to say that in the event it obtained only "slight advances of no strategic importance," which is true, and that "the German drive against Russia proceeded unchecked," which is not. General von Falkenhayn, who knows more about that offensive than Churchill, has told us that the German Third Army was on the very point of a withdrawal which would have dislocated the whole front when the situation was restored by the arrival of two army corps brought back from Russia despite the anguished wails of Ludendorff, one of whose grand schemes thereupon collapsed because there were not enough men to carry it out. There was much futile and fat-headed wastage on the western front; but, after all, the war could have been won there, and on that occasion it almost was.

This book, however, is primarily the apologia of Churchill, who was looking for the less bloody alternative —something original and sinister. A German flank must be turned; and if there were no flanks on the western front, the dominant sea power must find a flank vulnerable by sea. Lord Fisher wanted to attack through the Baltic. Circumstances never permitted this; and, as Mr. Churchill solemnly adds, it would have been wrong anyway to get the Scandinavian countries into the war without being sure we could protect them against the Germans.

It was the call for help from Russia at the beginning of 1915 which finally decided the British Government to do something at the Dardanelles. The rest of the story is in some degree the story of the conflict between Churchill, who saw in this the original and sinister manoeuvre which would terrorize the German soul as well as knock out the Turks, and a Government, an Admiralty and an army which moved by fits and starts, and often did not want to move at all. Churchill is possibly right in his view that the forcing of the Dardanelles would have ended the war in 1915 with an allied victory, and certainly right in holding that that year was the last in which the war could have been "localized" in either time or space. Once gone past that deadline, it spread over the world and, in its consequences, on into the generation of our grandchildren.

Nobody except the most embittered westerner has ever denied that the general strategic conception of the Dardanelles campaign was sound; and while no one can can claim all credit for that conception, Churchill was always the man who saw it large and regarded it as the major operation which it certainly was. Yet it failed, and the story of its failure is a story of an almost unparalleled sequence of bad luck, stupidity and afterthoughts, one of the most tragic documents on the defects of the human mind in all history. Churchill sets forth the fundamental cause of the disaster succinctly. If anything like the force that was eventually expended in driblets had been concentrated at the beginning, the British would have had Constantinople in a week. But "we always sent two-thirds of what was necessary a month too late."

All or most of this is history, but Mr. Churchill makes a new disclosure (so far as this reviewer's memory serves) in the documents published on pages 517 and following. At the beginning of November, when General Munro, sent out to command at Gallipoli, had reported that there was nothing to do but evacuate, even at the cost of 40,000 casualties, Kitchener suddenly flashed into unexpected fire. His telegram to General Birdwood, on the eve of his own departure to look over the situation at Gallipoli, announced the sudden determination to sweep together all the troops who could be assembled and make a last great effort, in conjunction with the navy, to break through. Admiral Wemyss and the then Commander Keyes had prepared a plan for naval participation which would have gladdened the heart of Nelson, Beatty or Farragut; and what is now known of Turkish weakness at the moment—due largely to the activity of British submarines in cutting the lines of supply—suggests that a bold assault might have succeeded at the eleventh hour. But Kitchener grew colder and colder as he traveled eastward; and the cautious de Robeck had no great trouble in arguing him out of it.

A painful story. When the men on the spot wanted to go forward, Whitehall and Downing Street held them back. When the civilian Government was willing to countenance a bold stroke the commanders on the ground were despondent. As one of the minor ironies of the year it may be mentioned that the first four monitors which relieved the battleships in the Dardanelles squadron, after the submarine menace made it undesirable to expose capital ships, were (temporarily) named the General Grant, Admiral Farragut, Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee. Perhaps this was only a delicate compliment to Mr. Schwab, who made their turrets and guns; but the fact that they were later renamed suggests that the British Government was building hopes on the great flaming up of American sentiment after the sinking of the Lusitania, which were not to be fulfilled until the Germans had committed the more heinous offense of breaking a promise made to Mr. Wilson.

One of the conventional reproaches flung at Churchill deals with the Queen Elizabeth, first of the fast super-dreadnoughts armed with 15-inch guns, which played a considerable part in the naval attack on the Straits. It has been charged that he was mystically fascinated by her gun power, and thought she could blow Turkish forts off the map as easily as the heavy German siege guns destroyed the forts at Antwerp. He is at considerable pains to refute this, yet it appears from his own story that there is a good deal of truth in the charge. Only, the disease was epidemic. Everybody felt for the Queen Elizabeth a superstitious awe which even such a formidable vessel could hardly have inspired but for her name. As it turned out, heavy shells falling on enclosed cupola forts, which could be blown to pieces with the destruction of most of the garrison, were considerably more destructive than similar shells falling on open batteries, in which hardly anything but a direct hit would put a gun out of action. It still seems dubious, though Churchill argues it diligently, that the fleet alone could have forced the Straits. Fleet and army certainly could, however, had not some authoritative person always had misgivings at moments which offered good prospect of success.

The Queen Elizabeth was not the only institution which aroused religious awe in the British Ministry. Lord Kitchener produced the same effect. Churchill tells us that the War Cabinet never overruled him and rarely even argued with him. Even so great a naval authority as Fisher, with a powerful hold on the popular imagination, never aroused such a feeling among Ministers and other dignitaries; probably because naval matters were something more or less familiar to the whole British governing class, or at least to actual members of the Government. In dealing with the fleet they were on ground they knew. In military affairs, on the unparalleled scale of this war, the most experienced politicians were no better than Childe Rowland before the Dark Tower, and they clung eagerly to the coat-tails of a man who seemed to know his way around in these strange and ominous regions.

This record may offer some evidence of considerable value to the psychologist who knows how to use historical data obtained in a period of unprecedented stress, which might naturally produce unprecedented nervous reactions. Another problem for the psychologist is afforded by the very curious instances in the Dardanelles story of what may be called, provisionally, the postponed perception. Something or other was imperatively necessary at a given moment. Yet, at that moment, nobody saw it—often, not even Churchill. A few weeks later everybody saw it, and did it; but it was then too late. This happened again and again during the Dardanelles campaign. As read in Churchill's narrative, it suggests a problem in a new and almost untried science, not herd-psychology or mass-psychology, but the study of the collective reactions of a limited group. The British leaders had a talent for being wrong together. Unfortunately, they were not so prone to be right together.

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Chinese in America

THE REAL CHINESE IN AMERICA. By J. S. Tow. 150 pp. New York: Academy Press.

WHEN we consider that there are more than 60,000 Chinese in the United States, there seems every excuse for the publication of this book of information by Mr. Tow, who is Secretary of the Chinese Consulate General of New York. The writer makes just claims for his people, deploring the amount of misinformation that prevails about the Chinese. It is intended to express a "Chinese viewpoint of the affairs of the Chinese in this country," and to interest the American public in these affairs.

Much of the prevailing misinformation and prejudice about the Chinese date back to the time when floods of the laboring classes came to this country. In 1870 the Chinese population was 63,199. It had increased by 28,000 in ten years. The next decade saw a great increase and in 1880 the peak of Chinese immigration was reached. The exclusion laws of 1880 and 1892 did much to reduce the Chinese population and the present figure is lower than it was fifty years ago. Of the forty-two races in this country, the Chinese population is now twenty-eighth. Fifty-five per cent. of this total is on the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Tow takes exception to the way writers and producers portray the Chinese to the public. To his mind they have done more to vilify the race than all other forces put together.

The Chinese in American fiction, the films (and sometimes plays) and exhibitions are, with very few exceptions, villains, lawbreakers and criminals [he writes.] They are vilified as an immoral and vicious people. Their life is depicted as mysterious and dangerous. Their colonies are described as centres of lawlessness and crime. The fiction writers, film producers and exhibitors of anything Chinese have been indulging in the habit of depicting and exaggerating certain unlawful acts committed by some degenerate Chinese in this country years ago—and nothing else. But they fail to understand that these acts in violation of both American and Chinese laws, such as gambling, opium smoking and Tong fighting, can by no means represent the life of "Chinatown": far less can they represent the life of the Chinese people as a whole. • • • This scandalous vilification cannot, however, change the fact that the Chinese are a peace-loving and law-abiding people. Except for a few who committed crimes of personal vengeance or because of wicked characters (which is not altogether unknown to other nationalities), the Chinese residents here have never failed to observe the laws and maintain order.

Mr. Tow points to their industrial activities—their commerce, their restaurants, their laundries and their art stores. The laundrymen alone have been left behind in the march of progress, he says, chiefly because of their lack of education. He speaks of the number of Chinese who are attending schools and universities.

The reason usually advanced for the unassimilative element in the Chinese is that they are a selfish people and that during their stay in this country they have taken no interest in the welfare of America and therefore do not care for anything American, according to Mr. Tow. But the facts, he adds, are just to the contrary. Their loyalty to this country is no less than that of any other foreign-born or native-born foreign peoples.

For the Tong wars that ring through Chinatown from time to time Mr. Tow has nothing but condemnation. These fights, to his way of thinking, can be considered nothing but demonstrations of lawlessness and a proof of barbarism.

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Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 14)

force. Inevitably they hate each other, but they are at one in their instinctive struggle to preserve themselves from defeat by the influence and demands of the family. Both are outlaws at odds with the tribe.

Almost any one would want to escape such a family as the Jordans. The father went out from England in the early days of the rush to the diamond fields. His people took that way of ridding themselves of an encumbrance. In his first months out he threw away through lack of vision his opportunity to make a fortune and a partnership with a man who was to be one of the big figures in South Africa. His family had judged him aright. He was the stuff failures are made of. His career was a steady descent down hill. The only thing he ever did well was gardening, after his eldest son, Daniel, relieved him of financial responsibility for his wife and children. Had Daniel more heart or less heart, he might have achieved true greatness. He possesses many of the necessary qualities. He is the best of the Jordans, but he is a Jordan in more than name. As his kinship with them causes him grief and humiliation throughout his life, so the common heritage leads him to pettiness when, by rising to the occasion, he could triumph. As we leave him, he stands forth for the first time worthy of himself.

A simple enough story, devoid of momentous events and situations, but not one that can be forgotten soon. Not for an instant has Sarah Gertrude Millin departed from the rôle of narrator. She writes dispassionately, impersonally, without any emotion or emotional appeal, but it is creative writing, not reporting of photographic realism. Her characters are living, flesh-and-blood individuals, and Johannesburg becomes a city we might know personally.

THE QUEEN OF FARRANDALE

THE QUEEN OF FARRANDALE. By Clara Louise Burnham. 316 pp. Boston: The Houghton-Mifflin Company. $2

IT is not often that a story can be thoroughly and consistently uninteresting. There is something about the story-telling spirit itself which compels a kind of involuntary interest, something in the fun of seeing human lives projected, or perhaps in the very natural desire to know "what comes next." "The Queen of Farrandale" is, however, a string of unentertaining incidents. The situation is conventional and the plot transparent.

The Queen of Farrandale herself is the time-honored old-maid aunt, cold, sharp and unapproachable, but withal shrewd and kindly. She has a fortune which she must, according to all the laws of nature, some day leave behind her, and she also has, according to all the laws of society, a multitudinous following. The hero, Hugh Sinclair, is the conventional lazy, good-humored and good-looking young scapegrace who brings to light his aunt's latent yearnings for affection, gets engaged to a pretty girl with a pure heart and an "April smile," and is reformed in the bargain. Of course he also gets the money. And why not? Hugh comes into the story as something of a healthy young hobo, deliberately working incognito to win his aunt's favor and fortune from a designing secretary. He repents his deception, is saved and rewarded.

ROMANCE OF A ROGUE

THE ROMANCE OF A ROGUE. By Ruby M. Ayres. 237 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.75.

HERE is the story of a man to whom came the dearest wish of his heart, but in its realization proved to be ashes and sorrow. His hero, Bruce Lowry, the reader meets as he is dismissed from prison, where he has spent six years for having killed a man. He had not intended to commit murder and the man had deeply wronged him and had then goaded him into a blind rage. So for six years he has cherished hate and bitterness in his heart and has longed to see the man who had been responsible for his ill fortune and the girl who had renounced him and their engagement when he was

(Continued on Page 22)

Bobbs Merrill Books

By ARTHUR STRINGER
Author of *The Door of Dread*

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A thrilling romance of the aristocrats of the underworld and of a girl who was more than a match for them.

By HERBERT QUICK
Author of *Vandemark's Folly*

The Hawkeye

The beauty and the good cheer and the courage of pioneer experience have been gathered by Herbert Quick in a novel that lifts American literature and American life a little higher.
—*New York Times*

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS
Author of *The Starling*

A LINE A DAY

What would you write if a fortune depended on what you revealed about yourself in a line a day? The delightful author at her best in a novel of fine characterization.

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Author of
Joseph Greer and His Daughter

THE OTHER STORY

Mr. Webster shows himself as consummate a master of the short story as of the novel.

By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

The House of Youth

The story of a girl of amazing and alluring vitality. A vivid, emotional drama of the social life of today.

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Author of *Jacob Stahl*

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—*The Literary Review*

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Books and Authors

RALPF D. PAINE contributes an introduction to "The Memoirs of Li Hung Chang," by W. F. Mannix, just released by Houghton Mifflin Company. The introduction is a brief sketch of the life of Mr. Mannix and tells the story of this amazing literary forgery, written in a Honolulu jail by a talented but wholly irresponsible American newspaper man. The Memoirs were accepted as genuine even by experts, and it was not until after they had been published in book form that some trifling inaccuracies led to an investigation and to the exposure of the fraud. The book is now republished after the author's death as a work of imaginative fiction and as an outstanding example of the literary hoax.

Romain Rolland has written a special introduction for the American edition of his drama, "The Montespan," published by B. W. Huebsch. Although it is very brief, this introduction is said to contain a complete criticism of the romantic view of history and a masterly summary of the underlying significance for the world of such eras as that of the Montespan. The drama itself is based on the attempt made by the Marquise de Montespan to poison her royal lover, Louis XIV.

A biography of A. Barton Hepburn by Joseph Bucklin Bishop, author of "Theodore Roosevelt and His Time," is announced for November publication by Charles Scribner's Sons.

In mid-November Fleming H. Revell Company will bring out a volume of sermons by Newell Dwight Hillis entitled "The Great Refusal and Other Evangelistic Sermons."

The James Tait-Black Memorial Prize of £140 for the best novel of 1922 has just been awarded to David Garnett's "Lady Into Fox," which also won the Hawthornden Prize some time ago. This is said to be the first time in England that two such important prizes have been awarded to the same book within the same year. "Lady Into Fox" was published by Alfred A. Knopf. The James Tait-Black Memorial Prize for biography was awarded to "Earlham," by Percy Lubbock, published here by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Maud Howe Elliott, author of "Three Generations," just published by Little, Brown & Co., has, because of her long residence in Rome, known intimately nearly all of the American Ambassadors to Italy since 1894, and her book contains interesting reminiscences of Lloyd Griscom, Wayne MacVeigh, Richard Washburn Child, Robert Underwood Johnson and other diplomats.

Johan Bojer, the Norwegian novelist, whose latest book, "The Last of the Vikings," was published a few months ago by the Century Company, is lecturing in the Middle West under the auspices of the Sons of Norway, an organization of Americans of Norwegian birth or descent. It is hinted that a Scandinavian-American novel may be the result of his trip.

Oliver M. Sayler has just returned from Europe, where he spent the Summer gathering material for a book on Max Reinhardt, which Brentano will publish soon. While in Berlin Mr. Sayler attended a special performance at Nelson's Theatre where all the literary and artistic celebrities were present. Among them, Mr. Sayler saw Emil Orlik, the etcher, whom he was very anxious to meet, as he hoped to obtain from him some caricatures and sketches of Max Reinhardt. Nothing, however, that Orlik was busy with his sketch book, Mr. Sayler did not intrude. The next day he met Orlik, who, when they were introduced, stared at him strangely for a moment and then began to search his own pockets. The mystery of his curious behavior was solved when he produced an excellent caricature of Mr. Sayler, made in the theatre the evening before.

Charles Phillips, author of "The New Poland," just published by the Macmillan Company, returned recently from a four-year stay in Europe. Most of his time was spent in Poland and Russia. He did relief work with the American Red Cross, visiting every part of Poland and making a thorough study of the country and its people. He was with the Polish army in Russia at the siege of Kiev and was awarded the Polish Cross of Bravery for services under fire. He also received the Polonia Restituta, a decoration which has been bestowed upon very few Americans.

The week of Nov. 12-17 will be Book Week at Wanamaker's. There will be a program each day at 2:15 in the Auditorium. Many prominent authors will appear personally.

Elinor Wylie, now Mrs. William Rose Benét, is the author of "Jennifer Lorn," a novel with an eighteenth century setting which George H. Doran Company announces for publication early in November.

Maude Radford Warren has gone abroad, where she expects to remain a year. A large part of her time will be given to supervising the education of two small boys, whose mother, Mrs. Warren's most intimate friend, died a year ago. The first copy of Mrs. Warren's new novel, "The House of Youth," published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, reached the author while she was revisiting the town of Beney, St. Mihiel, where she once spent two busy weeks under fire, making soup and coffee for the boys of the Eighty-ninth Division.

Alexander Moret, Professor of Egyptology in the Sorbonne, has arrived in New York to begin his duties as official lecturer of the Federation d'Alliance Française. M. Moret is the author of "In the Time of the Pharaohs" and "Kings and Gods of Egypt," both published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A new O. Henry book entitled "Postscripts" is being brought out by Harper & Brothers. It is composed of hundreds of short stories, burlesques, poems and whimsies, resurrected from the files of a Texas newspaper on which O. Henry conducted a column twenty-five years ago.

"How I Exposed Dr. Cook's Polar Fraud" is one of the chapter headings in Sir Philip Gibbs's "Adventures in Journalism," just published by Harper & Brothers. The book contains many other stories of newspaper life, besides studies of such men as Lord Roberts, Northcliffe, Gilbert Chesterton and others.

The second volume of "The Farington Diary" (Doran) appears this month. It covers the period from Aug. 28, 1802, to Sept. 13, 1804, and has entries about such interesting people as Napoleon, Pitt, Fox, Benjamin West, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Garrick, Cowper and George III.

Joseph Adams, who writes on outdoor sports under the pen name of "Corrigeen," has a new book out on "Salmon and Trout Angling," published by Duttons. The author has fished in Scotland, Ireland and Canada, and has many experiences to relate. One section of the book is devoted to rod-making, fly-tying and a general discussion of equipment and tackle.

The late Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's "Gordon at Khartoum" is a sequel to his earlier volume on "The Secret of the English Occupation of Egypt." Beginning with the year 1882, it carries the narrative through the darkest days of British rule in Egypt. The book is published by Alfred A. Knopf.

"Ricoyman Steps" by Arnold Bennett and "Streets of Night" by John Dos Passos are among the early November publications of George H. Doran Company.

Clara E. Laughlin, author of "Martyred Towns of France," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, has recently been made a member of the French Legion of Honor.

David Alec Wilson's new biography of Thomas Carlyle, mentioned in our London letter of Oct. 28, is being brought out in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co. The first volume bears the title, "Carlyle Till Marriage."

Tyrrel of the Cow Country
by Robert Ames Bennet
Author of "Into the Primitive," "The Shogun's Daughter," etc.

"Still Hell's" method of bucking was a jumbled tornado of pitching, stiff-legged jumping, rearing, side-jumping, swirling and sun-fishing; he had the quickness of a cat, the strength of a bear, and the fury of a tiger.

For Dick Tyrrel, who mastered him, this was the beginning of a courtship no less stormy and full of hazards.

Robert Ames Bennet has demonstrated that the Western story is his forte For action, atmosphere and character, "Tyrrel" has not been equalled in many years.

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by Ethel M. Kelley

The New York Herald: "The tragic story of a woman's misplaced, unrequited passion . . . impressively well done, with a clean directness and economy of effect that are as rare today as they are welcome. The book has been compared, not without some justice, to *Ethan Frome*, but Miss Kelley's work has a humanness, a warmth, that Mrs. Wharton's lacks."

The Literary Review: "An excellent piece of work. The smell of hard maple and of the rising tide is in this book. This reader's reservoir of emotion has not been so skillfully assaulted since the days of Thomas Hardy. It is easy to prophesy that this novel will be among the best of this year's fiction."

The New York Times: "Destroys the fictional illusion that nothing happens to Cape Cod but comedies. . . . An admirable novel that deserves all success."

The Brooklyn Eagle: "The first story we have ever read which treats Down-Easters as humans. Beautifully written with honest human sympathy."

The Springfield Republican: "So apparently homely and commonplace seeming are the persons and incidents in this story of Cape Cod folk that one starts with surprise on suddenly recalling how representative they are of situations, character, and human nature in any hamlet of the land."

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The Boston Transcript, in an enthusiastic review, says of

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THOMAS SELTZER, 5 W. 50th Street, NEW YORK

Current Magazines

WALTER CAMP writes in the November World's Work on "The Frankenstein of College Athletics." He describes the situation succinctly by saying that "the trouble with college athletics in that there is too much athletics and too few athletes." He admits, too, that athletics, and particularly football, play too prominent a part in college life. But, as might be expected, he finds that there is much to be said on the other side. He pleads for a better understanding between the friends and the foes of athletics.

No one can for a moment deny that the encroachments of this monster are not only worthy of serious consideration, but are also alarming. In fact, the sober thinkers on the athletic side have been for the last decade anxious and uneasy at the distortion that has been taking place in the athletic picture. But, as is not unusual in such situations, the extreme foes and extreme friends of athletics have been driving each other into false positions from which, so far as any constructive action is concerned, the result is an abortive stalemate. And what is far worse, neither of these rabid parties is willing to aid in any way in a search for moderation, and for utilising some at least of the power for good that lies in this Frankenstein.

The best medicine for this disease is, as always, a definite study of the history of the case. And the first thing the data will show is encouraging. It will convince even the most rabid that the same fears which are in their minds today were prevalent in the scholastic mind fifty years and even one hundred and fifty years ago. And yet the educational world survived. Dr. McCosh, at Princeton, was righteously alarmed because, as he put it, "The idlest fellow in his class gets all the honors!" One would hardly call the college athlete of today "idle"! In 1787 laws were enacted at Princeton forbidding "a game played by the students with bat and ball" as rude and ungentlemanly. Later, and on the other side of the question, soon after the game of football was modified by the excision of mass plays, there were articles of coaches published to the effect that the reformers wished to "make it a game of tiddledywinks."

So we may start off with a few basic facts worth remembering: First, that there never was a time even in the "good old days" when boys hankered after books in preference to play; second, that the dire destruction of all academic progress by these outside influences never took place; third, that those who felt the academic authorities would spoil all sport by their interference learned that a part at least of this interference proved in the end salutary; fourth, that as long as human nature is what it is, sport-loving parents cannot with a straight face forbid their boys to talk football unless they themselves are ready to forget their golf.

Concerning another phase of the problem, Mr. Camp says:

If we could only get up at the top of our ideas and ideals the word "sportsmanship" rather than "amateur" it would be a triumph indeed. Somehow or other we have become terribly mixed in confounding the desire to win with unfairness or deceit. This largely emanated from those who believe that they can tell a good red-blooded American boy of 18 that when he goes into his games he must not care who wins; he must play the game just for the fun of playing it. Now, no boy of 18 can understand that kind of reasoning. If he is going to play he is going to play with his heart and soul and determined to win if possible. The only thing that will save him from going too far in that respect and using unfair means is his own sense of sportsmanship, and that is inherent in him and often comes out in a marked way in spite of all the beclouding of rules. I have seen this happen time and again. I have seen it happen even when the issue was most intense, and it was really spontaneous. I have seen it happen in professional contests as well as those of the amateur. In fact, we may be sure that the amateur does not absorb all the sportsmanship. It is true that a man whose living depends upon the outcome of the game he is playing in has a great deal of pressure upon him, but thousands of our professionals in baseball, golf and other sports still show

(Continued on Page 22)

Rollin Lynde Hartt, whose book "The Man Himself: The Nazarene" has caused a storm of controversy in theological circles.

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Latest Fiction

(Continued from Page 19)

convicted, both bowed down to the earth with shame and suffering. He tells himself with assurance that the only reason for living is to glut his heart with the happiness it will be to see both of those people humiliated, broken, desperate with trouble and unhappiness, suffering as he has suffered during his six years in prison. He goes back to London, is rebuffed by his brother, who is highly placed, wealthy and influential, and forms a friendship with a musician who leads the orchestra in a cheap music hall. And presently his dearest wish is granted and he meets the girl he had once loved, whom he thinks he hates and whom he longs to see cast down to the lowest depths of suffering, sees her, wretchedly poor, ill, lonely, playing the violin in the musician's orchestra. The knowledge that she is what he had wanted to see her works a quick revolution in his feeling and makes him human once more. The story is concerned with the results of this change in him and the way it affects the girl and the musician who had befriended him. The author has worked out her theme quite carefully and with a good deal of skill and ingenuity in devising turns and twists and obstacles in the development of events and in keeping the reader in suspense as to how, after all, the story will turn out and just what the romance of this "rogue"—who really isn't a rogue but a normal man whose heart has been hardened by misfortune—is going to be. There is overmuch sentimentality in the telling of the tale and the author's style is strongly marked with conventionality and an excess of emotional tension.

A LIGHTER OF FLAMES

A LIGHTER OF FLAMES. By William S. Hart. Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg. 246 pp. New York: The Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.

PATRICK HENRY loses nothing of his glamour as a national hero for the schoolboy in the series of episodes Mr. Hart has written around him. The portrayer of cowboy types on the screen shys in his foreword that he has in the writing of this "romance" satisfied a long standing desire to present to the public a "living, vivid picture of that true American of whose life and history so little is known, but whose heart was big with love of country." He calls his work "fictional history."

Each chapter of this book contains some incident that ought to "screen" well. The first picture is of the slave auction at Jamestown. In it, Henry, in buckskins, stands against his horse, just the kind of horse William S. Hart must love to have in his pictures. Where others fail to interfere, Henry steps in and obtains a beautiful indentured English girl for the daughter of the Governor of the Virginias.

So in each chapter the young Henry comes riding out of the forest or the dark to do some romantic or daring deed whenever he can spare the time from his real work of lighting the flame of liberty throughout the colony. Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, the Lees and others help to complete the picture, an interesting one of Virginia just before the Revolution. Mr. Hart pictures dramatically the scene where Henry makes his "Liberty or Death" oration. The book ought to awaken the interest of any American boy in the history of the founding of his country.

THAT WHICH IS PASSED

THAT WHICH IS PASSED. By G. Murray Atkin. 334 pages. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. $1.75.

A SMALL teacup, no matter how exquisitely fashioned, cannot hold much wine. "That Which Is Passed" is a fountain gushing endlessly and to little purpose, with none of the fine lights that the sunset flings.

It concerns Gilly Collins, alias Pere Formol, Peter Magdalen and Lady Gilchrist. Minor characters troop in and out of the "story" with no more effect on the reader's sympathies than the viewpoint characters. An able writer might have done this book in fifteen hundred words and, being so much less prolix, attained power; but Miss Atkin in her anxiety to preserve restraint at any cost has defeated her own ends.

Gilly Collins married Lady Gilchrist in her youth; Peter was born of the marriage; the affair was annulled, and some twenty years later we drop in on the "story" as Lady Gilchrist is entering Paris with her second husband. For ninety pages we are borne along on wings of tiresome snatches of dirgeful philosophies until Peter learns that the disappointed Pere Formol is his father. He wishes Peter to take up where death must inevitably cut him off, makes absurd threats about exposing Lady Gilchrist. The very restraint under which the story labors causes fine moments in the making to become purely melodramatic.

It must be said that Miss Atkin writes brightly about dull English characters in effervescing Paris. But she takes such exhaustive pains to fit short story material for book covers that the point is lost in the constant somersaults of rhetoric or soliloquies. "That Which Is Passed" is a much finer Baedeker of Paris than a novel.

THE VIKING HEART

THE VIKING HEART. By Laura Goodman Salverson. 326 pp. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.

WITHOUT any definite plot, "The Viking Heart" is the story of a family of Icelanders driven from their fatherland by an earthquake. They join a group of their countrymen and emigrate to the wilderness of Manitoba. Of that family group, Borga, the 16-year-old daughter, alone survives the ravages of hunger, sickness and bitter cold. The story is that of her life, her marriage, the hope for quick wealth from virgin soil—dreams giving way to a struggle for necessities of life; the rebirth of her own hopes in the lives of her children. And through it all the patient, unending labor by which a wilderness became a prairie, and the prairie, one day, a farm; then Winnipeg, a city of sidewalks, of tiled baths, plush carpets and chromos. But Borga and her husband cleave to the farm which they have so dearly bought. It is their children who go on into the cities to fuse the spirit of their Viking ancestors with the virile Britons that their children's children may be Canadians indeed.

THE MAGIC MIDLAND

THE MAGIC MIDLAND. By Harold Waldo. 305 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

MR. WALDO does, quite successfully, for a little Michigan town what various other authors have done for other little towns in varied parts of the country—recreated it in a tale of boyhood and adolescence for mature readers. His young hero is Larry McGraw, the sandy-haired, freckle-faced son, in his early teens, of Elder McGraw, stern Scotchman, preacher, widower, with austere ideas as to the proper bringing up of motherless lads. But the longing fires of youth burn in Larry's breast, along with certain other fires, due, perhaps, to his Scotch ancestry—a propensity to break out in wild defiance when what he considers tyranny grows too heavy and a temperamental lilting and surging of the blood when once he gets going that carries him over obstacles as a wave carries a cork. There is excellent work in the depiction of this raw lad, with his complexities of temperament, his solid foundation of Scotch squareness and uprightness, his underlying gentleness that breaks out at unexpected times and his boyishness. The story carries him through several years, partly through high school and into the navy when the United States enters the World War. Through it all the gleaming tracks of the railroad and the mighty engines thundering along them exercise a potent spell over him, while a friendship that brings ecstasy to his boyish heart with Ted Church, engineer of "old 1200," does much to shape his life, for the engineer has a motherless daughter of the same age, and so romance comes to smile upon him while he is still a boy and to weave an ever stronger spell upon his heart.

There is reminiscent zest in the account of the boyish peccadillos in which Larry and his friends engage, which usually bring summary pun-

(Continued on Page 25)

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Current Magazines

(Continued from Page 21)

that good brand of sportsmanship and, one must confess, we find it lacking at times in our amateur games which are hedged in so closely by all sorts of rules. Infractions are not unusual and occur both in baseball and football. I think we have improved in this respect, because in the old days there was more of this so-called "repartee"—in football, at least—than is prevalent today. All we can do is to preach sportsmanship and endeavor to bring about a new belief that sportsmanship does not depend upon rules or regulations and that these cannot make a sportsman or unmake one.

But the heart of the problem is, I believe, the overorganization and resulting expense through too great blind concentration of college interest upon the big teams and the big games. The interest should be spread to cover athletics for all the boys. For example, the money that has been spent through this overorganization would pay for greater acreage which, if devoted to class and scrub games, to tennis and other sports, would provide daily competitions for thousands of students for several months of every year.

Unfortunately, Mr. Camp does not tell us how this desirable state of affairs is to be brought about—how the student body as a whole is to be led to take more interest in playing games than in watching them.

In the November Current History Magazine Miss Alyse Gregory discusses "The Changing Morality of Women." Unlike many others who have written on the same subject, Miss Gregory does not hold the war wholly responsible for the change. She finds that the fundamental causes go much further back. The industrial revolution, in her opinion, depriving women of the home industries and driving them into factories, had much to do with it. This led inevitably to the struggle for economic independence and for the abolishment of the double standard of morals. The war, according to Miss Gregory, was but the last step in breaking down the old discipline, and now women, like men, have begun to sow their wild oats. Commenting on this, Miss Gregory concludes:

> Profoundly shocking as such a state of affairs may seem to large numbers of people, there is no use pretending that it does not exist. There are too many signs abroad to prove that it does. Ministers may extol chastity for women from pulpit rostrums and quote passages from the Old and New Testaments to prove that purity and fidelity are still her most precious assets, but this new woman only shrugs her shoulders and smiles a slow, penetrating, secret smile.
>
> This is not to imply that over vast stretches of the United States, and certainly in the small towns and villages, young girls and women in bourgeois homes are not living lives of impeccable chastity, but in the great cities in those circles where women from 25 to 35 can control their own purse-strings many of them are apt to drift into casual or steady relationships with certain men friends which may or may not end in matrimony. Undoubtedly in time these men and women will rediscover that monogamy has, after all, its many advantages, but it is unlikely that the Western world will ever again ask of woman that strictness in behavior which it has never demanded of men. On the other hand, certain unfair privileges still accorded her under the law will undoubtedly be changed, as will those laws which discriminate against her.
>
> It is all too true that these modern girls and women are often a little hard, aggressive and obvious, and lack that gentleness of bearing and softness of voice which are so pleasing to every one who prizes culture and hates the noise and chaos of modern, mechanized democracies. But they have, too, a certain fearlessness and gallantry, and not so very far beneath these startling upper layers, in a new coat of ironic indulgence, is hidden, one suspects, the old pity and understanding of the childlike vagaries of man. When also one compares them to their Victorian spinster prototypes, so meek and petulant and useless, venting their sex starvation on servants or relatives, profoundly and stupidly ignorant of everything but their own passing "migraines," parasites to the social body, one wonders if these practical, disillusioned, modern women, in spite of serious lapses, are not in the end of greater use to the community and to their friends.

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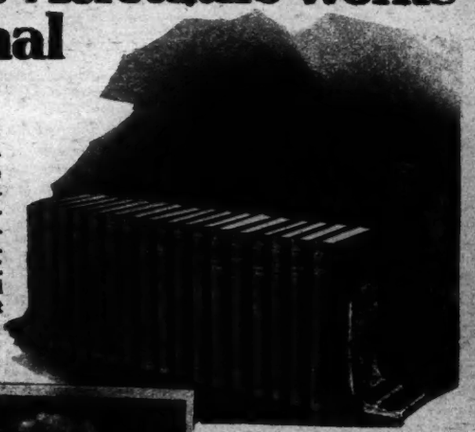

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Brief Reviews

THE OUT TRAIL

THE OUT TRAIL. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Illustrated. 246 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

THE series of seven articles that compose Mrs. Rinehart's new book have all had magazine publication, each one, presumably, soon after the journey with which it deals. They tell of rough-riding trips into various kinds of wilderness in the Northwest, the Southwest and Mexico; but there is nothing of the conventional travel narrative in their account of things seen and done. For they are written in Mrs. Rinehart's most distinctive, individual and characteristic manner. They bubble with humor, they gayly mock the foibles of men and women, they gibe good-naturedly at human weaknesses, they put a face of vivacious amusement upon the most uncomfortable experiences. And, as for information about the regions visited, one would think that it was the last and least of Mrs. Rinehart's intentions to acquire any herself, or, if she did so accidentally, to impart it to her readers. Nevertheless, a good deal of it is there, so well camouflaged by the author's overflowing spirits, her capacity for being amused and her knack of writing humorously about whatever happens that the reader absorbs it subconsciously.

The first of the articles, called "Roughing It with the Men," discusses with keen insight into human nature and much good-natured raillery the reasons why men like to go on "roughing-it" trips, why they are sometimes willing to take women along and the necessary conditions to make such journeys successful. Of her own experiences on a trip into Mexico with another woman she says in a later chapter:

> We had, before we finished, slept in the crater of a volcano, fortunately extinct; in a rattlesnake den, in the corn crib of an abandoned ranch and in the bedroom of a house where we made forcible entry, the owner being away from home.

She takes nobody's opinion about the merits of anything she sees, but sizes it up for herself and says what she thinks in plain language. This is the conclusion she came to about the Colorado River as she gazed into it at the Grand Canyon and listened to arguments about the origin of that mighty cleft:

> If the Colorado dug the canyon, then it is a strong and virile stream, and its ugliness is as the ugliness of a strong man. If it did not, then it is a hideous, muddy and quarrelsome little river, without a trout in it so far as we could discover. I had seen it at its terminal, where it makes an inglorious end in mud flats at the head of the Gulf of California, where blue and white heron stood in it and mud geysers spouted on its banks, and I had said: "This is its age. It has spent its youthful beauty above." But it has no beauty. It has mystery and violence and mud, but no loveliness.

"The Out Trail" is a cheerful, entertaining, refreshing book, one that can be confidently recommended for the reading of all pessimists.

WOMEN AND LABOR

WOMEN AND THE LABOR MOVEMENT. By Alice Henry. 241 pp. "The Workers' Bookshelf" Series. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

MISS HENRY'S long association with organizations endeavoring to improve the status of women in industry and her study of that subject have given her notable equipment for writing the account of the connection of women with the labor movement. In a previous volume on a similar subject she showed with what thoroughness she could deal with this kind of task, and in this new book she has handled her theme in an admirably workmanlike way. Beginning with woman's share in the work which kept the race alive in primitive times, Miss Henry rapidly and clearly surveys the development of woman's part in this work in the United States from Colonial times to the present day, with especial reference to her connection with organized labor movements. It is almost a century ago, the author says, that the first strike of women factory workers took place, some tailoresses going out in 1825 for higher wages, while in 1833 the seamstresses and tailoresses of Baltimore formed an organization, with the active support of the journeymen tailors. They must have had the sympathy of the public in their struggle for better conditions and wages, for there is an account of a benefit performance given by Mr. Booth, famous actor, for their society.

Miss Henry describes the work done by the female labor reform associations of the '40s, which chiefly endeavored to secure favorable legislation rather than to forward organization among women in industry. They struggled valiantly to secure a ten-hour day for both men and women, and to accomplish this important task in several States at once, but failed because the manufacturers used the plea with which they have always met the demand for a shorter working day—that they couldn't afford it in the face of the competition somewhere else. These associations the author ranks as the most advanced and the most ably conducted of the labor organizations that had thus far been undertaken by women. Twenty years or so later the labor organizations of women began to attract the interest and enlist the capable aid of women outside of industry, and out of this amalgamation, still later on, grew the New York and national consumers' leagues.

It is rather surprising that it should be impossible, as Miss Henry declares it is, to find any statistics that will show the number of women in this country in labor organizations. Neither the Census Bureau; the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the American Federation of Labor nor the international unions can give the figures that will show how many women trade unionists there are in the United States. She devotes a chapter to brief accounts of most of the trade unions with which women are affiliated, and tells as much as she could ascertain about numbers and work of women members in each one. One chapter tells the story of the Women's Trade Union League, another surveys the development of industrial legislation affecting women and its status at the present time, and others deal with the minimum wage, the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, which the author considers one of the most important developments in the woman's labor movement of the last decade; workingwomen during the war, the negro workingwoman and the International Federation of Workingwomen. The book is compact, thoroughgoing as far as its space allows and a valuable addition to the series of the Workers' Bookshelf as well as an interesting study for the general reader.

A STORY OF NANCY HANKS

A STORY OF NANCY HANKS. By Ethel Calvert Phillips. Illustrated by Kleber Hall. 125 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

HERE is a story for young readers, which will perhaps especially interest little girls, about the childhood of Abraham Lincoln's mother. It opens in the Virginia home of the Hanks family and soon starts them and a company of their relatives and friends on that historical journey over the Wilderness Road to the distant region of Kentucky, to start there a new colony, a far-flung outpost of civilization, among the Indians, the virgin forests and the wild animals. Little Nancy Hanks is only 5 years old and she and her cousin, Sarah Mitchell, are such devoted friends and playmates that they make sweetgrass rings and promise each other always to wear them, a bit of childish sentiment that later on is of much consequence. There is a graphic description with many incidents of the journey across the mountains, with all its pleasures for the two little girls. But, after a while, before they reach the Promised Land, they are attacked by Indians, some of them are killed, and little Sarah is stolen. But the main part of the company journeys on, and their life in the stockade that makes their first home is pictured. The years go by and at last little Sarah is recaptured from the Indians by the famous scout and soldier, General Adair, and brought to the settlement, where her return is celebrated with a barbecue and dance and Nancy Hanks welcomes back her playmate for whose rescue she has given the General much aid.

It is an interesting picture of childhood in those long-ago days, almost a century and a half ago, and of the share the young people took in the winning of the wilderness, that the author has drawn in this little story. It will help to make real for young readers the personality of Lincoln's mother, from whom he is supposed to have inherited some of those qualities of spirit and heart that helped to make him the great figure he became. And it will entertain them much with its graphic portrayals and exciting incidents of frontier life.

MY LIFE AS AN INDIAN

FRIENDS OF MY LIFE AS AN INDIAN. By James Willard Schultz. Illustrated. 290 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

BY one of the thousand ironies with which history mocks the human race it is only now, when the Indian race has almost disappeared, that the white man has begun to come into some real understanding and appreciation of the qualities of that civilization. Among the few white men who have done something to bring about a more humane and brotherly spirit toward the Indians no one has been more sincere, better equipped for the task or more successful than Mr. Schultz, whose dozen and more books about the Blackfeet Indians have been not only extremely interesting but also valuable additions to the rather scanty amount of trustworthy literature about the life, customs, legends and character of the Indian people. A good many of his books have been in the form of fiction, but this new one tells the story of a month or more during the Summer of last year when he went back to the Blackfeet reservation, beside the Glacier National Park, and with a number of his old Indian friends camped on one of the Two Medicine Lakes, where they fished and hunted and talked, in general lived as nearly as possible as they had done forty years ago. Mr. Schultz lived with the Piegan tribe of the Blackfeet Confederacy for almost thirty years, was adopted into the tribe, given the Indian name of Apikuni, and married one of their young women, who bore him a son. And he put to good use his years with them, learning their language, studying their traditions, manners, customs, characteristics, religion, so that now he is well equipped to serve as their interpreter to the white race and to plead for a better understanding of their qualities.

How rich in legends and traditions these people must have been Mr. Schultz indicates when he says that even after his long life with them, when he was endeavoring to learn all he could of Indian lore, old tales still come up when he is with them of which he has never heard. Once, he says, he proudly believed that he knew them all, but found that on every new visit some old man would add to his stock. In this book he repeats the story Curly-Bear told him, as they sat around the fire on the bank of the lake and passed the big pipe around the circle, of the making of the first flint weapons, "in the time of our ancients who made those large circles of heavy stones, some of them as many as ten long steps across, on the plain and in the river valleys." There are other tales of things that happened "in the very long ago"—which would seem to be the Indian equivalent of our fairy story "once upon a time"—and reminiscences of things that happened in the younger days of all of them, bits of biography of white men who lived among the Indians, of Indian chiefs and Indian women, and of half-white Indians of fine character. And there is also much interesting report of their conversations. Said old White Grass, a very old Indian, one day: "The whites in one way, and one way only, are poorer than we poor people of the plains, for they never have visions in their sleep, and signs of one kind and another as they go about, to warn them of danger close ahead." That the Indians have their own troubles, along with their white brothers and sisters, over the younger generation—those "terrible young"—is indicated by Boy Chief's bitter comment: "Our children! They have no faith in our gods nor any other! All that they care for is to wear good clothes and ride crasily about!"

Mr. Schultz's new book ought to appeal strongly to all lovers of outdoor life, while as a volume of Indian lore, of both ancient traditions and more recent history, it is valuable and interesting.

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Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 22)

ishment upon the preacher's son, although they are harmless enough in themselves and rarely are marked by anything worse than boyish thoughtlessness. The story makes a vivid picture of boyhood and youth, notable for the vitality which infuses it and the simple truthfulness of its setting. Possibly Larry's father, for the purposes of the story, is made rather more severe and puritanical than parents are wont to be in this twentieth century, but for the rest the little town and its people seem real and lifelike. But the novel's outstanding feature is the vitality and truth with which it recreates the spirit, the viewpoint, the feeling of boyhood.

LADY FROM THE AIR

THE LADY FROM THE AIR. By C. N. & A. M. Williamson. Frontispiece by E. J. Rosenmeyer. 334 pages. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

THE death some months ago of one of them does not seem to have disturbed the working partnership of these two authors, whose collaboration has extended through many years and the production of some twenty-five or more novels. But probably this new one had been planned, its plot contrived and its general course mapped out before the death of Mr. C. N. Williamson. At any rate, it is the same blithe, romantic kind of tale which their readers long ago became sure of finding in their books. Possibly it is a trifle less compact and sure in its construction, not quite so careful in its management of detail. But the lover of romantic fiction is rarely concerned about such matters and so the army of Williamson readers can look forward to its perusal, assured of finding in it the same good story, overflowing with youthful high spirits, the same exciting adventures, the same colorful scenes, the same gay romance they have enjoyed in a score of Williamson novels. To be sure, they always expect some sort of novelty too, and this time they will find it in romance and adventure by way of an airplane.

For a biplane with a heroic record during the war and finally put up in a lottery at Monte Carlo for the benefit of war orphans is the centre of interest, the real hero, of the story. But with their destinies wound up in its fate are Patricia Kapieha, the Lady from the Air, sister of the dead Polish airman, Sacha Kapieha, who had been hero of many marvelous exploits with his plane during the war, and Captain Christopher Malet, recently demobilized and ready for any adventure that would save him from returning to his hated desk in a bank. Captain Malet is much given to receiving cosmic hunches, impulses that start him on some course of action that may look irresponsible, fantastic to others, but about which he feels quite sure. At the very beginning of the story a hunch of that sort moves him to play waiter to a mysterious lady in serious straits and presently to save her from suicide. By that time adventure beckons toward that waiting airplane at Monte Carlo, and with the cooperation of an American millionaire in Europe on a big airplane deal and himself eager at all times to toss dice with destiny, Captain Malet and Miss Kapieha are presently well started on a perilous mission whose intricately interwoven threads it is not fair to unravel. The lady is a skilled pilot and there is a thrilling ride over the Mediterranean and into Africa, with a bulldog aboard that has a sixth sense about flying. And there are some men who are determined to get possession of certain secrets and valuables that they guess, and his sister knows, the dead airman had hidden in his plane; an extremely offensive American girl who wants to supplant the Lady from the Air in Captain Malet's affections, and the heroine of a romance in which Sacha Kapieha had been the hero. Much of the action takes place at Monte Carlo and its scenic background is made graphic with an occasional sentence or phrase of description.

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(Continued from Preceding Page)

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A selection of the best British short stories published during 1922.

CRAIG KENNEDY LISTENS IN. By Arthur B. Reeve. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

Further adventures of a fiction detective.

UNDER THE DESERT STARS. By Frank Koester. 12mo. New York: Washington Square Publishing Company. $2.

Novel of adventure, mystery and romance.

YEARS OF CHILDHOOD. By Serghei Aksakoff. Translated from the Russian by J. D. Duff. 12mo. New York: Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

By the author of "A Russian Gentleman."

FAY. By Edwin Baird. New York: Edward J. Clode.

A romance of the Tennessee mountain country.

LAZY LAUGHTER. By Woodward Boyd. 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

Career of a young girl who comes of a lazy family.

THE CRUISE OF THE ODIN. By John Coleman. 12mo. Boston: The Cornhill Company. $2.

A novel based on a sailboat cruise along the shores of New England.

THE GASPARDS OF PINE CROFT. By Ralph Connor. New York: George D. Doran Company. $2.

A romance of the Windemere.

SULPHUR FUMES; OR, IN THE GARDEN OF HELL. By George Wesley Davis. Los Angeles: The Times-Mirror Press.

Stories of a Western mining camp of the frontier days.

WIFE OF THE CENTAUR. By Cyril Hume. 12mo. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A story of the young generation by one of them.

OPEN ALL NIGHT. By Paul Morand. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.

Adventures in the capitals of post-war Europe, translated from the French.

PETER'S BEST SELLER. By Margaret R. Piper. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $2.

Story of Peter Loomis, famous producer of best sellers.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE. By Martin J. Scott, S. J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.75.

A novel of marriage.

Travel and Description

WANDERING IN NORTHERN CHINA. By Harry A. Franck. 8vo. New York: The Century Company. $5.

Narrative of a leisurely jaunt through China.

BELOW THE SNOW LINE. By Douglas W. Freshfield. New York: E. P. Dutton Company.

Mountain climbs and travels.

MEMORIES OF SPORTING DAYS. By "Red Heather." New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50.

Hunting in India and England.

WASHINGTON AND ITS ROMANCE. By Thomas Nelson Page. Illustrated by Walter O. and Emily Shaw. 8vo. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Boxed.

With full-page colored illustrations.

LONDON. By William Page. 8vo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

Its origin and early development.

THE OUT TRAIL. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. 8vo. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

Camping in the West.

Philosophy and Religion

CONSTRUCTIVE CONSCIOUS CONTROL OF THE INDIVIDUAL. By F. Matthias Alexander. New York: E. P. Dutton Company. $3.

A continuation of Mr. Alexander's thesis begun in his previous volume, "Man's Supreme Inheritance."

MORE TWICE-BORN MEN. By Harold Begbie. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Narratives of a recent movement in the spirit of personal religion.

A PHILOSOPHICAL STUDY OF MYSTICISM. By Charles A. Bennett. 8vo. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50.

Fundamental nature of mysticism and its applicability to contemporary problems and institutions.

THE OLD TESTAMENT: ITS GROWTH AND MESSAGE. By S. A. Burstall. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 50 cents.

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(Continued on Page 29)

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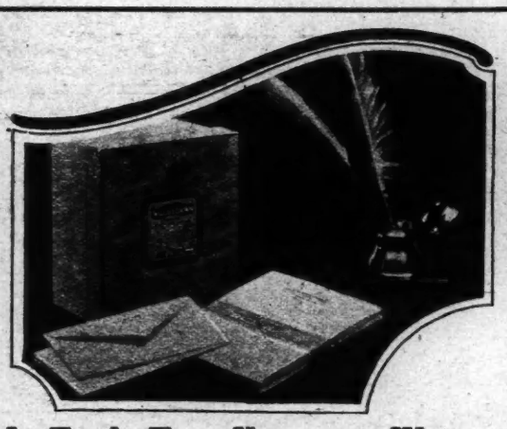

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Queries and Answers

QUERIES

Peace to Thy Heart

W. A. R.—Can any reader supply the name of the author of the following lines:

Mortal, they softly say,
 Peace to thy heart!
We, too, yes, mortal,
 Have been as thou art;
Hope-lifted, doubt-depressed,
 Seeing in part,
Tried, troubled, tempted,
 Sustained,—as thou art.

Little Gray Inn

CURIOUS—I should be glad if any of your readers can give me the name of the author of the poem, the opening verse of which follows:

Oh, Little Gray Inn of Wistful Thoughts,
 At the edge of the thronging world,
Between the hedges of Twilight Lane
 Is the blue of your smoke uncurled,
And the lure of your open gate * * *

"A Land-Locked Sea"

S. J. B.—I would like to know the name of the author and the title of the poem containing these lines:

Long, swift tides stir not a land-locked sea.

"Because You Live"

J. G.—Can some one tell me the name of the author and where the poem containing these lines may be found:

Because you live, though out of sight and reach
I will, so help me God, live bravely too,
Taking thy road with laughter and gay speech * * *

"Six Feet of Earth"

R. W. D.—Will some one kindly tell me the name of the poem in which each verse ends with the line

Six feet of earth makes us all one size?

The Life of Life

G. T. M.—Will some one kindly tell me where I can find the lines, as near as I can recall, that read:

Look to this day, for it is life,
 The very life of life;
In its brief course lie all the * * *

I Could Not Understand

R. A. W.—I would like to know the author of the poem, the opening verse of which follows:

When you came knocking at my heart
 With this soft fairy hand,
Why you should see its narrow walls,
 I could not understand.

There's No Life In Living

W. T.—I would like to know the name of the author of the following lines and where they can be found:

There's no life in living—it's all a lie,
No rest in sleep with its inward cry,
No thought in work, no hope in dream,
That draws not life so shall its stream.

"Othea"

M. T.—Can any one furnish me with the poem entitled "Othea"? The first line runs something like this:

So far I live to the northward, no man lives north of me.

ANSWERS

Life Is a Bubble

MRS. F. E. ANDREWS, Brooklyn, N. Y.—The words asked for by "A. M. B. K." in your issue of Oct. 14 follow. I do not know the author:

Oh, life is but a strife,
 'Tis a bubble, 'tis a dream,
And man is but a little boat
 That paddles down the stream,
And pleasure is the water-man
 That floats you down the tide,
And passengers are smiling joys,
 While Sorrow sits beside.

REFAIN.

For life is but a strife
 'Tis a bubble! 'tis a dream,
And man is but a little boat
 That paddles down the stream.

II.

When we sail with the gale,
 We're oft inclined to veer,
But, when judgment takes the helm,
 Through life we'll gayly steer,
And when old age, with lazy strides,
 Shall drag our boat along,
'Tis then, alas! that we are forced
 To quit this busy throng.

III.

When again we sail
 O'er these waters clear and bright,
May we find as many shining eyes
 As we see here tonight,
And, with a sky unclouded,
 We'll pass the hours away—
Our water-man's a cunning rogue,
 Then catch him while you may.

A Universal Theatre

B. B. VALENTINE, N. Y.—Shakespeare wrote the lines "Good morning, world! wide universal theatre," incorrectly quoted by "L. D. S." in your issue of Oct. 21. They occur in "As You Like It," Act II., Scene 7, and are spoken by the banished Duke.

A Hundred Years From Now

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—The lines "our gold will rust, ourselves be dust, a hundred years from now" are from Mary A. Ford's poem, "A Hundred Years From Now." The poem is printed in Tiffany's "Gems for the Fireside," Eva Munson Smith's compilation, "Woman in Sacred Song," and in "Choice Selections" (No. 14). The poem contains eight stanzas and is too long to publish.

Keep Not Standing

J. B. SANFORD, Monterey, Mexico—The answer to the query of "G. C. F." in your issue of Oct. 14 for the lines:

Keep not standing fix'd and rooted,
 Briskly venture, briskly roam;
Head and hand where'er thou foot it,
 And stout heart are still at home,

may be found at the conclusion of Carlyle's translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship and Travels." The rest of the stanza is:

In each land the sun does visit
 We are gay whate'er betide;
To give space for wand'ring is it
 That the world was made so wide.

On Castle Walls

ALICE M. VEZIN, Montclair, N. J.—The poem containing the line "the sunlight falls on castle walls," for which "B. G. W." asks in your issue of Oct. 14, may be found at the end of Part III. of "The Princess," by Alfred Lord Tennyson.

Love or Sorrow Knew

CAROLYN BENSEL, N. Y.—The poem from which "H. C. F." quotes in your issue of Oct. 14 for the lines "there is not anything of human trial that ever love deplored or sorrow knew," are from William Winter's poem "At the Grave of Shakespeare," and may be found in the "Poems of William Winter."

Sad Is My Heart

C. R. VAN DE CARR, Stockport, N. Y.—The song for which "J. A. H." inquires in your issue of Oct. 14 is "No One to Love Me," by A. H. G. Richardson, and may be found in "Heart Songs," published by the Chappel Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Night Beautiful

EUGENE R. MUSGROVE, Newark, N. J.—The lines

Beautiful was the night
Behind the black wall of the forest
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.

for which "A. M. Z." asks in your issue of Oct. 14, are in Longfellow's "Evangeline," Part II., Section 3.

The Land of the Cocoanut Tree

FLORENCE MAEKIN, Oswego, N. Y.—The poem asked for by "E. D. C." in your issue of Oct. 14, for the lines "then go away if you want to, go away if you will," &c., is "The Land of the Cocoanut Tree," and may be found in a collection of poems entitled "Panama Patchwork," by James Stanley Gilbert, published in Panama City.

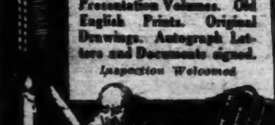
Other correspondents answered this query. Wellington Potter, Rochester, N. Y., writes that he obtained a copy of "Panama Patchwork" from the Star and Herald Company, New York and Panama.

Judas Sold Himself

A. D. W., Oyster Bay, N. Y.—The lines

Still as of old men by themselves are priced—
For thirty pieces Judas sold himself, not Christ,

for which "M. E. W." asks in your issue of Oct. 7, were written by Hester Cholmondeley, sister of Mary Cholmondeley, the novelist. The lines are quoted by Mary Cholmondeley as a heading to Chapter XI. in her novel "Diana Tempest." They are signed "H. H. C.," the initials of Hester Cholmondeley. Miss Mary Cholmondeley has written a biography of her sister Hester, who died young, and gives this verse as an example of her work.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(Continued from Page 27)

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What a minister should know about it.

A LARGE ROOM. By the Rev. S. C. Carpenter. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.

A plea for a more inclusive Christianity.

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The feminine invasion of business and commerce.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS. By Floyd W. Parsons. 8vo. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.50.

The story of America's assets and opportunities as represented by the nation's chief industries.

Juvenile

A BOY OF THE LOST CRUSADE. By Agnes Danforth Hewes. 12mo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

The children's crusade of the thirteenth century and a little French boy.

PUPPY TAILS. By George Jellicoe. Drawn by G. E. Studdy. 12mo. New York: Brentano's. 75 cents.

Drawings and anecdotes about dogs.

"THE JUST-SO STORIES" PAINTING BOOKS FOR CHILDREN. By Rudyard Kipling. 8vo. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Four volumes. Volume II. THE SING-SONG OF OLD MAN KANGAROO. Volume III. HOW THE RHINOCEROS GOT HIS SKIN.

With colored illustrations and black and white illustrations which children may color.

LITTLE STORIES OF A BIG COUNTRY. By Laura Antoinette Large. 12mo. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co.

Great natural phenomena of America.

THE BOY EXPLORERS AND THE APE-MAN OF SUMATRA. By Warren Hastings Miller. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.75.

Adventure and natural science for boys.

WONGO AND THE WISE OLD CROW. By Grace and Carl Moon. 12mo. Chicago: Reilly & Lee.

Adventures of Wongo, the little brown bear.

TRUST A BOY! By Walter H. Nichols. Illustrated by Lorenz C. Brazen. 12mo. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

The story of four boys, showing how they were man hunters by accident on the Great Salt Lake.

GRETCHEN OF HOLLAND. Designed and written by Bessie Toulouse Sprague. Illustrated by Bess Devine Jewell. 8vo. Chicago: Reilly & Lee.

Travel Tot tales, with a cloth doll supplied in a slip case.

THE YOUNG WIRELESS OPERATOR WITH THE U. S. SECRET SERVICE. By Lewis E. Theiss. 12mo. Boston: W. A. Wilde & Co.

Smugglers, rum runners and other adventurers of the sea.

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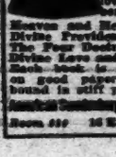
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(Continued from Page 29)

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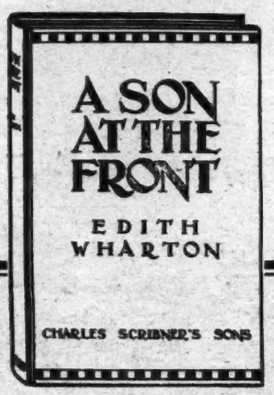

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"And they thought I had travelled the whole world over!"

They were chatting idly, as men and women do in social contact. The new Paris fad, the season's play, the latest scandal. . . .

I sat silent, unutterably bored. I wondered if I looked as out of place as I felt.

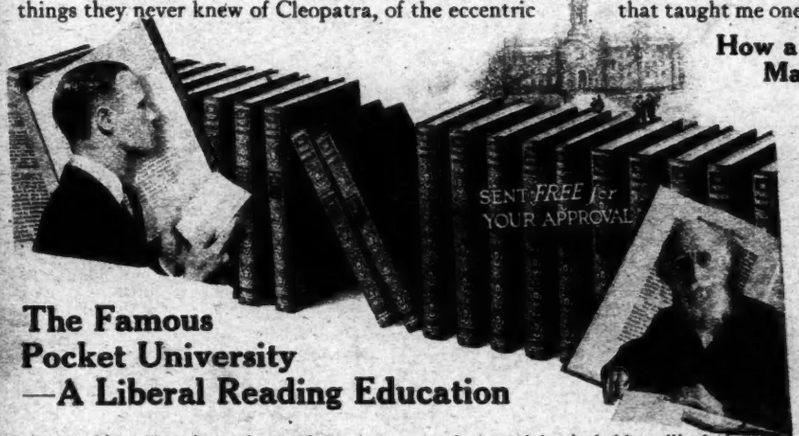
Then, somehow, the conversation veered to things intellectual. One of the women mentioned Ali Baba. Who knew of him?

Ali Baba? I sat forward in my chair. *I* could tell them all about this romantic, picturesque figure of fiction.

I don't know how it happened. But they gathered all around me. And I told them of golden ships that sailed the seven seas, of a famous man and his donkey who wandered unknown ways, of the brute-man from whom we are all descended. I told them things they never knew of Cleopatra, of the eccentric Diogenes, of Romulus and the founding of Rome. I told them of the unfortunate death of Sir Raleigh, of the tragic end of poor Anne Boleyn. And I could see that they were fascinated, impressed.

"You must have travelled all over the world to know so many marvelous things!" It was the woman who first mentioned Ali Baba. She was tremendously pleased at having "discovered" me. All evening we talked—of art, of poetry, of literature, of the world's greatest music. And I realized, as I have realized many times since, in social life and in business, that *knowledge is power*.

And yet, mine had been but a fireside education. I had never travelled, never been to college—yet I could hold these people spellbound with my knowledge! It was the famous Pocket University that taught me one new thing every day. . . .



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A GOVERNMENT OF PROFESSORS

Prague, Most Medieval City in Europe, the Laboratory of Twentieth Century Politics

By ANNE O'HARE McCORMICK

CZECHOSLOVAKIA is the land of political opportunity for the Young Intellectual. Of the two countries in Europe that most suggest youth and promise, Italy is the handsome, adolescent, hot-blooded, adventurous, dramatic, and Czechoslovakia is the Earnest Young Man in spectacles, studious, ambitious, intent on a career. He approaches the problems of government in the most modern scientific spirit. The beautiful acropolis of his capital city, inherited from antiquated kings who at least knew how to build, he clears of the frivolous appurtenances of royalty and turns into Government offices that have the austere and sanitary effect of a laboratory of political research.

It is an experience both novel and piquant to visit halls of government that make you feel as if you were back in the classroom. Most of the administrative departments of the Republic of Czechoslovakia look out upon the mellow old quadrangles of the Hradcany, or Castle, raised like a crown on the hill above the Moldau and the "golden, many-towered town" of Prague, and now transformed into State bureaus resembling a university, staffed by serious young men applying portentous tests to the orthodox rust and dust of older political systems. They know how to concentrate, these busy experimenters; no one can charge them with slackness or levity in measuring and adapting to their country the latest and most-improved models in government machinery.

Czechoslovakia is a republic fathered by a professor and born in a university. Its capital is the seat of one of the first universities in the world. The national spirit has been nourished for decades by the school and the Sokol. It has a President who has spent a long lifetime in the study of sociology and comparative politics. It is no wonder, then, that the atmosphere of the new Government is briskly academic, or that a State founded by political scientists on the ruins of a dynasty rooted in the Holy Roman Empire should go in for democracy in its most modern form. What is remarkable is to see the most advanced and startling political program formulated anywhere going into effect so quietly and matter-of-factly against the archaic and patriarchal background of Prague.

The drama of Mussolini and his marching cohorts is in its vivid revival against the classic Roman scene of emotions and ardors as old as Rome itself. The drama of Masaryk and his legions is making the most medieval city in Central Europe the laboratory of the most daring innovations in twentieth century politics. There is nothing new in national self-consciousness, either in Italy or Bohemia, but in one country it takes the earliest form in history and in the other the latest. The Czech experiment in scientific government would be bold anywhere; in applying the research methods of the Russell Sage Foundation to the most traditional part of Europe and attempting to tackle the oldest and toughest of human problems with the efficiency schedule of a Ford assembly plant, it is nothing less than sensational.

Whether or not it is possible to apply logic to the stubbornly instinctive structure of human society, whether people can be patterned, shifted and reassembled as handily as the parts of a motor car is a question so interesting that the endeavor to answer it makes Czechoslovakia at this moment one of the most exciting places in the world.

Remember that it is, to begin with, a ready-made country, already well-organized, well-developed and self-supporting, the richest province in the old Austrian Empire. It has almost no native aristocracy, no extreme poverty, and except for a rather raveled and knotted border is of the even, solid texture of a middle-class democracy—a safe field for a careful experiment in national socialization. Like most of the new Governments of Europe, power is vested in a coalition in which the Socialists have the greatest numerical strength. Unlike the others, however, the different groups are realists like President Masaryk himself, and their idea of a coalition is to coalesce. The five principal parties govern by the simple expedient of agreeing what not to do, and going ahead with the rest.

"Government by combination of all the interests of the State is the best kind of government even for the radicals," smiled Dr. Habrman, the Minister of Social Welfare, a man well past middle life with the enthusiasm of youth and the humorous tolerance of age. He is a typical member of the Czechoslovakian Government, a Marxian Socialist who began life as a Bohemian printer in Chicago and after years of penfighting for a better world for the poor comes back to his native country and gets the chance to inaugurate the most drastic program of social legislation ever tried by any State.

"It is better to take a step toward Utopia right now with the help of the skeptics," he went on, "than to have the promise of Utopia in a hundred years. A dollar in the pocket is worth twenty in a will. You make more progress for ideas by going slowly and taking other people along with you than by sprinting ahead by yourself. I believe that the cause of Socialism, which is the cause of the people, is best served by applying Socialist principles bit by bit. We Socialists couldn't handle the whole millennium at once, for one thing, and we can only prove ourselves right by the successful application of our principles, one at a time, to actual conditions."

The Czech idea of revolution is the violent application of common sense. Their radicalism is earth-rooted. They are seeking a new world, but they want to take with them whatever the old world did better than they can do, like the inimitable medieval castle town that is the seat of the young Government. They are working overtime to complete the long unfinished Gothic Cathedral of St. Vitus, on the pinnacle of Castle Hill, while at the same time they erect a new monument to John Hus in the old Rathus Square. They forbid heavy traffic on the picturesque Charles Bridge in order to preserve the site of Prague's great miracle and the proud memory of St. John Nepomucene; and they guard with equal care and pride the dark little temple they claim to be the oldest Jewish synagogue in Europe.

The Hradcany, or Castle, of Prague.
From an Etching in Color by T. F. Simon.

The keen-eyed Minister of Social Welfare, who had set type in a back room near the Chicago stockyards, described the new order in a room that was one of the pleasantest survivals of the old I have ever seen. It was the stately, finely proportioned, white-paneled drawing room, deeply carpeted and hung with sparkling portraits of one of the Schwarzenberg princes who had flourished under the golden sun of the empire. In the outer rooms, by wide windows looking up the green terraces of the Castle Hill, worked the absorbed young men who are helping to abolish the privileges that produced the fastidious and exquisite aristocracy of the peasant lands of Central Europe. For Government employes they are strangely full of zest. From young Dr. Eugene Stern, with his great schemes of workmen's legislation, to the eager girls with bobbed hair lost in studies of comparative statistics, they all have a surprising sort of intellectual gusto in their jobs.

Imagine the editors and contributors of the Survey—I was about to say the New Republic, but they are too old and disillusioned — translated into Czech and enabled to carry out their theories of social reform on a nation-wide scale, and you catch something of the zeal and satisfaction animating the Department of Social Welfare in the capital of Czechoslovakia. I spent one of the most cheerful mornings I have enjoyed in Europe in these bright classrooms learning the outlines of the vast legislative programs in effect and in prospect.

They seemed to me to neglect none of the responsibilities we used to lay on Providence. In Czechoslovakia you are obliged to be insured against everything, sickness, incompetence, unemployment, infancy, maternity, old age. Wherever you work, in factory, field, your father's shop or even in the kitchen, the State regulates your hours of labor and protects you against exploitation. Women are not only permitted but are compelled to vote, in common with all citizens over 21, under penalty of fine or imprisonment. The tenant has the law on his side, the Government fixes his rent according to his income, but it will lend money to any one to build a house, and "unjustifiable absence from home" is a crime, punishable by seizure of one's domicile for the benefit of the homeless.

I learned something also about the co-operative movement, stronger in Czechoslovakia than anywhere else. Every seventh person, which means the head of nearly every family, belongs to some kind of co-operative for buying food or clothes, agricultural or industrial tools, for renting, building, borrowing, selling, for any operation carried on more advantageously in groups than separately. The 10,000 Czech co-operative societies, with their 2,000,000 members, prove as well as anything that the people know how to combine as well as their leaders when combination serves their interests.

I spent other mornings in other researches, equally easy and pleasant. I have never been in a country so generous with information. It begins being friendly and instructive on the frontier, especially to Americans, and keeps it up industriously. I am sure that the Earnest Young Man per-

nified by Czechoslovaia is a young man in the advertising business." It is the best press-agented young country in the world. President Masaryk, with the aid of Dr. Benes, is said to have achieved the liberty of his country in the press of France and the United States. The Anabasis of the Czech Legion, that intrepid march of the Hundred Thousand who broke away from the Austrian Army, wandered over Russia, lost 5,000 of their number in battle with the Bolsheviki and traveled around the world and across America to return to their liberated country, was not undertaken as a publicity stunt; but no one ever staged a more picturesque and successful advertisement of national aspiration.

The propaganda that created a nation continues resourceful and unremitting. Elsewhere the political explorer may spend weary hours chasing Prime Ministers or listening

"Old Town Hall, Prague."

Etching by J. C. Vondrous.

Courtesy of Arthur H. Harlow.

to the ponderous platitudes of minor officials. In Prague the members of the Cabinet are at his disposal, the Government offices invite his investigation, he is fairly deluged with facts, figures and eager explanations. He dare not express a wish for fear it will be gratified. For example, in discussing with a literary young man in the Foreign Office the American success of "R. U. R." and "The Insect Comedy," I happened to express a passing regret that his absence from the city prevented me from meeting Karel Capek. The next day I learned to my dismay that the obliging official was trying to reach the dramatist by long-distance telephone to ask him to return to Prague from his vacation for my sole benefit.

I protested in a panic that I would not for the world consent even to the asking of such a favor. "But I was thinking only of giving Capek pleasure," said my friend disarmingly. "He would be so delighted to meet an American interested in his work." Could governmental courtesy to a stranger go further?

By the time he gets to Prague the political pilgrim is so wary of official statements of any kind that he does not succumb even to the blandishments of Czechoslovakia. But I confess that they have their effect. A Government that opens all doors and puts itself at the service of the foreign investigator undoubtedly gets the benefit of the doubt. One has to admire a people not only anxious to be understood but willing to go to infinite pains to explain themselves. More than that, one cannot help being touched by the genuine patriotic fervor animating the admirable publicity department in the Czech capital.

The official put himself out on a golden evening to point out to me the less obvious charms of Prague. It was typical of his Government and his country, a Captain of the legion who by that adventure had acquired a kind of special ownership in the republic. The status of the Czech Legionaries is different from that of the ex-soldiers in any other country. They have their own bank, capitalized by the pay they could not spend in Siberia. They have a political power and authority far in excess of their numbers, as was evident from the number of Government office holders who took the floor at their annual meeting in September. They have, above all, the jealous affection of sons for "Maticka Naze Praha," their Dear Mother Prague.

I did not need official eyes to recognize the withdrawn and fairy-tale loveliness of the most picturesque capital in Central Europe, but I suppose I shall always see Prague through the glow of the Captain's emotion. "Prague is very dear to us," he kept repeating. "You cannot know what it means after 300 years of foreign rule to have it for our own again. Behold, how fine are the bridge towers in the twilight. The modern buildings, I grant you, are somewhat weird. The moderns are only safe when they copy architecture, and 'art nouveau' is about the worst thing we Bohemians do.

Prague is not cosmopolitan. It lacks the big hotels, the shops, the speed and brilliance and sophistication of a great city. It had to look too long toward Vienna to be anything but a quiet, old-fashioned, provincial town inhabited by kindly, old-fashioned, provincial people. It is as medieval as Florence, and the fact that it has kept its strong individual flavor illustrates better than anything else the difference between Austrian and Russian or German rule. Austria's imperial motto was "Divide and reign." She kept her dependents from getting too strong by playing them against one another and encouraging their separate languages and racial differences. Thus, though she taxed her kingdoms heavily, she governed them lightly. No one who travels through the succession States can doubt that old Franz Josef was as good as Emperors are made, and I hear often in Prague that if he had given Bohemia the autonomy of Hungary there might not now be a republic called Czechoslovakia.

I am bound to add that a good many business people in Prague seem to regret the change. They complain that the present Government is too young, too rash, too cocksure. They point out that it has been forced to retreat from many of its too advanced outposts, and that the soft pedal has been applied to legislative passages that sounded better in the score, so to speak, than in the performance.

Land reform is a case in point. The first drastic agrarian laws, passed in April, 1919, have been modified by later legislation and are being a good deal toned down in execution. They provide, however, for practical expropriation, with indemnities fixed by a Government commission, of all the large private estates in the country. Except in special circumstances no one can own more than 150 hectares (about 375 acres) of farm land or 250 hectares of pasture or forest. The State has the right to seize and distribute all private holdings in excess of this area, for sale or lease to those in need of land, and to reserve for itself all privately owned forests and fisheries.

It is clear that such a scheme, enacted to right an ancient wrong and to dispossess a foreign landlord class for the benefit of the native population, easily lends itself to abuse in operation. In Czechoslovakia it endows a political commission with the power to confiscate and distribute more than eleven million acres of land, or about a third of the total area of the country. Now confiscation is easy enough for any Government with nerve and energy. The trouble begins with the division of the spoils. That snag has obstructed the happy progress of every nation engaged in the righteous enterprise of restoring the land to the people. The complaints of the beneficiaries are as loud as the protests of the dispossessed.

The small farmer's idea of more land is to increase his present holdings; not to trek to strange pastures in some distant province. With more land he has to have other things, more capital, more tools, more buildings. Also it is found that many crops, especially beets, and beet sugar is the principal Czech export, are not profitable except when grown on large areas. Again, it takes a good many generations to grow a big tree. The Schwarzenbergs, the same whose town house is now used for national welfare, could afford to wait. I am told that when the State took over part of their forest preserve, running to the unholy extent of 500,000 acres, Government operation showed such a loss that the authorities were glad to turn it back to the Prince's foresters, who were able and willing to run it at a profit of 3 per cent.

All the succession States are struggling with the same problem. They are all just now suffering the morning-after effects of an excess of land reform. As a result of the generosity of the old empire in giving the Austrian nobility the choice lands, everywhere they have to start business with upward of one-third of their territory in possession of the old ruling classes. It is as essential for all of them that the obstructive power of these landlords be broken up as it is that the land should be returned to the native population from whom, in some remote but unforgotten age, it was originally stolen. The land question is therefore one of the most complicated of the handicaps that the new Europe inherits from the old. It is most acute in Czechoslovakia because that fearless young republic, finding seven-eighths of the land in possession of one-eighth of the people and one-third of the national area in control of 150 individual owners, proceeded first and most boldly to deal with the situation. Distribution is still going on, but not with the first fine careless rapture. The Government zest and the popular appetite for land are both a little abated.

It is customary to refer to Czechoslovakia as the oasis of mid-Europe. It is a long wedge in the very centre of a political quicksand, and one's first sensation in landing there is that one has found a footing on the good, hard, caky clay of some familiar earth. One arrives from crazy countries juggling with crazy figures, from places plunged in inky gloom because of the low state of the currency. And the first sound one hears on this solid and comfortable land is loud and universal lament that the currency is too high! Everybody blames the Government for stabilizing the Czech crown at a figure that makes the prices the highest and the exports the lowest of any country east of France.

Now, of course it is true that a high exchange rate in an oasis in a desert of deflation is not an unmixed blessing. Living is very expensive in Czechoslovakia. Unemployment is greater than in any of the poorer countries in the neighborhood. It is harder and riskier to be the good than the bad apple in a barrel of spoiled fruit. The doubts that beset the virtuous in a world where the righteous climb so painfully to salvation and the wicked slide so blithely to ruin are aggravated here by the memory of the old prosperity of Bohemia, organized to produce for an empire of 50,000,000 people, and now, with many possible markets cut off by its high currency, and new frontier and customs barriers where once its goods circulated freely, actually overproductive for a population of only 14,000,000. Some of the factories have had to close; others have moved to Hungary.

It is not surprising, then, that the capitalist classes, mostly German, lament the good old days and blame their misfortunes upon a Government not at all inclined to adopt the German policy of coddling capital. Add to that grievance the better founded one that the flaming nationalism of the Czechs, suddenly released from being a minority race themselves, has dictated in many instances a tactless and uncompromising policy toward their own racial minorities, and you realize why the three or four million dissatisfied Germans in the north and west and the million raging Magyars in Southern Slovakia make a good deal of trouble for the new republic.

Czechoslovakia falls short of Christian perfection in dealing with her minorities, but she is making a heroic effort to be fair. The new educational laws are framed to give school facilities in their own language to Germans, Hungarians and Ruthenians. Though many old officials have for obvious reasons been dismissed, the minorities are well represented in the public services. In some districts German farmers profited more than Czechs in the redistribution of land. Hungarian workers received the whole of the Coburg estate of 2,500 acres situated in a Magyar district. In Bratislava, the Czech port on the Danube and the capital of Slokavia, performances in the municipal theatre are given in three languages, Slovak, German and Hungarian, each having a season of four months.

In fact, most of the dissatisfactions are due to the fact that the theorists in the academic precincts of the Hradcany are more practical than any other governors in Europe at the present moment. Put it down to the credit of the political amateurs who broke up the Austrian Empire and created the Czechoslovak Republic that they alone among the new Governments have dared to face realities and deal with facts. They have deliberately embarked upon the unpopular and painful course of financial and economic stabilization. Their country seems solid in the surrounding marshes because they have laid its foundations on solid ground. They are enduring high taxes, high prices, business depression and competitive disadvantages for the sake of credit abroad and stability at home. They are making enormous sacrifices to build a gold reserve, and there is now actually 45 heliers' worth of real value behind every paper crown in circulation.

The result is that though the Czechs complain they do not despair. They are going through hard times, intensified by the chaos in Germany, but they are confident of the future. Even the Germans, Magyars and other unconverted mourners of the old régime show no inclination to leave the oasis for the uncertainties of more congenial national climates.

Consider this Government of professors. Professor Masaryk is one of the few political philosophers anywhere who has been a consistent realist. He has trained up a group of realists, of whom the first is Professor Benes, a young statesman who is doing more to bring about peace and practical conciliation in Europe than any old-line politician juggling old weights on old balances and incapable of recognizing changes and new equations. Svelha, the Prime Minister, is not a professor. He is a farmer, the founder of that profoundly conservative movement to unite the peasant land-owners of Middle Europe known as the Green International. The rôle Czechoslovakia and the Little Entente are beginning to play in the pacification of Europe, and the rôle the peasant, represented by Premier Svelha, is already playing in government are stories too big to be included in this article.

This country is by no means free from the practices commonly designated as "politics," as you may learn from any German and some Czech business men. It has its profiteers of power as well as more experienced nations. It suffers from the narrow zeal of the untempered enthusiast. It has some of the dangerous bigotry of nationalism. But it is honestly trying to make government catch up with thought on government, enacting progress into laws, and correcting its own mistakes.

The Czechs are a sober, prosaic, Teutonized race who have suddenly burst into political poetry. The earnest young man in the advertising business is more ambitious than he is humorous, but in him lurks the imagination of the Slav. Witness his national propaganda. It was a Czech who first orchestrated America in the New World symphony, and it is the Czechs today who are taking the lead in the tremendous task of harmonizing the syncopated national anthems of Europe and making a New World within the Old.

"Tyn Church From the East."

Etching by J. C. Vondrous.

Courtesy of Arthur H. Harlow.

THE FIRST LADY'S RIGHT-HAND WOMAN

Diplomatic Problems of the White House Social Secretary in Face of Washington Layer Cake

"Try to seat them so that all shall have their proper places with no wounded feelings."

By S. T. WILLIAMSON

IT was an observant citizen who first named layer cake Washington pie, because the social structure of the City of Washington resembles a gigantic layer cake.

There is a Cabinet layer, a diplomatic layer, a Congressional layer, an army and navy layer and a judicial layer, which may be somewhat thin but nevertheless is of substantial stock. And if with the many varieties of Washington pie there are jelly fillers and frosted areas between the layers, the analogy still holds good. Besides the official strata there are a few layers of people who hold no office who come to Washington hopeful of entertaining and mingling with the great. The components of another unofficial layer would be found in Washington even if there were no Capitol dome, beneath which there is more pointing with pride and viewing with alarm than in any other spot in the country.

This is the layer of old families, the "cave dwellers." Their residence in the city does not depend upon the electorate or victories over the civil service, but the fortune of birth. To them an office holder in the family would be a disgrace harder to live down than the elopement of a daughter with the garbage man.

Only a few of the obvious layers are mentioned. Scientific classification has made stupendous progress. Ticketed and indexed are the flora, fauna and the stars of the universe, but the fact that science has not succeeded in giving proper labels to the strata of Washington life is illustrative of the complications of the latter and not the failings of the former.

Among those who know its gradations it is a knack more than a science, a gift rather than learning, and possession of it cannot be explained any more than why neither cookbook nor family recipe inspires such pancakes as came from Aunt Jemima's kitchen. In other localities there may be sure systems of recalling Seattle residents and competent warnings against addressing Mrs. Blakeley before she bows. In Washington neither memory courses nor books of behavior are infallible. For, before all instalments have been paid, Addison Sims may be no longer from Seattle, but First Secretary of the Legation at Bokhara, while a reputedly lenient and frequently sought divorce court in a near-by Virginia town may have given Mrs. Blakeley authority to change her name.

In the absence of an accurate classification system, the advice of those who by instinct or long association can steer among the rocks and shoals of Washington life is a thing more precious than were rubies in the days before "re-constructed" gems.

For instance: May the President and his wife be invited to dine and meet the Lama of Tibet? If all questions were as easy as this to answer, more people in Washington would be on speaking, even friendly, terms with one another. (The answer is, "No, never.") But does the Ambassador from Japan precede the Ambassador from Italy? Does the wife of the President Pro Tempore of the Senate find her place nearer the salt than the wife of the Minister from Latvia? ("No," is the answer to the last question; "That depends," is the reply to the first.) In the less complicated days of the McKinley Administration, proud Admirals were ready to hang their swords upon the wall and retire because of lesser slights, as was brought out by the diary of John D. Long.

As long as each layer remains separate, it is easy to arrange favored places. In the diplomatic corps, to take a primary illustration, the Ambassador with the longest service in Washington is the dean of the corps; next, in order of service in their present rank at Washington, follow Ambassadors, Ministers, Secretaries of Embassies, and so on. But bring these layers together, as frequently happens at the White House and elsewhere. Take a few Ambassadors and Ministers, shake together with Cabinet members and Senators, stir in a few Assistant Secretaries of Executive Departments and Members of the House of Representatives, garnish with the Vice President, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and the Speaker of the House and the wives of all the officials mentioned—possibly the last "and" in the foregoing phrase should be in italics—then try to seat them at the dinner table so that all shall have their proper places with no wounded feelings, and it will be realized that as much discretion and tact have been exercised as in a gesture that simultaneously appeals to the farm bloc and reassures the banking interests.

Consequently there is some justification for the existence of the White House Social Secretary. Do not imagine, however, that all her requirements end with the possession of almost a State Department mind for knowledge of precedent, and a gracious punctuality in acknowledgment of all engravings initialed "R. S. V. P." A Major General of the Regular Army has an aid or two; his official correspondence is prepared by an adjutant; a chief of staff plans manoeuvres and troop movements. But to the wife of the President of the United States her social secretary must be three-in-one.

The President's wife has a daily routine no less exacting than her husband's. To begin with, there is the care of the White House and its grounds. A military aid commands the White House police force. The duties of these thirty-and-more picked men correspond in part with custodians of museums and in part with the household troops of royal establishments. Without their presence souvenir hunters would leave nothing that could be taken away in trucks, and they must have the advertised courtesy of Fifth Avenue bus conductors.

With the White House as an official residence at Government expense goes a permanent staff of servants—that is, as "permanent" as the word can be used when speaking of domestic service—and one of the few horse-drawn broughams outside of a vehicular museum conveys the housekeeper to and from market in old-fashioned state every morning. At the Botanic Gardens is a large conservatory, formerly attached to the Executive Mansion until that house was remodeled and renamed during the Roosevelt Administration, and with these flowers the President's wife performs many gracious and kindly acts.

President Harding's sudden death and President Wilson's illness upon a similar journey revived sympathy for overworked Presidents. But what about overworked Presidents' wives, or, to be exact, what about overworked Presidents' overworked wives?

Times have changed since the early days of the White House. Always the East Room has been used for the display of clothes, but, it will be remembered, Mrs. John Adams first used the room for a more homely exhibition of garments than that incidental to present-day receptions. The room in its unfinished state then served to dry the Adams family wash.

It was little over a decade after this that the social activities of Presidents' wives became so strenuous that they had to be curtailed. James Monroe's name has been given to a famous international doctrine; his wife established a precedent of freedom for which her name is blessed among her successors. Before the Monroe Administration calls paid at the White House were returned, but callers increased to such an extent that only the activity of a parish visitor matched that of the first lady of the land. Mrs. Monroe, having spent several months abroad and among the best European society, learned some new ropes. She did away with the custom of repaying calls.

Times change at the White House, but with their change are repetitions of history, such as the consumption of beverages upon the grounds of the Executive Mansion.

"The President," according to a contemporary account of the inauguration of Andrew Jackson, "was literally pursued by a motley concourse of people, riding, running helter-skelter, striving who should first gain admittance into the Executive Mansion, where it was understood refreshments were to be distributed."

The throng was so large that "refreshments" could not be served within. The crowd was ruining furniture, standing upon it with muddy, hobnailed boots to get a glimpse of "Old Hickory," pressed to the wall and surrounded by a strong-armed guard of friends, and to reduce the invasion servants sought to entice the crowd outside by carrying pails and tubs of orange punch to the lawn. Nothing like it had been seen before, but there was a reminder of it in the present century when a President and his wife were much put out with a military aid, who took it upon himself to permit a Washington newspaper to distribute bottled pop to children at the egg-rolling contest one Easter Monday. The beverage was of an innocence more suitable to growing children than the punch of Jackson's day, but the sight of motor trucks, blazoned with advertising posters in the White House grounds nearly returned one army officer to duty with troops.

There is no need for chronicling the changes in social routine at the White House, some of which were temporary, until the Roosevelt Administration. After the Spanish War the increased importance of Washington as a national capital was shown by raising its status as a diplomatic post. In the past twenty-five years the number of embassies increased from 4 to 13. Legations rose from 26 to 34. Naturally, this had its effect at the White House. Also, under Roosevelt, more frills were attached to the Presidency, which heightened the dignity of the office but at the same time added to its social obligations and to the burdens of the mistress of the White House, and she with a débutante stepdaughter and five children of her own.

This led to the establishment of the office of Social Secretary at the White House. Previously, when foreign officials were invited to social functions, the services of the State Department were utilized by the White House to straighten out puzzling matters of precedent. When the President's wife had wholesale correspondence to attend to, besides the more intimate communications in her own handwriting, a clerk was lent from the executive offices.

Mrs. Roosevelt selected for her secretary one of her former Sunday school pupils in St. John's Church, Miss Isabel Hagner, now Mrs. Norman James of Baltimore, who was of an old Washington family and was thoroughly familiar with official etiquette and its social complications. Thanks to Mrs. Roosevelt, the post has been one of dignity, and her precedent of choosing for a social secretary one whose own position was secure and recognized in Washington was followed by her successors in the White House. To mention one name by way of illustration, Miss Edith Benham, daughter of the late Admiral A. E. K. Benham and now wife of Rear Admiral James E. Helm, was adviser of social policies to a President's wife.

The present secretary is Miss Laura Harlan, who was chosen by Mrs. Harding. Miss Harlan is a daughter of the late Justice John M. Harlan of the United States Supreme Court. She was brought up in Washington and is thoroughly familiar with established customs and precedents.

The next step after establishing a social secretary was Mrs. Harding's decision to set up a social bureau, an office upon the ground floor of the White House. Here there is just as much system used in the filing of correspondence, the registry of visiting cards and preparation of invitation lists as in the conduct of a modern business.

One of the most delicate functions of a White House social secretary is arranging callers' appointments, for so many people have real or pretended claims upon the time of the President's wife that, like her husband, she must receive upon a time-table basis. Also, a large number of callers must be received collectively and not individually. There are only twenty-four hours a day, and the population of the United States and travel to Washington have increased. Remembering that social slights cause more bitter and lasting resentment than business or political reverses and that in Congress many otherwise unexplained enmities can be traced to wounded feelings from fancied oversights in social relations, it will be recognized that a White House social secretary and the custodian of large and agitated quantities of nitroglycerine have much in common.

Naturally a restrained, almost secret, sense of humor ranks with tact and a knowledge of Washington life as the most important qualifications of the social aid of a President's wife. For not all the letters asking the honor of a meeting with the first lady of the land are prompted by disinterested or even friendly motives. In the forenoon Senator Paul E. Titian may have spent fifteen minutes with the President in the vain attempt to pry from his lips his intention toward the recommended appointment of a constituent, while in the afternoon the Senator's wife may have approached the mistress of the White House with the same purpose and the same result. One does not have to play poker to exercise all of the qualities that game is reputed to develop. Handling the social contacts of the President's wife requires of the social secretary most of these qualities and some others.

NO MEAN CITIES OF THE MIDDLE WEST

Observations West of Jersey and Further Toward the Setting Sun

By NELLIE MARGARET McANLIAN

WHAT are the boundaries of the Middle West? I have not discovered its exact geographic limitations authoritatively set down, so I have had to make my own.

A wide, sweeping gesture usually indicates the Middle West. It is a territory much used as a setting for rural jokes; as a dumping ground for queer happenings when specific location is lacking. So many good after-dinner stories begin: "I remember a Senator from the Middle West," or it may be a farmer, or a cousin or a club woman, but the tag is Middle West. It is safely indefinite. In a vague way one gathers the impression that out there there is good American timber * * * but with the bark still on. To many New Yorkers anything west of New Jersey is prairie.

Sometimes America misjudges itself. All courtesy and culture do not centre in the East. Neither is the West so much more overwhelmingly hospitable. The country is well peppered with people who have open doors, open hearts, open minds, and open mouths, and the stranger is not left to sit on the door mat until his credentials have been verified.

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PLACING Pittsburgh is a problem. It doesn't belong to the Atlantic cities, nor to the Pacific cities. For the present purpose it must go into the Middle West.

Pittsburgh has a dirty face but a nice disposition. All the warmth and glow are not confined to its furnace fires.

America sees Pittsburgh in overalls, with a smut on its nose. Pittsburgh isn't ashamed of the overalls, but it has a vagrant desire to be visualized in an artist's smock.

It washes the smut off its nose, but leaves the paint on its fingers. That isn't snobbishness. Call it rather the transmutation of industry into art.

"You are the greatest steel centre, aren't you?" I ask.

"Yes; but have you seen our art gallery?" Pittsburgh replies.

A Pittsburgh woman who bought an old manor in Maryland was visited by a descendant of the ancestral owners.

"You bought the pictures and furniture with the house?" he said, noting their ancient beauty.

"No, I brought them with me," she replied.

"Pardon me, but didn't you come from Pittsburgh?"

This is a typical attitude of mind. Yet to be buried in Old Trinity churchyard in Pittsburgh means as much as being a D. A. R.

The art of Pittsburgh thrives probably because of, and not in spite of, the mills. When conditions of work are more beautiful, the contrast is less marked. Out of a great need opportunity arises. Industry in vain if its sole object is merely wealth. And all art must not be confused with futuristic cowscapes in gilt frames. The mural procession around the Pittsburgh art gallery pictures the art of industry and sets the key to Pittsburgh's ambition. But it is a long way from that goal.

Pittsburgh is dirty, but there is dirtier dirt than cinders. You know what a cinder is on first acquaintance, but I have met brands of dirt in other cities that didn't carry a birth certificate.

Most countries graze the hills and milk the cows for their butterfat. Pennsylvania milks the hills for its oils and wins mineral wealth from beneath the pastures. It is a shorter cut to millionaire's row. From these crucibles which turn it into wealth black incense rises day and night. The greatest optimist in Pittsburgh is the man who wears white trousers.

The man from London would miss his fog, the Arab his desert, just as Washinton seems strange without its politicians. Pittsburgh either likes its smoke * * * or lies about it. Many of the people live on the hills—those beautiful hills with gracious curves—and look down upon the kindly veil which softens the rugged outlines of the harsh industrial picture. Perhaps it induces pleasant reveries.

Poor old Pittsburgh! Some day the Lord will be kind and send them a flood—like Dayton, a fire—like San Francisco, or some other beneficent chastisement, and then will arise a beautiful city at the meeting of the waters.

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DAYTON, Ohio, is a modest city. It leads you quietly aside and asks, "But why did you come to Dayton?" It is a beautiful spirit, this modesty of Dayton, and one so rare.

I wonder if it realizes that size is not the highest aim, the greatest achievement, the thing to be most desired. I heard fewer "biggest, largest, greatest" than in other cities. But it did trip once—tripped over the dam. That is the biggest in the whole wide world. This dam is the correction of a natural defect, a scientific achievement, like the filling of a hollow tooth. If I had the Daytonian's faith in those conservancy works I would plant climbing roses over those dams. You find them growing nearly everywhere else, and they give to the city the charm of a fresh young girl with roses twined in her hair.

Dayton is a wise city and does not keep all its eggs in one basket. The city has a thousand diversified interests and doesn't rise or fall with one. Nor does it harness its workmen to trade unions. It puts more faith in binding them to time-payments on homes. Every second office seems to be a building society.

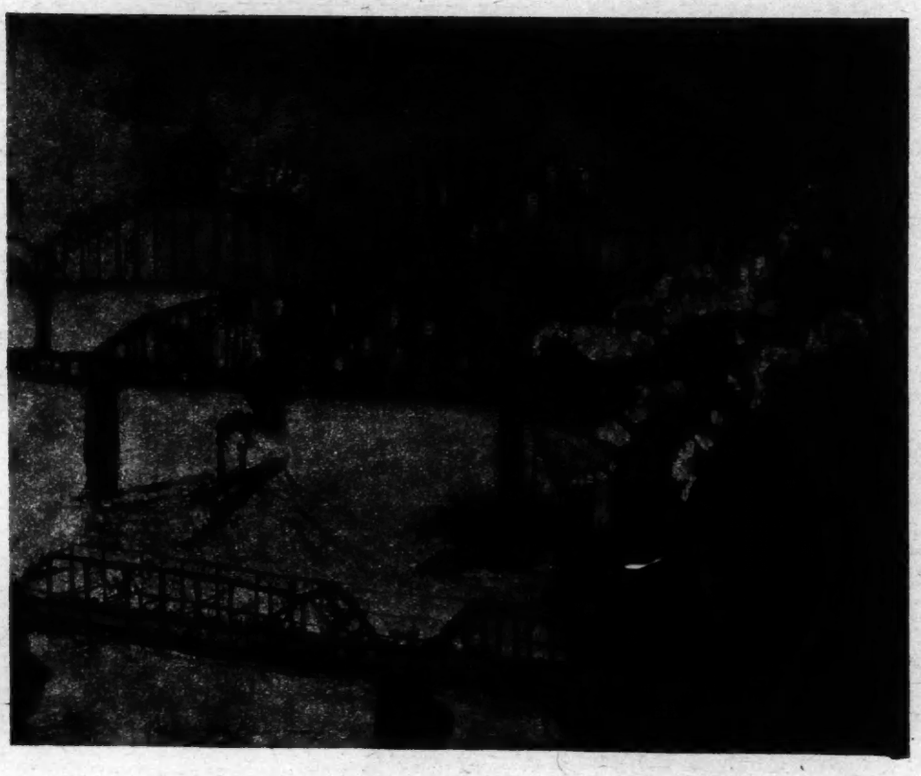
Looking across half a world, why had I singled out Dayton among the cities of Ohio? Because I had ridden a Dayton bicycle as a child? Was it the lure of lighting plants or adding machines? No, it was the wings of a bird. The name of Wright is revered in New Zealand, as elsewhere, and more widely known than your famous politicians. Orville Wright is a silent man. He says that of the birds the parrot is the best talker and the worst flier. The parrot was certainly not his model.

Dayton is truly the centre of aviation in America, and rightly so. Hasn't it pioneered along this road from the beginning, since it built the famous flying staircase in the Court House? There it established its right to the title in concrete form long years ago.

The city had two things to be thankful for, a philanthropist and a flood. The philanthropist set the pace in industrial welfare work, which has proved that order, beauty and contentment do not impede the manufacture of millionaires. Right throughout the country I have noticed that where idealism and commercialism have been successfully blended, a more permanent prosperity has been established. Better working conditions, health conservation and humane treatment of employes beget loyalty and are an excellent antidote to strikes.

I have walked through miles of aisles in workshops and factories, foundries and packing plants, and every visit has strengthened this conviction. Better conditions attract better workers, better workers make for efficiency, and efficiency is the greatest of all economies. Disorder and dissatisfaction go hand in hand. I have seen pickles made and movies shot, machines assembled and ore turned into steel, fish frozen and lumber felled, meat packed and cows milked, and on every hand was the visual contradiction of the old cry: "It can't be done; it won't pay." I have seen food prepared with scrupulous care, no hand touched it, and the factories were as clean as model kitchens.

I have watched the same products in another place, where hot, perspiring human hands—white hands, brown hands and very dirty hands at that, pressed the food into tins in evil-smelling buildings. In one place coal and ore were being turned into steel in a welter of refuse and smoke and coal dust. Elsewhere I witnessed the same process of production, and even the concrete yards were hourly swept like the lounge of a big hotel. Accumulated dirt impedes progress; cleanliness expedites production; production means profits. It is the difference between the old method and the new. Even the farmers are learning that clean milk brings better prices and healthy cows are more productive. The laggards in the industrial race are those who believe that the only economy is in cutting down the wage sheet. I know one firm that even provides umbrellas and rubbers for the women on wet days. It realizes that ill-health retards production.



"Pittsburgh." Painted by Hayley-Lever.

The Dayton flood washed away many dividing lines, undermined the unstable and tested the strong, material and men. Dayton has rebuilt on the lesson learned. It has never forgotten the promise it made in the attic as it faced a water grave.

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CHICAGO is rather obese; a voluptuous beauty, with a bad breath.

Of the medley of sounds in Chicago the one that lingers is the grinding of brakes on Michigan Boulevard. If Chicago had as much faith in God as it has in brakes, heaven would be overcrowded.

The wheat pit is in Chicago. The wheat pit fluctuates; it fluctuates greatly at times. Lately they have had to brace the walls with steel girders and constantly watch the levels. Chicago says that it wasn't the wheat fluctuations that threw the building off its base, but a subsidence of earth. But you ask Kansas!

One man actually told me that Chicago was prosperous. He even quoted figures to prove it. But he was a dull wit. Why stress so obvious a fact? The general attitude is: "Well, what do you think of Chicago? Not that we care a damn what you think; we're satisfied with it."

Chicago is a sausage city, made from the mixture of many meats, ground fine. Fat and muscle, flesh and blood, have gone to its making. Some are floating in rich gravy; others are fried in oil. There are two extreme Chicagos, but in between is a lot that is just plain "hot dog."

Chicago wants to be a world port. It probably will be. If Chicago wants to be a thing, it doesn't hesitate to try. I shouldn't be surprised if some day fashions change, and it is more desirable to be considered a South Sea Island. Then Chicago will lay a pipe line to the Pacific Ocean and build itself a coral reef.

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MANY twins are alike; at times you find them widely different, but usually the kinship is apparent. The Minnesota Twins have not a confusing similarity. One is an agricultural blond and the other a railway brunette.

Minneapolis is fair of face. Her hair is the ripened gold of the wheat fields, bobbed now to Autumn stubble, and flour is her talcum powder. There is a Swedish note in the fairness of Minneapolis.

The blond twin of Minnesota has outgrown her sister, whose long black ringlets of smoke curl up from the many trains. Some prefer the brunette. It is all a matter of taste. From a dying rivalry is evolving a new spirit of co-operation between the two. They may yet be content to accept Prosperity as the bigamous husband of both.

The blond twin is busy laying the foundation for a musical and artistic future, running parallel with her industrial development. Some cities, like people, take it up late in life, when fingers are a little stiff. She is wise to begin young. And that civic spirit which builds a city to live in rather than boosts one merely to get rich in is apparent in many parts of Minneapolis. Added to the lyrics and legends of Minnesota you get a happy picture of homes, mirrored in her sky-blue waters, that necklace she wears with such conscious pride.

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WE have heard much of poetic license. Longfellow must have written "Hiawatha" after a very wet week, for a thirsty pup could have lapped up all the Laughing Waters that flowed over the falls as I looked at them. But Longfellow is forgiven. His pictured image will survive, for I realize that it has been a very dry Summer.

It is noticeable in recent years that the license has been transferred from the poet to the publicist. The raging torrent of Minnehaha is nothing to the great rivers of facts and figures that flow from publicity sources in every city. Like Hiawatha, some of them obviously have been "written after rain." But I can heartily commend the Chambers of Commerce as a source of accurate information and reliable figures, and the most effective medium for publicity. There is probably no more courteous and efficient group of public men in the United States. If foreigners visiting American cities came more closely in touch with these bodies much of the misunderstanding and misinformation which too often prejudices friendly relations would be obviated.

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DETROIT calls itself the Dynamic City. It is. You hear less about Henry Ford there than in remote places. Detroit is on the most friendly terms with its little Canadian neighbor, Windsor, across the river. From Detroit you can read the brewery sign.

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THE DAPPERS AND THE SMARTS

New Democratic Dandyism for Mere Men

I have collected into particular bodies the Dappers and the Smarts, the Pretty Fellows and the Very Pretty Fellows. — Addison's Spectator.

By ELLERY RAND

UP and down the Avenue they swing, clothed in soft tweeds and woolens, shirts shaming the rainbow, ties agleam in the sun. They are the new Dappers and the Smarts.

The old dandies had lace at their sleeves' ends and red heels clicking on their shoes. They made an art of dress, and their art was their life. They needed no further excuse for being, no business or profession to interfere with their sartorial devotions. Even in their heyday they were comparatively few. They flourished only among the very idle and the very rich. Society obviously couldn't afford to support too many of them. They were a pretty decoration, a sort of sacrifice to Narcissus and Apollo and the other symbolic figures of male beauty and vanity.

"Men are reveling in the chance to be giddy."

At length a sterner age laughed them out of existence. Then the rubber-stamp idea took hold of all self-respecting citizens, and a man felt comfortable only when he was dressed quietly and like his neighbor. To be conspicuous was bad form. Dandyism as a respected institution was dead. It stayed dead for a long time—through the late Victorian era, even up through the great war. Now it is rising again, in a new guise.

The new dandyism is democratic. It embraces men of all conditions. Not only has it caught the polo bloods at Meadow Brook and the sporting lads at New Haven and Princeton; not only the market jugglers of Wall Street and the stage heroes of Broadway; the affluent merchant and the grocer's clerk, the school teacher and the professional athlete, all are part of it. Even the shaggy artist is passing out of vogue.

"Up and down the avenue they swing."

It recognizes no caste limitations—no limitations of any sort save the obvious cash limitations. A man and his chauffeur may both strive for the same ideal. Good taste is permitted, even encouraged, in the masses.

This democratic dandyism is evinced in many subtle ways. Men are waking to a consciousness of decorative possibilities in their clothes. They are spending more of their income to make themselves presentable. Their ingrained fear of color is disappearing—as ties and suits and handkerchiefs will testify. They want clothes for every occasion—knickers for sports wear, coats for the opera unlike their coats for the office. There is a new affinity between men's clothes and women's—observed in such articles as Deauville scarves and coonskin coats and giddy sweaters for sport.

Most important of all, men want to look different from one another. They want to express their personalities in terms of silk and wool and fine linen. A hat advertisement, used recently by a staid old New York house shows which way the wind is blowing.

"Getting a hat that fits your head is important," it ran, "but getting a hat that fits your face is imperative. Your new hat must look even better than it feels."

There is the thing in a nutshell—the shift in emphasis from the utilitarian to the decorative, the recognition that every man may develop a style of his own.

Many factors have conspired to bring about the return of the Smarts and the Dappers. In the first place, there is the whole matter of the war reaction: second, there is the influence of the Prince of Wales as mentor of international style; third, the importation of foreign styles by the hordes of American men who nowadays travel abroad; fourth, the deference paid to the tastes and opinions of the youth of today; fifth, golf; sixth, the appeal—conscious or unconscious—of the clothing advertisements; and seventh, the power of the emancipated woman to affect the fashions for men.

During the war men out of uniform had little heart for fine dressing. They would have been called ugly names if they dared evince too keenly an interest in what they wore. And when the tension was finally over, and people tried to return again to the world before the war, it was only to be expected that a sort of sartorial reconstruction would proceed side by side with all the other reconstruction that was attempted. Ties and gloves and other such pleasant and satisfying things took on an importance they had not enjoyed during the grim years.

As for the men who had been soldiers, it was the war that woke in them a sense of their decorative potentialities. Those uniforms certainly did set them off. The girls certainly did admire their splendor as they strode about with their boots and belts. Back in their civilian clothes, the glamour faded; and now they are seeking, not without success, to create a new glamour. The snappy military style of dressing passed out of vogue—for war was to be forgotten as soon as it was humanly possible to forget. But the desire to appear beautiful has persisted.

The Dapper of today has made a vogue of comfortable-looking clothes. His coat is cut baggily, his trousers flop about the ankle. When he takes to knickers they hang dejectedly below the knee. But you must not be deceived by him. It is style, not comfort, that he is after. When the fashion changes, comfort will go into the discard as quickly as the khaki uniform dived into the moth-balls after the war. Men are following the styles, not their own desires.

And the styles are made chiefly by one lone young Englishman — by Edward, Prince of Wales. Every time he dents his hat in a different direction a new fashion in headgear starts on its way around the world. When recently he took to a giddy sweater known as the Fair Isle sweater, looms in countless factories worked busily to supply the unending demand for them. If you want to know why our men are taking to tweeds and plus fours you must follow the advice of the unforgettable Kiki—and ask the Prince of Wales.

For Edward is to blame. He couldn't help his blue eyes and clear skin and straight body. But he alone is responsible for the clothes he wears, for the daring lines and devastating colors that give his blond beauty a new frame every day.

In the world of fashion Edward stands alone on the peak of the highest hill. The English are notoriously the best-dressed men in the world. Edward is notoriously the best-dressed Englishman. Between him and all the other Dappers there is an abyss.

No woman sways the modes of her sex as the Prince does his. That is why every detail of his attire is studied breathlessly; why no issue of a fashion magazine is complete without at least one picture of him; and why, in a recent number of a leading style magazine, this legend was found under his picture: "The coming suit for American men. A recent snapshot of the Prince of Wales."

If the Prince had been of another age, no matter how beautiful he was, none but his own class would have imitated him. "Lord Herringbone may dress himself in a snuff-brown suit, with snuff-brown shirt and shoes," wrote Carlyle in "Sartor Resartus." "It skills not; the undiscriminating public, occupied with grosser wants, passes by regardless on the other side." But today "there is neither east nor west, border nor breed nor birth" as far as men's clothes are concerned, and the suits for sale on Fourteenth Street are crude copies of the workmanship of his Majesty's tailors.

There are other reasons why American men's clothes reflect English tailors. We are in the midst of a trekking epidemic which has infected our young men like the measles. They are traveling abroad in droves. Every steamer is flooded with them. Where the money comes from no one knows, but they all go over.

They lounge about England for a while, and copy the clothes of the young Britons. They learn a love for rough tweeds and homespuns, and they even come to look favorably on the gay sweaters and colored shirts they were wont to sneer at. At Nice and in Paris, they eye the dandies that pace the boulevards, scoffing at the jerky effeminate hang of their coats, but attracted by their color schemes—this business of having the tie match the socks and the socks match the handkerchief peeping coyly from the top pocket. They bring these things back, the young lads especially, because they are brave enough to try anything, and cocky enough to think they can get away with it.

And the truth of it is, they can. For all the verbal poundings handed to the younger generation—poundings which seem to bother them not at all—this is an age that defers to the tastes and opinions of youth, that follows the fads of the young and makes universal fashions of them. The authorities in the world of men's clothes assert that most American styles of recent years come from the college campus. They are modified before they pass on, but that is where they start.

Of late, it has been considered good form among the collegians to be well-dressed after the English manner. The old thick shawl-collared sweater flaunting the school insignia is taboo. So are the jazz-boy tight-waisted models. The favored clothes may be—must be—slouchy, but smartly slouchy.

Now there is nothing new in this affectation of English clothes by a certain ultra-doggy group among the undergraduates. But formerly, this was a small group set apart, the inner circle, whose movements were quiet and whose habiliments were their own. Today the vogue has spread among the rank and file of the students, and from the campus has been carried all over the country. The collegians, as a whole, are dappers, and they have more prestige today than they ever had before. There are more of them; they come from more places, and they are the privileged young whose tastes receive the sanction and the deference of the world.

And now we have come to a ticklish point. Golf has been blamed for so many of the world's ills—for diseases of the mind and body, for the breaking up of homes and the destruction of the moral fibre—that it seems cruel to burden it with any further responsibilities. But clothing experts say that golf has made colorful clothes popular with men. Some, to be sure, assert that colorful clothes have made golf popular with men—that even in our dull, machine-driven age men have longed for the gilded trappings of the beaux of old, and have seized on golf as an excuse for indulging their butterfly tastes.

No one who has seen the links or the porch of a country club in recent years will hesitate to confirm this theory. The sweaters, the knickers and the stockings—the Cubist stockings and the Paisley stockings, the striped stockings and the tasseled stockings—seem to show that the men are reveling in the chance to be giddy.

"It's enough to make the tears start from your eyes," said one old golf professional who is giving indoor lessons at a New York sporting goods house, "to see men forget themselves over their sport clothes. They decide to take up golf. They come to me and say 'Pick me out a set of clubs, will you?' and that is all the interest they take in the essential equipment. Then they go downstairs and worry for an hour about whether their suit should be green to match the links or red to match the clubhouse. Golf isn't a game any more—it's a harvest for the haberdashers."

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THE HEARTS OF MASTER-WOMEN

Or the Stuff That Queens Are Made Of

By R. LE CLERC PHILLIPS

AT rare and irregular intervals there is born into the world a woman to whom Destiny assigns the power and duties of a man of the most exalted station. Thrusting her to the forefront of the world's stage, Destiny has said to her in so many words: "I have made you the daughter of a king whom I have deprived of any male heir; and I now call upon you to take up the reins of government and rule your country, and thus show the world how a woman may acquit herself to whom is given supreme mastery over both men and affairs." Occasionally, but very rarely, Destiny varies this formula, and chooses some other channel by which such a woman is hurled forward; a coup d'état, or even, but more rarely still, the ruthless force of some woman's character.

The names of these women are written large in history; and whatever one's views of women as a sex—of their rôle in life, their weaknesses and their aspirations—it is not to be denied that many of them have made a striking success of these master parts that Destiny has made them play; a success all the more astonishing since in no other field but that of kingship, and of kingship alone, have women ever been able to match their abilities against those of men.

Lagging far behind men in art, literature, music and science, women may with truth assert that there have been queens as great as the greatest of kings. Elizabeth of England and Queen Victoria; Catherine the Great and Isabella the Catholic; Maria Theresa and the strange and sinister figure of the Empress Dowager Tze-hi of China—what men have been greater rulers than these?

And equally, there have been lamentable failures among the women called to fill the master places of life. Cleopatra, the last Queen of Egypt, a defeated suicide; Mary Tudor of England, to whom history has accorded the title of "Bloody Mary," and whose death was hailed with almost indecent delight by the English people; the pathetic and ever-romantic figure of the beauteous Mary Stuart of Scotland; that eccentric female buffoon, Christina of Sweden; and in our own time Isabella II. of Spain, who died in exile in France in 1904. All these women found that the load that destiny had placed upon their shoulders was heavier than they could bear, and after futile indecision or agonizing struggles either abandoned it or sank beneath its weight.

What, then, was the outstanding personal quality which above all others made the careers of the master-women the successes that they were, and the lack of which doomed other queens to defeat? They came, these women, of many races; were born into the world at different periods and lived their lives under widely varying circumstances; yet so essentially masculine is the task of ruling nations that when a group of women make a success of it it seems certain that each of them must have within her some remarkable characteristic common to these master-women but denied to normal women in every age and every race. What is this characteristic?

Is it intellect? Christina of Sweden was the most intellectual woman of her day, called by her contemporaries the "Minerva of the North," yet she failed as a queen, and ended by becoming the laughing-stock of Europe. Is it special training? Mary Queen of Scots from her birth was trained to rule, yet nineteen years of her life were spent in prison and at the end her beautiful head fell beneath the executioner's axe. Is it beauty? Cleopatra was beautiful and endowed with every fascination—"age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety"—but the story of her tragic failure and pitiful end is a commonplace of history.

Is it religion? According to her lights, Mary Tudor served her God with a degree of fidelity and devotion which has seldom been excelled, yet she was hated by her people and her memory is execrated by history. Is it education? Catherine of Russia had next to none. Is it "goodness"? The Empress Dowager of China, one of the greatest rulers in history, was a monster of wickedness. No, not one of these qualities was common to the master-women of history or was responsible for their success. But analyze their personalities, probe their characters a little deeper, and a characteristic possessed by each of them and unusual to their sex will become apparent.

One of her contemporaries said of Mme. de Staël that if she could but have governed herself she could have governed the world; and whether it be applied to men or women, this lesson of self-government must be mastered by all who aspire to rule others with success. The Elizabeths, the Isabellas, the Catherines, the Chinese Empresses of the world had all learned it by heart, in spite of superficial appearances to the contrary. The heart of the normal woman is not very easily controlled, and leads her in innumerable cases to sacrifice all for love. But did the master-women of the world ever sacrifice even the smallest trifle at all for such an emotion as romantic love?

Not one of them. And though some of them, such as Queen Victoria and Isabella the Catholic were good wives and devoted mothers, the rest being neither, none of them was ever known to make a sacrifice for love or to lose her head over any man. Look into their lives, lit up by that fierce light that beats on all crowned heads and you will see that whatever emotions their hearts may have known—jealousy, overpowering ambition, hatred and passion—the spirit of romance was conspicuously absent.

The first of this handful of supremely successful master-women, the first whose name stands out as ranking with the greatest of kings, is Isabella the Catholic, Queen of Castile, conqueror of Granada and patron of Columbus. A faithful wife to her husband, Ferdinand, King of Aragon, the mother of five children, whatever virtues she may have possessed—and she possessed many—a tender heart, a romantic spirit were not among them. Consumed by ambition, blinded by religious bigotry, permitting no interference from her husband in the affairs of Castile, which kingdom she ruled in her own right, Martin Hume, one of her most sympathetic biographers, is forced to admit that "she was not tender, or gentle, or what we should now call womanly. * * * She was not scrupulous, or she would not have been so easily persuaded to displace her niece the Beltraneja. She was not tender-hearted. * * * She was none of these pleasant things; nor was she the sweet, saintly housewife she is usually represented."

And he adds: "If she had been, she would not have been Isabel of Castile—one of the strongest personalities, and probably the greatest woman ruler the world ever saw." Which last verdict is more than a little significant, suggesting, as it does, that the possession of a heart and a marked capacity for ruling are not to be found in the personality of one and the same woman.

It is notorious that romantic love never had any place in the life of Elizabeth of England. Her flirtations are suspected by perhaps a majority of people of having more than once exceeded the bounds prescribed by conventional morality, but no one has ever imagined that any of her favorites loved her. Men do not love women they fear, and throughout her long reign her queenship was more to Elizabeth than ever her womanhood was. The welfare of the State, of England, was everything to her; her Raleighs, her Leicesters and her other favorites were a very poor second to her consuming pride in her country.

Avid as she was of attention and admiration from men, her tastes and passions as a woman were always entirely subservient to her passion for England and her overwhelming pride in and love of authority. Her domineering character was not able to tolerate the idea of sharing even the smallest part of her authority with any prince in Europe, and the remark of a foreign diplomat—"Madam, if you marry you will be queen; but if you do not marry you will be both queen and king"—is said to have finally decided her against any further idea of marriage. It is well for the world that all women are not other Elizabeths.

So celebrated has the story of the countless favorites of Catherine the Great of Russia become, that at first glance it may be thought that here at least, is a woman who was all heart, and whose career falsifies Martin Hume's assumption that a woman cannot be a great ruler and at the same time possess a tender or romantic heart. But the very quality that was entirely lacking in Catherine's scandalously numerous "love" affairs was precisely that of love itself. It is notorious that she tired very quickly indeed of her lovers, while they tired of her even more quickly; and what is clear evidence of the complete lack of "heart" in these singular episodes is the fact that never once did the Empress bear the least ill-will to any of the numerous lovers who deserted her or show the slightest resentment at their preference for women more attractive than herself.

Whenever Catherine found herself abandoned the procedure followed was simplicity itself; Potemkin, himself a former lover, was pressed into service to find another young and handsome favorite; and having induced a sufficiently attractive officer to accept the post, all went merry as a marriage bell until the new favorite, like his predecessors before him, grew bored and abandoned the Empress, when the procedure of replacing him was repeated. In a word, Catherine made a court institution of favoritism; and although she showered her handsome young men with gifts of money and estates, and allowed them a degree of influence in State affairs that Elizabeth of England would never for one moment have tolerated, it is absurd to pretend that her heart was ever involved in any of these curious affairs. As with Elizabeth, ambition was her ruling passion, and her favorites merely the pastime of her idle hours.

The extraordinary career of the late Empress Dowager of China is a particularly striking illustration of a repulsive heartlessness combined with a positive genius for ruling such as few men have ever possessed. A concubine of the fifth rank in the harem of the Emperor Hienfung, she rapidly advanced to the second rank, and following on the Emperor's death, became co-Regent with his premier wife during the minority of her son, the chief wife having been childless. Arrived at the age of 19 years, when he might have been expected to have assumed the duties of government himself, this son died suddenly, and her enemies did not hesitate to accuse her of his murder.

As her son's successor she chose a child of four years of age, Kwanghsu, who in due time arrived at man's estate and married. Not long afterward his young wife died suddenly, and again Chinese gossip accused the Empress Dowager of murder, it being asserted that she feared the advent of a child to the Emperor as a possible obstacle to her continued domination. In 1881 her co-Regent also died suddenly at the comparatively early age of 45, and again there were whispers of poison. The Empress Dowager was now in supreme authority, for about this time the young Emperor issued an edict to the Chinese people in which he declared himself to be unable to rule alone! In 1889, however, the old Empress herself issued an edict of farewell and retired; but not for long. By a coup d'état she made the Emperor prisoner and returned to power, never relinquishing it until her death in 1908.

In this woman we have an extraordinarily good example of a woman of the master type; for whereas the other great women rulers were of western races, the Empress Dowager Tze-hi achieved supremacy in a land where females are held to be of such small account that girl babies are frequently thought to be deserving of no better fate than immediate drowning. This woman has been compared to every she-devil in history; her morals were known to be disgraceful and her cruelty and vindictiveness were notorious. Nevertheless, Colonel Denby, a former United States Minister in Peking did not hesitate to declare that history will rank her among the greatest rulers of mankind, while all who have written of this human tigress have been forced to admit that she possessed a genius for statecraft that few men have excelled.

In Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria by marriage and Queen of Hungary and Bohemia in her own right, we have, perhaps, the most sympathetic of all the successful master-women. The mother of sixteen children and devoted to her husband, to whom she nevertheless refused to allow the slightest voice in the management of her realm, the breath of scandal never touched her name; nor was it ever linked with any romance of even the most harmless type. Passionately fond of exercise of authority, after her husband's death she became entirely absorbed in the business of ruling, and at her death her people called her "the mother of her country." A great ruler she was, and with a heart that never for one moment was out of control.

There is, again, the case of that uncrowned ruler of France, Mme. de Maintenon. It is strange that in a country where women's influence is so paramount as in France, there should have existed a Salic law which denied a throne to women rulers. Only as regents or as royal favorites have women ever been permitted to govern in France; and it must be admitted that French women have availed themselves of this last-named opportunity to the fullest extent, but to the invariable detriment of their country. In Mme. de Maintenon, however, we have one of those rare examples of one who was a master-woman through sheer force of character, since few women have started life more severely handicapped than Françoise d'Aubigné,

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"She was not tender or gentle."

A NATION IN SEARCH OF A NAME

Is a Citizen of the Empire Upon Which the Sun Never Sets a Briton Even If He Is a Scot?

By CLAIR PRICE

INTO the history of the so-called British Isles the centuries have entangled a variety of racial, linguistic and political terms, and in this year of grace 1923 the Society for Pure English is attempting to disentangle a single term which will identify its varied compatriots to all the world as the single term French identifies the varied inhabitants of France.

The society is of Oxford origin and is affiliated with a similar organization in New York, where its difficult example might well be emulated. For both countries, the United Kingdom and the United States, seem to be sadly in need of a name. Just as the inhabitants of the United Kingdom are something more than Englishmen, so the inhabitants of the United States are something less than Americans, and the term Britishers appears to rest as uncomfortably upon the one as the term Yankees upon the other. Whether any other name besides Britishers exists the Society for Pure English has undertaken to discover, but whether its affiliated organization in New York has yet undertaken to discover some name besides Yankees for ourselves is a question on which my ignorance is complete. If it has not yet made an actual beginning at this inevitable task, doubtless it has already made a note of it.

The Society for Pure English has just published through the Oxford University Press a tract entitled, "On the Terms Briton, British, Britisher," at the end of which, after the manner of a magazine serial, it defers its conclusions to its next tract. Its compatriots, however, have deferred none of their conclusions on the subject of a name for themselves. Several hundreds of them have already written to the papers about it, for there is possibly no other subject on which so many inhabitants of the United Kingdom have already reached conclusions of their own. Most of these writers to the papers are of English or Scottish (or Scotch or Scots) origin, and their letters abound in references to the union of the Crowns of England and Scotland in 1603 and to the Act of Union of 1707 which declared that "the two Kingdoms of England and Scotland shall * * * be united into one Kingdom of the name of Great Britain." A few of them accordingly resign themselves henceforth to anonymity under the blanket term British and advance suggestions of a new British Constitution and a British Emperor.

A few more of them insist that if the term "British" is to supplant the term "English," it ought equally to supplant the term "Scottish," a suggestion which has waked a considerable to-do. Somebody who signs himself "Englishman" and who says he has been a reader for a firm of Scottish publishers leaps into the arena with the accusation that "the beautiful word 'England'" is being dropped because it is "passionately objected to by the Scots," who "by clever teamwork have obtained a strangle hold on our life in all its various phases."

He goes further, and charges that his firm of Scottish publishers has issued standing orders to its readers to substitute the terms Britain and British for England and English wherever they occur. He goes even further than that, and declares that "the Scottish slogan is, 'When it's English it's British. When it's Scottish it's Scottish.' In the war an English V. C. was a 'brave Britisher,' and a Scottish V. C. was a 'brave Scotsman.'" From all of which he deduces that "it is quite time the down-trodden Englishman began to put up his shield of nationality against the advancing hordes of Scotsmen, otherwise England will disappear not only from the newspapers but from the books."

This brings Dean Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral to his side. Dean Inge tunes his typewriter to a clarion note: "It is England which invented parliamentary institutions, which gave its language and laws to the British Isles, and produced our immortal literature; it is England which taught honor and manliness, kindliness, fair play and toleration to a world which much needed and has as yet only half-learned these English lessons.

"We have acquiesced in the 'unhistoric and pinchbeck title of British,' as Thomas Hardy calls it, and our newspapers are beginnnig to use the deliberately insulting Americanism 'Britisher,' just out of good nature and a mistaken idea of modesty. It is time to cry a halt!

"I take up my parable as a man who is proud to be a pure English-

"It is quite time the downtrodden Englishman began to put up his shield."

man, with no admixture of Scottish, Irish, Welsh or other blood for at least three hundred years, before which date my family does not seem to have been recognised by the College of Heralds. Judging by my patronymic, I suppose my ancestor 'came over' as a Scandinavian pirate, and was, I dare say, as great a ruffian as most of William the Conqueror's Normans; but history is silent. 'In spite of all temptations to belong to other nations,' I am glad to be an Englishman pure and simple."

Meanwhile, there are Scotchmen who also view the word British with alarm, deeming it a sinister English attempt to relegate the word Scottish to oblivion. One of them in fact recalls that "already I have seen an envelope addressed Edinburgh, England." Another becomes almost intelligible in the lament he has addressed to The Morning Post of London:

"Whit's a' th' steer aboot, Maister Editor? They English loons gar me greet sair; the're never dune cockin' their nebs and rinnin' doun puir auld Scotland. Noo they want tae stop makin' ony reference to our country where affairs o' th' United Kingdom are concerned. A ken Th' Morning Post 'll no fash their cleavers.

"A'm thinkin' we hae faur mair reason tae complain. Instead o' th' word 'English' bein' haur'd, in ma opeenion it's aye creepin' in whaure there's nae need fur't. The fact that Thomas Campbell, a Gleska man, wrote 'Ye Mariners of England'—he micht hae ken't better—aye sticks in our thrapple; though we swallow that insult and find consolation that Jamie Thomson—a Border Scot, claimed as an English poet—sang 'Britons never shall be slaves.'

"Tae pit th' matter clearly—there's too much o' th' 'English' aboot our imperial daein's. As ane o' our minor poets and patriots has weel said:

"'An English Navy rules the main,
An English Army—see ha'e nane—
Fechts a' our wars;
An English Commons' House and King
Rule our affairs.
"'In fact, when ony guid thin's gaun,
Fair Scotland needna' haud her han',
For England claims a' honors gran'—
"'Counts them her ain—
They eat the fleah—while we may stan'
And claw the bane.'"

Just what this Scottish lament means I don't know, but I suppose it indicates in a general way that the Campbells are coming. Not all Scotchmen, however, are as suspicious of the word British. One of them who signs himself "McLondon" readily makes the supreme sacrifice and offers to "droon this quarrel, brother Sassenach, in a wee drappie o' auld British whisky."

So far the Welsh have held aloof from the backbiting of these English and Scottish foreigners, serenely content in the knowledge that the term British is their own exclusive right. For it is the Welsh who are the original Britons, and the chief difference between their original state and their present state is the fact that somebody has made Baptists of them. But they still sing as sweetly, they can still skin you out of your eye teeth as suddenly, as in the days before Hengist used his daughter Rowena to get a foothold in their country. I know these things of my own experience, for we Prices, look you, have been American for four generations, but originally we came from Wales, we did.

However, to return to the Society for Pure English and its recent tract, "On the Terms Briton, British, Britisher":

It is printed over the names of the late Henry Bradley and Robert Bridges, who have set themselves the following problem: "We require names which will distinguish (1) the inhabitants of this island from (2) the members of the British Commonwealth and (3) the whole English-speaking race. Anglo-Saxon is generally used for 3, and if there were a definite name for 2, then 3 would get on very well with Anglo-Saxon and American; but our special difficulty is with 1 and 2, and we shall dismiss 3 from consideration. The name for 2, the Commonwealth, is complicated by the various and varying, or yet undetermined, status of membership, whether of dominions, colonies, or dependencies, &c.; and it is for this reason that there is no agreement in the use of the terms 'British Commonwealth' and 'British Empire.' For instance, Commonwealth is generally used in collocation with America or continental powers, while empire has its use with India, and very commonly with Ireland. The establishment of imperial congresses or an imperial cabinet would no doubt strengthen 'empire.'

"Both for 1 and 2 the word British is now doing duty, but it is plain that using the same term for both must involve frequent ambiguities. And since a word is also needed for an individual member (as Englishman is the individual of English), the word British has a further call on it, and can only provide Britishman and Britisher."

Having thus stated its problem, the Society for Pure English examines its three terms Briton, British and Britisher. The term Briton it finds to suffer badly both historically and sentimentally. It was popularized by the line "Britons never shall be slaves," but the society recalls that in Alfred's time the same word (wealh) meant both Briton and slave and that a sudden fate would doubtless have descended upon the first minstrel who dared mention to Alfred the Britons and freedom. "Rule Britannia" has also done much to popularise the term Briton, but "nowadays," the society remarks, "we do not feel (or at least some of us do not) that the spirit of Rule Britannia is altogether the best sort of patriotism."

The term British fares better at the society's hands. "In the history of this word," it finds, "the Oxford English Dictionary recalls that from the time of Henry VIII. British was frequently used to include English and Scotch. In fact its appearance in literature denotes and accompanies the growth of an effort for union between the two countries. It came into general use at the time of James I., and in 1707 the Act of Union declared that 'the two Kingdoms of England and Scotland shall * * * be united into one Kingdom of the name of Great Britain.'" As a political term applicable to England and Scotland, the term British is accordingly found correct, although the society remarks that "in Irish controversy the term England is inevitable and it seems prevalent in international finance."

As for the term English, the society finds that it has "a literary history of more than a thousand years, and its connotation has only changed by its absorbing and digesting whatever foreign element approached within its grasp. Its conquest over the Norman Conquest is perhaps its most remarkable achievement, and it has come through without a scar. As it began by being a term for the language rather than the country, so this is its most unquestioned use still, and its connotation excludes the Gaelic language, still spoken in parts of Great Britain and Ireland."

The terms Scotch and Irish do not contribute toward a solution of the problem the society has set itself, and there remain only the terms Britishman and Britisher. The former is attributed to Shakespeare, with whom it was born and apparently died. The latter is described by the Oxford English Dictionary as "apparently of United States origin, and chiefly used by, or attributed to, Americans. * * * Professor Freeman, in his Impressions of the United States, thinks it arose during the War of Independence, when the opposing forces were known as 'Americans' and 'British' (not English), and 'Britisher' was the natural substantive from the latter." "Britisher," it is added, "is a word made in America, but today discountenanced in American dictionaries as 'now chiefly colloquial and humorous,' or as in 'jocose use only,' or as 'almost disused.'"

The society accordingly concludes that "the word Britisher, whether it be accepted or not, is no solution of the difficulty. * * * What is needed is two terms corresponding to Britisher or Great-Britisher, as indicating the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, and Greater-Britisher as indicating the members of the British Commonwealth—both impossible absurdities which accentuate the disagreeable quality of the word. It seems to the Americans undignified, and English opinion is very intolerant of it."

And there, for the present, the Society for Pure English rather tantalizingly leaves the matter: "The preliminary description of the terms has taken up so much space that we are compelled to defer our conclusion—together with some contributions from correspondents—until our next tract. Meanwhile, we invite any of our readers who have strong convictions or useful experience bearing on the subject to communicate them to us and thereby aid us toward giving a fair demonstration of public opinion."

If the columns of the papers mean anything, the Society for Pure English has a brisk time ahead of it.

WHO'S NEW IN THE OPERA

An Unusual Number of Americans Among the Metropolitan's Added Singers.

Miguel Fleta, Tenor. Photographed in Manon, a Caruso Role.

Photo by Bain News Service.

By WILLIAM B. CHASE

FORTY years have gone into the "dim backward and abysm of time" since the Metropolitan Opera House first opened in what was then "upper" Broadway, on Oct. 22, 1883, its doors to the now midtown and magically powerful social magnet of the Golden Horseshoe. In all but two of these years—interrupted 1892-3 by fire and 1897-8 by war—grand opera has been sung there by European and of late increasingly by American stars. With another and greater war, the primacy of the operatic world has definitely passed oversea, and no longer do they "do these things better" in Milan, Berlin or Paris.

Who's new in the opera season opening tomorrow night? Official answer has been forthcoming ever since Gatti-Casazza's sixteenth prospectus last May, his annual Summer sojourn abroad, combing theatres and agencies for material, and his recent return, a veteran of more seasons than any other general manager of opera who has served the public of New York. In Gatti's time and in the Metropolitan's long earlier period under varied guidance, rival enterprises have come and departed. The "old house," as it is today, has vanquished or outlived them all. In their longest siege its financial directors "built a golden bridge," over which the arch-innovator, Oscar Hammerstein, could retire as had Mapleson and others from the field.

This year's world-wide quest of actual operatic productions has brought to light but one recent Roman lyric comedy, with remoter "novelties and revivals" to some half dozen or so, as named in the prospectus. The index "New" appears often in the personal column of eighty-eight leading singers engaged, of whom thirteen will make débuts, about half of these in the first week. Thus, four among twenty-nine sopranos will this season face the judgment of New York, the most sated public in the musical world. So will two of the fourteen contraltos, two among seventeen tenors, four baritones among sixteen mentioned and one basso in a list of twelve. A new assistant conductor appears in a line-up of sixteen men at the baton.

Youngest of all the newcomers is Nanette Guilford, a girl of 18 years, born in New York. Her official description is as brief as her career: "Pupil of Albert Jeannotte, played in musical comedies for three years; began studying at the age of 13." Unofficially, Miss Guilford sang without urging from the time she was 6. When engaged for the Metropolitan she told interviewers, "My dream has come true." She appeared on the stage at 16 in "The Midnight Rounders of 1921" at the Century. Sudden promotion and tender age have already earned her a nickname of "the baby of the opera house," who, according to published accounts, "gave up gayeties of youth to become a diva at 18." She has been photographed at housework "playing in her kitchen" and is to make her Metropolitan début in a minor rôle among the Duke's court in "Rigoletto."

Heard but not seen as Verdi's hidden priestess in "Aida" earlier this week will be another new member of Mr. Gatti's company. She is Phradie Wells, and while Miss Guilford gets two lines of official notice, Mrs. Wells has a four-line mention, thus: "Born near Atlanta, Mo. Sang many leading rôles of opera, while teaching music in Kirksville State Teachers' College. Made début in 'Il Trovatore.' Studied in New York with Oscar Saenger. Toured with Dippel Opera Company." It was April 22 last that Mrs. Wells made a first New York appearance in song recital at Aeolian Hall.

Concerning Louise Hunter, another soprano to be heard later on, the following facts are told: "Born in Middletown, Ohio. Studied singing with B. W. Foley, Cincinnati College of Music. Toured with the Little Playhouse Company. Studied in New York with Albert Jeannotte for two years. Sang with de Feo Grand Opera Company, making her début in 'Manon,' also singing in 'Bohème,' 'Martha' and 'Hansel and Gretel.'"

Marcella Roeseler, as to whose advent in this country with visiting Wagner singers last year the prospectus is silent, nevertheless receives gratifying commendation on her present alliance with the house on Broadway. Mme. Roeseler, so runs the narrative, was born in Berlin and showed strong musical talent as a child. She was educated in the Ursulinenkloster, and after her promotion there was examined by Lilli Lehmann and Mme. Orgeni, who gave her excellent testimonials. At the age of 16 she began to study

(Continued on Page 14)

Rudolph Laubenthal, Here Shown in "Lohengrin," to Make His Debut in "Meistersinger."

Louise Hunter, Who Joins the Metropolitan's Growing Group of Native Artists.

Nanette Guilford, Youngest Opera Star, in a Thinking Part in "Rigoletto."

Marcella Roeseler, One of the Recruits From Recent Visiting German Opera.

Merle Alcock, a Distinguished American Contralto, in Her First Opera Season.

(Photos © Mishkin Studio.)

Phradie Wells, to Be Heard but Not Seen as the Hidden Priestess in "Aida."

PLAYWRIGHT OF MUSSOLINI'S NEW ITALY

Luigi Pirandello Who After Writing Sixty-five Novels Now Stalks Stark Truth Upon the Stage

By ELEANOR MARKELL

GALA night in Rome. Notables, literary, artistic and social, gathered to honor Luigi Pirandello, poet, novelist, dramatist, philosopher. "There he is, the man with the pointed beard, gray hair and shining eyes." The word was passed excitedly from group to group of foreigners. "Ecco il Pirandello," said the Italians approvingly, as he was repeatedly called before the curtain—a man in the prime of life, short, wiry, quick in movement, whose unlined face was dominated by intense eyes.

The play, "Ma non è una cosa seria" ("But Not a Serious Matter") was interesting, but the focal point throughout the evening was Pirandello himself, and yet two short years before his plays had been hooted from the stage.

New Yorkers will presently have the opportunity to see this retiring professor, whose dramas have set the capitals of the world talking. For he is to be present at the American premiere of one of his plays. He will come with the same quiet dignity, the same absorption in his work, which are his striking characteristics at home. He lives in Rome on the heights just beyond the old Porto Pia, and there I found him hard at work on his latest play, "Each in His Own Way," which will be seen in New York this season.

I reached Italy this Spring just as the Pirandello wave of enthusiasm was mounting. The French Government had presented him with the Cross of the Légion d'Honneur in recognition of his attainments. His plays were being presented in Milan and Venice, a performance of "Henry the Fourth" was given before a packed house in critical Florence while I was there. I reached Rome to find the gala evening arranged in his honor and hardly a week passed while I was there without a presentation of one of his plays. After I had talked with him I began to understand this nation-wide enthusiasm for the new playwright, for I found the spirit of youth in a man of 56, an eager search for truth coupled with the judgment of years.

Pirandello will not change his views or their expression in the least to win favor; there is no evasion. He hits straight from the shoulder, and one must be alert to keep up with him. His words pour forth in a torrent and his hands outstrip his tongue in expressive movements, while his little brown eyes, birdlike in their brightness, dart questioningly.

"I have lived," said Pirandello, "through the period of the hopes and the bitter disappointments of united Italy. My early life was spent under the influence of that first burst of hope and enthusiasm of that liberated, free, united Italy, but I had hardly reached manhood before those hopes faded, that enthusiasm turned to disillusion. This experience turned my mind early to deeper subjects. What had appeared reality had been proved illusion. I entered that search for truth which is nation-wide today. Each question I submitted to the test—Is it truth, is it illusion?

"Under the stress of the experiences of the last years many of our old theories have gone down. In the social conventions we are reaching out for new standards and in the field of politics under the leadership of Mussolini we have turned from the Marxian program of class struggle and have gone back to our own inspired leader Mazzini and have adopted his ideal of class co-operation, which is better suited to the spirit of our people."

No writer so expresses the spirit of young Italy today as Pirandello, and yet before he took up dramatic writing six years ago he had done enough work for a well-rounded career in novel writing. He has long been known as a novelist of parts and has three hundred and sixty-five novels and short stories to his credit. In these stories must be sought the Pirandellian theories. There are to be found the life principles which after forming for fifty years in his mind he has now given to the world in dramatic form. The vehicle only is new; the thought the cumulative work of a lifetime. Pirandello has dipped deeply into philosophy, and the problems which he puts before us with such dramatic force are those for which modern philosophy searches for answers—the questions which young Italy is feverishly and most earnestly debating.

Few who have not been in Italy since the war realize the depths to which the country had sunk before Mussolini rescued it. It was out of these sobering experiences that young Italy turned to their modern philosopher who could put his theories before them not in dry essays but in living forms on the stage. He answered a need. That was what gave Pirandello his opportunity, and that he was able to voice the new thought of his nation with force and artistic expression explains to a large extent his present vogue. But he is also meeting with marked success in Paris, and now London and New York seem about to fall into line, which would indicate that his plays have in them a universal element, are the expression of no one nation and are for no particular period.

Pirandello was very ready to talk of his work and to make clear his meaning on certain moot points in his plays. Take that brilliant but baffling comedy "Six Characters in Search of an Author," which has puzzled, delighted and intrigued Paris, New York and London. Pirandello explained that the Six Characters who break in upon the rehearsal of a play and demand an opportunity to express themselves are merely conceptions in his mind of characters more or less clear. "The play was an effort," he said, "to represent on the stage states of consciousness; to put into tangible form conceptions of characters as they were taking form in the mind of the author. The conceptions were not all equally clear. Some of the Six Characters—as the Children, for example—were never clearly conceived. That of the Father stood out most sharply in my mind and approached most nearly to a completely conceived character. The Stepdaughter also was almost fully conceived, the Mother was never clearly defined and represented the blind forces of life, while the children were but forms and never really alive."

Luigi Pirandello.

Photo by Henri Manuel.

Pirandello's tragedy "Henry the Fourth" is also illuminated by his interpretation of certain points.

The story is of a young man who after having been mad for twelve years suddenly recovers his sanity. His first impulse is to announce his cure and return to his life. Then he suddenly discovers that his hair is gray. When he was last conscious his hair was black. How many years, then, has he been held in this vise immovable? What will have happened in the world during a time long enough for his hair to gain the hue of age? His fiancée, what has happened to her? Has she waited for him or has the current of her life flowed on past him?

Revealing to no one his mental condition, he learns, by skilful questioning, that life has in fact flowed by, unheeding him. That all his former companions have gone their ways, including his sweetheart, who has married, become a widow and now accepts the attentions of his former rival to a degree which links her name with scandal.

His resolve is taken. Life has tricked him, he will trick life. As a madman he had supposed himself to be Henry IV. of Germany and his attendants were costumed as belonging to his court. He will continue to live as Henry IV. and his revenge will be that every one who appears before him will be obliged to play a part which he will dictate. Not only attendants but all who come will be forced to dance to his tune. Immured in a villa outside of Rome he passes eight years amid the regal splendor of a court dispensing favors and justice with an emperor's hand.

Then suddenly life knocks at the door in the person of his former sweetheart, come with an alienist on his nephew's initiative to see what can be done. It is the first great test to which his deceit has been put; almost he goes down before it. Then recovering himself he pricks the bubble of each of their lives successively and leaves them confused and gasping. But he is not strong enough to continue the pretense. In a weak moment he lets his attendants know the truth. To resume the game he finds impossible. Yet his place in the old life has been filled and it is too late to make another for himself. In a moment of rage, thinking himself insulted by his old rival, and himself scarcely conscious of whether he is in reality the emperor or not, he calls his faithful attendants about him and seizing one of their daggers plunges it through the rival's heart. He who played with life for eight years must now pay the price for his pretense. Nothing is left for him but to remain immured through life in this living death.

I asked Pirandello if when Henry IV. recovered consciousness it was the discovery of the faithlessness of the woman he had loved which determined him not to return to life. "Yes," he answered, "that was the emotional reason, but back of that lies another and far more important reason based upon the inevitable law that man must ever go forward. There is no place for him to return to the past."

Seven Italian companies are now playing this drama.

One of the newly translated plays, "The Life Which I Gave to Thee," was written for Duse and there is a possibility that she may give it while in America this Winter. This is the story of a mother's devotion for a son; of his sudden death, and of her fierce determination that he shall not be accounted dead. To this end she continues the correspondence with her son's sweetheart in his name that he may continue to live in the heart of this other woman who loves him. Finally driven by a presentment, she knows not of what, but which must be obeyed, the woman to whom the letters are written leaves her husband and children to reach her beloved. Desperately the poor mother tries to keep the truth from her when suddenly upon the scene appears that other mother, the mother of the woman herself, struggling to avert a catastrophe in her daughter's life. The two mothers meet and in the face of this living tragedy the dead young man's mother admits her deceit just as the young woman of the romance bursts in upon them. She reads the truth in the two mothers' faces and her heartbroken cry sounds for the one mother the real death of her son. He has ceased to live for his beloved. He is in truth gone forever.

This is one of the latest plays to come from Pirandello's pen. Indeed, it was so recently completed as to be still a part of himself. He found it difficult to speak of it as freely as of his other works. "It is quite different from anything I have written previously," he said, "and more nearly I think pure art, and yet the entire work took me less than a month."

His still later work, "Each In His Own Way," is still in manuscript. In a way it is the complement of "Six Characters," which was a representation of the creatures of an author's brain while in the act of conception. "Each In His Own Way," on the other hand, is the presentation of the finished product and of the action and interaction between the stage and the audience of the result.

The contrast between these plays and "But Not A Serious Matter" shows the range of his genius. "But Not A Serious Matter" is the triumph of spontaneous life, of foolishness, of unreasonableness. It shows the success of the spontaneous life against man-made forms and the means used to attain that success.

"There is not one reason, one right," Pirandello said, "but as many reasons and rights as there are individuals and for the same individual as many as the feeling creates in infinite variations. Every character from his particular point of view is right and there is no unique and higher point of view from which to judge the other."

Pirandello is of those whom he himself describes as men who have leaned over the abyss of life to look at the movement of the incoherent and contradictory current of life. Such men, he says, have understood the conventions for what they really are—transitional, frail and brittle—and are thereby liberated from their dominion. Conventions, he says, must not hold man and yet man cannot throw them away, for they are his only refuge against the fierce storm of life.

AN UNLOQUACIOUS AMBASSADOR

Alanson B. Houghton, Who Practices Diplomatic Silence in Berlin

By HORACE GREEN

TO an intelligent American the word "Ambassador" suggests distinguished names of the type of Benjamin Franklin, John Quincy Adams, John Hay, Whitelaw Reid and Joseph Hodges Choate. And nearly every one knows, or knows something about, our modern Ambassadors, such as the late Walter Hines Page, Brand Whitlock and Myron Herrick at Paris, not to mention the Hon. George McClellan Harvey of Peacham and, occasionally, Saint James's.

Our diplomats' names are apt to be bandied about, for one reason because the job requires a certain social loquacity of the kind that is prerequisite with opening bazaars, attending unveilings and dedications, and making no end of after-dinner speeches. The primary consequence is that words of the slightest public interest are pounced upon and twisted by the thirsty press; and the secondary consequence, that Mr. Ambassador must square himself by cabling explanations and denials, which in turn are printed and reprinted. If memory serves, it was John Hay who said, "An Ambassador is of no use to reporters unless he makes a blunder." Another reason why American Ambassadors are talked about is because the majority have been persons of at least journalistic, if not literary, ability—a type which has occasionally been known to indulge in the expression of ideas. The rebound, either for good or bad, makes for a certain notoriety.

One of the writer's hobbies (with apologies for personal illustration) has been the study of Ambassadors and Ministers. He has dined with "Jimmy" Gerard in Berlin; has been rescued from jail by Dr. van Dyke in Holland; was in Brussels with Whitlock during the German occupation; saw Hugh Gibson during the bombardment of Antwerp; has traveled with Richard Washburn Child, motored with the late Joseph Hodges Choate and golfed with Colonel Harvey.

To these talking and talked-about emissaries there is a notable exception. He is Alanson B. Houghton, the present American Ambassador to withering Germany. Houghton is seldom spoken of, in print or otherwise, and nine times out of ten the mention of his name results in conversational vacuum or, at best, comments like:

"Spell it." "Who is he?" "Oh, is he really?" To one who has also enjoyed the privilege of this Ambassador's acquaintance and hospitality, Mr. Houghton stands as a curious and interesting phenomenon. In fact, he presents a new word in the dictionary of diplomacy. He sets an entirely new standard. He makes no speeches, attends no functions, doesn't talk for quotation, gives few chances for misquotation. He is the antithesis of the modern slogan "It pays to advertise." He is to Ambassadors what Coolidge, at the time of Harding's death, was to Presidents, and what John W. Davis is to Presidential candidates: an unexplored silence. But in Houghton's case it is the more remarkable. For it is not natural. It is acquired.

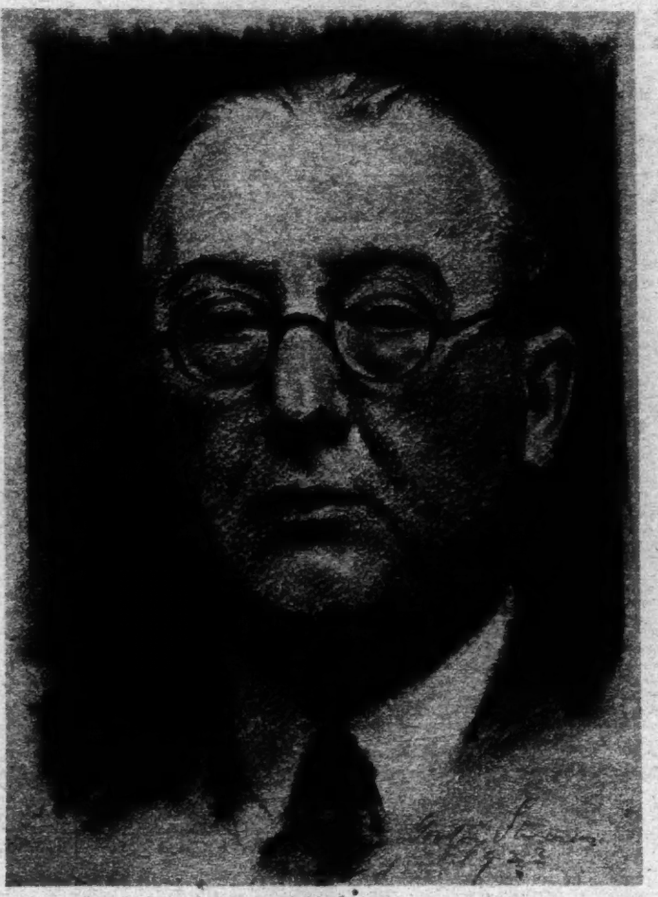
Think of it! He has been an intimate party to foreign events of greater interest to America and to the world than any since the signing of the Versailles Treaty. He has watched from across Unter den Linden the rise and fall of the Wirth-Rathenau Government and the Ebert régime, the rise and fall of the Cuno Ministry in Germany, the rise of the Stresemann Ministry and the end of passive resistance in the Ruhr. He has seen the spread of Bolshevist tendencies and the reasons for them; has watched the rise of the Bavarian Nationalists, between whom and the French demands Stresemann stands as between the devil and the deep sea; the outbreak of civil war that may spell the disintegration of Bismarck's kingdom. All these events Houghton has observed from a detached, though sensitive, American viewpoint. No so long ago, after attending the so-called Council of Ambassadors in London (which as a matter of fact was no council; and thereby hangs a tale), he crossed to America with Colonel Harvey. The lanky Ambassador to England and the shorter Ambassador to Germany could be seen together in earnest conversation in the stateroom; on deck they pretended boredom. Houghton then sojourned in Washington, conferring fully with the late President and Secretary Hughes.

But through it all Mr. Houghton managed to keep his views, his words, almost his very name, out of the papers! The fact you may be sure is no mere chance. It is part of a carefully thought out and strictly followed plan. He once gave an opening. That was just before sailing to take up the work left vacant by the war when he made an innocuous after-dinner remark to the effect that the war was over and that the job was to consolidate Europe in friendship, as well as in finance. It was blazoned around the country and pounced upon by Ambassador Jusserand as indication that the United States had sent a pro-German Ambassador to the Wilhelmstrasse. That put the seal on silence.

He is said to sympathize deeply with German suffering, at the same time appreciating that many of the causes leading to it are self-inflicted. One fancies he is sore at heart because of his inability to influence an idealistic solution. For Houghton is the personification of that hackneyed phrase, "American big business"—outwardly an iron-fisted executive, down deep a soft-hearted idealist. The contradiction runs from top to bottom. In appearance well-groomed, efficient, smooth-geared, humorous; inwardly sober, with a deeply religious trend, sympathetic, depressed by the state of Europe and America's inability to help.

Suppose that the visitor sees him for the first time at the head of his own table in Berlin—ten or twelve present, including Mrs. Houghton and children—at one of those routine luncheons which Madame Ambassador has to serve in honor of Mrs. Robinson-Jones, whose husband is an "important citizen" and has produced an introduction from a second cousin at home.

One observes a clean-shaven, round-faced, round-bodied man with a beautifully cut suit of gray herringbone, a starched white vest (such as Mr. Harding used to wear on Cabinet days) peeking out at the top and spats peeking out at the bottom. There is the fresh-washed complexion, the nose they say means character, the straight-parted steel-gray hair that goes so well at 60 (though he looks younger), the general bearing of the successful man reaping the reward of well-earned fruits. He might be a hero of the American Magazine, except for one thing; that is a huge pair of owlish, black-rimmed spectacles—the kind invented by poets and copyrighted by Harold Lloyd. Around these spectacles and the philosophic eyes they shield the whole body seems somehow to revolve. There is a momentary question as to which indicates the man—prosperous propriety or soulful spectacles? Eternal facts confirm the former, for your lunch partner tells you his business is manufacturing glass. He had gone to Corning, N. Y., had become General Manager, President for ten years and finally Chairman of the Board of the famous Corning Glass Works. Then he had branched out, had become Vice President of the Ephraim Coal and Coke Company and for eight years director of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. So the visitor racks his head for practical ideas; the size of German deposits in foreign banks, currency deflation, value of Ruhr coal deposits, and so on. Instead he is waylaid by talk of American journalism, the philosophy of international hate, possible changes in the German Constitution, the pitiful German children in their paper clothes. The visitor goes away marveling at his ignorance of character. Not clothes, but spectacles, make the man.



Alanson B. Houghton, Ambassador to the German Republic.

From a Drawing by Gordon Stevenson.

Later, a State Department friend adds to the complex. It seems Houghton was born in Cambridge, Mass., and started with a Harvard education. He was studious, not fraternal. He got a Phi Beta Kappa. Instead of selling shoestrings, his spare time went into editing the Harvard Crimson and becoming founder of the Harvard Monthly. He studied at Paris and Göttingen. He nearly had the misfortune to drift into a literary career. Suddenly something killed the urge to manufacture words. He manufactured glass. He became a prominent member of the Episcopal Church. Eventually he went to Congress, was put on the Foreign Affairs Committee during his first term, and the Ways and Means Committee during his second term. He became "the best Ambassador we have," as they call him at the department, and above all the most unobtrusive, most silent. Who, what supplied the inspiration? One merely mentions that marriage had long ago brought a reasonable assortment of vivid and attractive dependents.

There remains today the unofficial humor, the official silence, and, as a concession to literary days, the spectacles. Of the humor there are many examples, usually by way of quaint expression. When he went from Berlin to London last Fall it was on a shopping tour, as every one thought, not on a diplomatic mission. Naturally the papers made a crisis out of it, and because he ran into Fletcher and eventually Harvey they said the State Department had ordered a Council of Ambassadors. His secretaries told him, so runs the story:

"You will have to give some reasons for the London visit. Reporters are panting for news."

"Tell them I came to get pants," with the truthful answer.

How firm has been his silence is illustrated by the following episode:

France and Germany never came so near an understanding as during the Spring of 1922, when Rathenau endeavored to carry out his fulfillment policy. But Stinnes, although ostensibly hand-in-hand with Rathenau, was suspected of engineering a counter-current to put Rathenau in the "defeatist" camp. Houghton did more than any other individual to bring Rathenau and Stinnes together. In the rear second floor of the American Embassy in Berlin on the Wilhelm Platz is a little council chamber, with white stucco walls and comfortable wicker chairs overlooking a sort of Mexican patio. In Summer quantities of foliage overhang the balcony. Here coffee and liqueurs are served, while noiseless butlers retire, closing the silent doors. Over the cigars one leans back comfortably in a setting which calls for confidences.

Here on the evening, and far into the morning of June 24, 1922, three men sat in wicker chairs discussing affairs of gravest importance. They were Hugo Stinnes, Walter Rathenau and Alanson B. Houghton. What was said during that prolonged conference, how far the American was able to reconcile the conflicting personalities of Germany's iron octopus and her treaty-fulfilling Chancellor, only two living persons know; for Rathenau, having expressed his belief that Germany must stretch every nerve to pay the last farthing, received an assassin's bullet a few hours later.

Some time later an American visitor sat over the coffee cups, on this same balcony, with Ambassador Houghton. The servants had retired. For fifteen or twenty minutes they puffed and talked affairs at home. Long before that the visitor had heard in roundabout fashion the interesting situations to which Mr. Houghton had been a party, and moved by his host's cordiality no less than by the atmosphere of the present occasion, he was tempted to put a question:

"Mr. Ambassador, who was responsible for Rathenau's murder?"

Now, it has been insinuated that the subject of this sketch is as tight-mouthed as is consistent with courtesy; that he abhors being mentioned in dispatches; that to quote him is a capital offense. But one can always take a chance, and break the rule. For his answer was the sensational kind which inevitably stirs up trouble the world over. He hesitated the length of a puff, rose slowly; then, taking his caller by the arm, and glancing mysteriously toward the tightly closed doors, he whispered in the ear the diplomatic confidence:

"Would you like to play some golf?"

NO MEAN CITIES OF THE MIDDLE WEST

(Continued from Page 4)

The city sprawls a little, but is fresh and vigorous, though a little lacking in the orderly progression which makes for a well-planned city. It has overtaken its own ambition, and has not yet adjusted itself to the idea of being one of the great industrial centres. While the world moves on wheels Detroit will endure.

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THE Middle West is a vast plain, with great rivers, enormous lakes and little hills. Through endless scorching Summer days I sat in a rushing train and watched the farmer and his family, under a blistering, brazen sun, harvesting, often harvesting a crop that won't pay.

There are cattle lands and cowboys, snug cottages and lonely ranches. It is a vast territory, fairly fertile, but receiving inadequate returns for its efforts.

Take Kansas, where more than half the farms are held on short leases. The land must deteriorate. The lessee sucks them dry, as it were. Exhausts their productivity and then moves on. Co-operative efforts which build for future prosperity are difficult of accomplishment where there is little permanence or stability. Industrial prosperity is a favored rival.

The first lesson to be learned in international relations is that what is different is not necessarily wrong. Different countries try different remedies, for the primary producer is always a problem. New Zealand, with about half a century of agricultural development in its history and 12,000 miles from its market, is now exporting more cheese than any other country, and is second alone to Denmark in the output of butter. Last month the Government entirely removed income tax from the farmers, but they still pay the graduated land tax.

It would be well for all America to see what lies in that fertile valley of the Mississippi called the Middle West, to learn a little more of its country cousins and how they live. City dwellers are apt to despise the rural people. The Middle West is the core of America. The test of fruit is the soundness of the core. Look well to the core!

KNIGHTS OF THE MAHOGANY

An Ancient and Honorable Company of Gourmets Who Knew Not Volstead.

By CHARLES J. ROSEBAULT

ALL honor to the veterans! If there are only a few survivors of that valiant society which fought so nobly to maintain their high ideals, the more reason for indicating our appreciation. Let every hat be doffed and all make low obeisance. Here are worthy signors to whom this mighty cosmopolis owes much, important factors in its evolution. Variously known as Knights of the Mahogany, Knights of the Groaning Board and the Remnant Club, their organization once stirred to envy and to admiration some of the greatest among us.

It seems but the other night that a group of us watched them issue from the elevator on the second floor and proceed in all their majesty to the smaller dining room reserved for their use. Leaders every one of them, as would have been manifest to the least understanding eye. As we watched, breathless with interest, we also speculated audibly as to the contents of the parcels borne by some. Notable was the extreme care with which these were carried, the caution which guarded them from contact with wall or furniture or other hard substance—even from jostling by other members passing by. Here was that, more precious than the wealth of Ormus and of Ind, and not to be trusted to hands less discerning than those which clutched them so zealously.

Colonel Henry Watterson, in his "History of the Manhattan Club," refers to the organization of these doughty warriors in an off-hand way as one of the wheels within wheels, that is, as a coterie apart from the general membership, devoted to a particular interest, but even so penetrative an intellect as the Kentucky editor's failed to grasp its real significance. Not surprising, really, seeing that the Colonel was only an occasional visitor to New York, and therefore could not be personally cognizant of the strivings and operations which set these men apart from their fellows. Even among the daily visitors to the Manhattan Club there were few who realized their importance, even fewer who could appreciate them with the understanding of the actual participants. Naturally. Not without good reason was one admitted among the elect. There had to be knowledge and experience as well as God-given talent.

However, it is to the labors of the Colonel that we owe the preservation of this ditty, original with one of the Knights, and frequently recited at their meetings by Sylvester J. O'Sullivan:

There was an old hen that had a wooden leg;
'Twas the best old hen that ever laid an egg.
She laid more eggs than any chicken on the farm—
Another little drink won't do us any harm.

Alas, the survivors, both because of advancing years, with their restraint upon initiative and indulgence, and unpropitious circumstance, have had to abandon the fruitful labors of yore, and must content themselves with plaudits of the appreciative and fragrant memories of past performance. As these veterans repose before their firesides we may readily imagine what visions of a glorious past may appear in the dancing flames.

The cover has been lifted from the great tureen and the delicious odors of the finest turtle soup that ever excited mortal palate have risen to the nostrils of the company. No ordinary sherry gave to it that unapproachable flavor, that piquancy which only a poet could describe. No. That golden liquid came from grapes untouched by the phylloxera. It had been lovingly placed in wood years before that blight had descended upon the vineyards of Xerxes.

We can follow the growing excitement as the pompano is brought to table—alive it came in a tank from its Southern home waters—à la meunière, with potatoes Parisienne. Then a sweetbread piqué à la jardinière, preceding the pièce de résistance, a redhead duck with sweet potatoes glacé and hearts of lettuce. Finally a camembert and royal Stilton, both thoroughly ripe. As for the wines, the liqueurs and brandy, our tears blot out the vision. How can one dwell upon such things when Liberty lies prostrate before Volstead!

The unenlightened may fancy that the Knights of the Mahogany were mere revelers, self-indulgent voluptuaries who made idols of their bellies; but that is ever the attitude of the ignorant toward subjects beyond their limited understanding. Fortunately, a roster of the sons of chivalry is sufficient answer. The officers were those enlightened and universally respected legal luminaries of the higher courts, Judges Van Brunt, Truax and Morgan J. O'Brien. The members included August and Perry Belmont, Randolph Guggenheimer, Judges Gildersleeve and Ingraham, Willard Brown, R. A. C. Smith, Frederick B. Tilghman, John Lynn, Controller Ashbel P. Fitch and Hermann Oelrichs. These gentlemen were leaders in all that was worthy in the activities of our beloved city.

It must be borne in mind that in the height of their careers there was no portent on the horizon to warn of the coming of Volstead, no indication that the art of dining would soon become obsolete and gastronomy a lost science within the boundaries of these United States. Interested as they were in developing taste and refinement of perception in the community, convinced that in the evolution of New York into a world capital the gourmet would wield no less influence than his brother artists, they strove with all their splendid talents and energies to perfect themselves for the task of enlightening their fellow-citizens against that splendid morrow which their prescience and judgment told them must burst upon Manhattan within determinable time.

Has there ever been a period in all the eons of history when the professors of esthetics did not place high the appreciation of good victuals and good wine? Has there ever been a capital since the days of Babylon whose repute among strangers did not rest largely upon the character of its catering?

To make New York another Paris in the matter of cuisine was the purpose of these wise men, and to be leaders in so great an undertaking it was imperative that they should themselves be thoroughly informed. Hence these extraordinary repasts, these samplings of the finest wines, this sitting in judgment upon the delicacies of the world, likewise upon the skill with which they prepared them. Though they realized the dangers of their enterprise, the penalty they must pay, none faltered. There was the job and mastered it must be. Sooner or later each and all must succumb. Well, so be it. If they but reached their goal, if the findings from their experience could be passed on to other heroes qualified and willing to be the torchbearers for a coming generation they had not striven and fallen in vain. Of course. Volstead—but how could they dream?

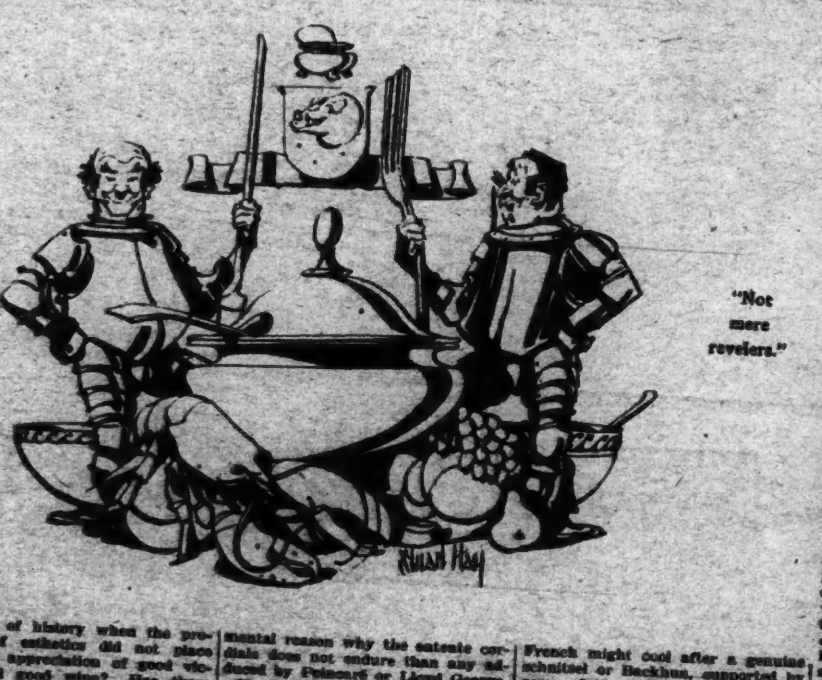
"Forsaking home and office, he traveled across the continent."

The untutored have, of course, no sense of the value of the gourmet either in esthetic or practical directions. What's the use of making such a fuss about food, so long as there's enough and filling? The varying substance required to keep the body going, that is all it is to them. When one hears these men—and women are quite as dense—one cannot but wonder at the affection of the average American for the French. How can there be understanding between two peoples when the one flouts the most cherished ideal of the other? In a famous French cookbook the author says of the English: "They cook their vegetables in water; that is sufficient." The sentence stands alone on the page. It is all that the author deigns to say about the English cuisine. It is a more eloquent and more fundamental reason why the entente cordiale does not endure than any adduced by Poincaré or Lloyd George.

The Knights of the Round Table had no illusions about their undertaking. They knew that it was almost impossible to awaken the popular mind to the large part played by a refined palate in the development of culture, in the discovery of new foodstuffs and the invention of new methods of using both old and new, but a beginning had to be made by somebody and they were willing to be the sacrificial heroes.

Sufficient for them that there was practical value in the education they were planning. Students of history, they were well aware that on occasion a high reputation for excellence of cuisine has availed to change the whole trend of world affairs, and that, in one instance at least, a great nation owed its rescue from the slough of despond to the fascinations exerted by its chefs upon the enemy.

With the defeat of Napoleon, France was compelled to pay huge sums to the allies, and there was general apprehension that the nation would be bankrupt. On the contrary, the payments were met without difficulty, loans were oversubscribed, credit improved and the balance of exchange was favorable, showing that more money was entering the country than was leaving it. How explain this, with the millions going regularly to the conquerors? Simply this: The German, Austrian, English and Russian officers, having learned to appreciate the excellence of the Paris restaurants during the occupation, could not when peace came remain away. They brought with them their friends, and the money they spent more than made good what was demanded as the spoils of war. Who shall say to what extent Vienna, which has an unsurpassed cuisine of its own, has saved the day for Austria, while Berlin, with its surplus of dark gravies and grease, has been the undoing of Germany. Even the rancors of the French might cool after a genuine schnitzel or Backhun, supported by some of the excellent native wines aged in the Rathaus, while they could only wax warmer upon formidable potroasts and gefüllte Gans.



"Not mere revelers."

The Knights of the Mahogany met monthly through the season, but it must not be supposed that it was only once in thirty days that they gave their mental and physical energies to the object of their meetings. In fact, membership depended as much upon the willingness to devote one's self as fully as the circumstances of life would permit to the common cause as upon having the means and the talent to make worth-while contribution. Every member was expected to bring some rare dish or its equivalent in liquid refreshment to the festal board, not a task easy of accomplishment in a club famous throughout the land for the excellence both of its cellar and its kitchens. Naturally, there developed the keenest competition among the Knights, each seeking to outdo his fellows in the delicacy and rarity of his offerings.

One of the survivors recalls with gusto some of these contributions. On one occasion one of the knights was missing from his usual haunts for some weeks before the monthly meeting. When he appeared again in the club parlors there was a glint in his eyes which warned his associates that his absence bore upon their common undertaking and that he felt he had a surprise for them. Sure enough, when they gathered around the mahogany, and had tucked in their napkins, they found up on the menu an item not to be found anywhere else in the entire city. Tenderloin of venison bedded in wild rice was the tidbit, and a wonderful dish it must have been, for my informant's eyes were glowing as he described the tenderness, the delicacy and the exquisite flavor thereof. Twenty years had passed and his palate still quivered over the recollection.

It appeared that the knight responsible therefor had seen an item in a Western newspaper which told of the unusual flavor of the venison from a certain section of Montana. Forsaking home and office, he traveled across the continent, plunged into the wilds and got his buck. But that was only a part of it. If it were true that the meat of these deer excelled all others, there must be a reason, and this, too, must be discovered. That was where the rice came in. After days of search over a country desolate and inaccessible, our knight came upon a field of wild rice which had been the feeding grounds of the deer thereabout. And that rice, saturated with the juices of the roasted venison, was no small part of the dish as finally served.

The knights of this world, whether riding forth for adventure as did Don Quixote, or swearing fealty to an ideal in our own days, have always had their trials and afflictions. Only a real gourmet can appreciate the agony which overwhelmed one of our heroes when word came just before the sitting down that the oyster crabs he had ordered had failed to arrive. After much effort he had found a fisherman upon the shores of Chesapeake Bay who was adept in securing these creatures, and a supply was to have been shipped by special messenger from Baltimore that very day. Every precaution had been taken against mishap. The conductor of the Baltimore express had been liberally tipped to see that the messenger had every facility, a cab was waiting at the station in Jersey City, due allowance had been made for ordinary delays, and the baked bluefish, which was to serve as the foundation for the crabs had been timed for the moment when they should be crisply fried.

Alas a hot box—contrivance of the devil—had interfered! The caviar had been disposed of, the soup was being actually served, and still no messenger. Undoubtedly the crabs would come too late. What was to have been a triumph loomed up as disgrace. Drops of perspiration appeared upon a manly brow, and though he concealed his misery, as true knights ever do, it was gnawing at his vitals. Only by will power was he able to consume his soup. The exquisite madeira, the prize of a year's searching, whose perfume was calling forth ecstatic comments from the rest of the company, soured upon his rebellious palate. The plates were being cleared, the last moment had come—but, heaven be praised!

(Continued on Page 15)

THE WORLD OF ART:

Woodstock Painters, Maine Etchings and British Drawings

"Girl Under a Tree." By John Hoppner.

In Fitz-Roy Carrington Exhibition.

WOODSTOCK abroad gives a somewhat different impression from Woodstock at home. For one thing the younger group has cut loose from the conservatives and walks with a lordlier stride. At the New Gallery, where a special "Woodstock Exhibition" is now open, there are no conservatives and the stride has a spectacular quality. Aggressive is the word.

A number of the paintings go to extremes in visualizing emotions in a way to give great relief to the artist, no doubt, but no corresponding satisfaction to those assisting at the demonstration. Physicians and novelists are all for the theory that cursing is salutary, but only when there is some one around to listen to it. Hence the need of the public, perhaps, for Julian de Miskey's "Summer." Loud and deep it is, and calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of even a jolly, jolly tar. Yet behind all this expression there is not much to express. The "Nude" by the same artist tells the story. The discovered plasticity of the medium is enjoyed as a child would enjoy it. Dough rising spongily under the kneading hand gives the same delight. There is no research into the organism of a human being.

The Dutch painter hailing from Woodstock, Gerrit Hondius, while no more conciliating, insists upon facts with a tonic harshness. Having got his facts he at once violently distorts them to prove his compositional point, but there they are, just the same, the bone and sinew of his work. In art we have got around to the Charlotte Brontë ideal of sweetness and light as embodied in the immortal Rochester. In a modernist exhibition little Jane Eyre could be counted upon to thrill with admiration and say to every picture: "How wonderful you are!" or the early nineteenth century equivalent for that poisonous phrase. And some of them are rather wonderful. The paintings by William E. Schumacher, for example, enigmatical in their simplifications but holding the spiritual significance that was genuine with Greco and is genuine now with the less passionate temperament. Nothing is said in "The Garden" about religion, but religion is there, behind the schematic arrangement, tier upon tier of flowery color rising to a complete abstraction in geometrical shapes; behind the concentrated emotion of the woman's figure standing simply at the right place to focus attention, even behind the figure of the man spading and that of the child. Against the background of the other pictures, most of them so direct, innocent of sentiment or tradition or anything involved with the interior life of a human being, this picture and "The Woodchopper" are filled with a complicated psychology. One might ask Maeterlinck to translate "The Woodchopper" into words that would mean something, but its power lies in the untranslatable quality of the performance.

And, since Greco's name has been mentioned, it is an easy transition to Warren Wheelock, whose elongations out-Greco the flaming Cretan. The difference seems to be this: Greco's elongated forms do suggest flame, the upward soaring of a passionate spirit by which the substance of flesh is consumed. The flesh is ragged, twisted, lean, the nervous line cuts like a sword; Wheelock's forms are rounded and firm, of the beautiful earth, earthy. What does one need of exaltation, ardor, passion, when one's eyes are filled with curves and bosses and thick soft contours, making women and children, men and beasts of the same substance as the ripe fruits of the earth? One may leave flames and lightnings to a generation believing that by fire and by His sword the Lord would choose to plead with all flesh.

Among the exhibits the one that probably will lead to most discussion is Wheelock's "Lincoln" carved in wood. If St. Francis or St. Michael had been chosen for the subject of this superb carving there would, of course, have been no discussion. One may say anything of the dead, but to America Lincoln still is living.

It would seem to the hero-worshipper for whom Lincoln's friendly naturalness and humanity belong essentially to any conception of him that the artist has tampered seriously with the beloved image. A head generalized, although keeping within its rococo outline the recognizable features undistorted and certainly undegraded; a neck exaggerated in length and with no suggestion of bony structure; a tiny body, one hand grasping a roll of paper.

It is a Lincoln who belongs with medieval grotesques, with gargoyles. Nevertheless it breathes a spirit of mildness and strength that should be Lincoln. Obviously it is an ideal conceived in reaction to the classic. And the handling of the tool in developing from the material its furthest expression could not be surpassed. Craftsmanship of a high order.

The "Coq d'Or," also a brilliant bit of craftsmanship and characterization, is a less difficult feat. One hears the high detached voice of the operatic bird. It is to be cast in plaster, some one says, and thereby, of course, destroyed, since the wood has a definite part to play in its expressiveness.

In the Lincoln and in the Gallic cock form is considered organically, but quaintly in terms of vegetable organism. In each case one form grows out of another as a flower or plant unfolds. This is quite the right thing today, when to construct a human being humanly is indeed old hat. It is the pride of the modernist that where the old men imitated he organizes. But he is inclined to imitate organization. And the simple organization of plant forms is apt to be used instead of the magnificent complexity of the human form. That is a tendency of weakness. There is nothing gained by making a woman grow like a tulip when she might be growing like a woman. Nothing gained, except a lessening of work for the artist.

In spite of the crudity of the enlarged scale and the physical violence of the color, Judson Smith's "Torso" commands respect because it so unmistakably is an attempt to penetrate to the innermost secrets of constructive anatomy. His "Portrait of Señor Santo" also commands respect for its candid air. Some letters recently have been published in which Baudelaire flatly contradicts in private comment his printed praise of Victor Hugo. Many a portrait seems to be printed praise of that quality. The "Señor Santo" says nothing its author need recant to knowing friends.

Another portrait that adds beauty to its accomplishment is that of Emil Schnebel by Konrad Cramer, sound and solid beneath a fluttering touch immensely soothing after sledge-hammer brushwork. To realize how these young men do as a rule bear on, it is only necessary to turn to the lovely work of Pascin still loitering in an inner room of the gallery. How like seafoam the pigment drifts across the canvas. Just as much truth as a Judson Smith, only by a happy chance truth that is all supple delicacy and grace. The watermelon pink and green darting across Mr. Cramer's palette also has a cheering effect.

Alexander Altenburg's tomato red of early Autumn, the climbing roads of Lucile Blanch and Hermon More, Paul Rohland's beautiful "Harbour-Cassis" with its clouded blues, Charles Rosen's mallow handsome steepie, the honest knobby tree trunk of Neal Ives, Henry Mattson's cold, thick "Winter Landscape" have each the note of vivid interest and understanding.

Peggy Bacon's drawings have the bright agility of the acrobat; she likes to show interiors with intimate details and profiles of dreadful verisimilitude. "The Doctor" and "Paradise" are the most entertaining. Other drawings are a relief from the weight of pigment as most of the painters use it. Arnold Blanch draws a bunch of flowers with a staccato touch, Lucile Blanch some roses in a glass gentlest legato.

Henry McFee's contributions to the exhibition had not arrived at the time of writing and Andrew Dasburg's also were laggards, removing the two most rewarding painters in the Woodstock group from the range of this notice. Photographs of Mr. McFee's work show the care for essential characteristics shown in all his portraiture and his thoughtful temperamental line. "Apples in a Hat," whatever the color may be, is a valuable lesson for the noble army of followers of Cézanne. Cézanne's line is anything but temperamental though of thoughtfulness it is all compact. Its simplicity is misleading. The followers imitate the simplicity and leave out the thoughtfulness and, of course, refrain from personal contribution.

Mr. McFee has taken an ideal Cézanne subject. A horrid old soft hat bending into exquisite vagaries of direction, a tramp hat, its brim loafing along a wandering course, nothing prim or steady or sober or respectable about it. The apples snuggle into it in perfect comfort, the one outside on a book obviously yearning to get away from such literary association and into the hat with the other boys. The table serving as support for hat and book and apples has bow legs and a crinkled rim; something about the crinkle adds humor to the composition. Cézanne never did anything so witty and subtle although many a thing of deeper compositional significance.

Ernest Haskell this Summer has been doing Maine. "How's the body?" asks the Maine man by way of a morning greeting. "Pret' rugged," comes the Maine answer. And pret' rugged they are; etchings of the region about Bath, pure etching with two exceptions, and the cleanest, firmest, handiest, plates in Mr. Haskell's plump portfolio. They hang for a couple of weeks at the Anderson Galleries.

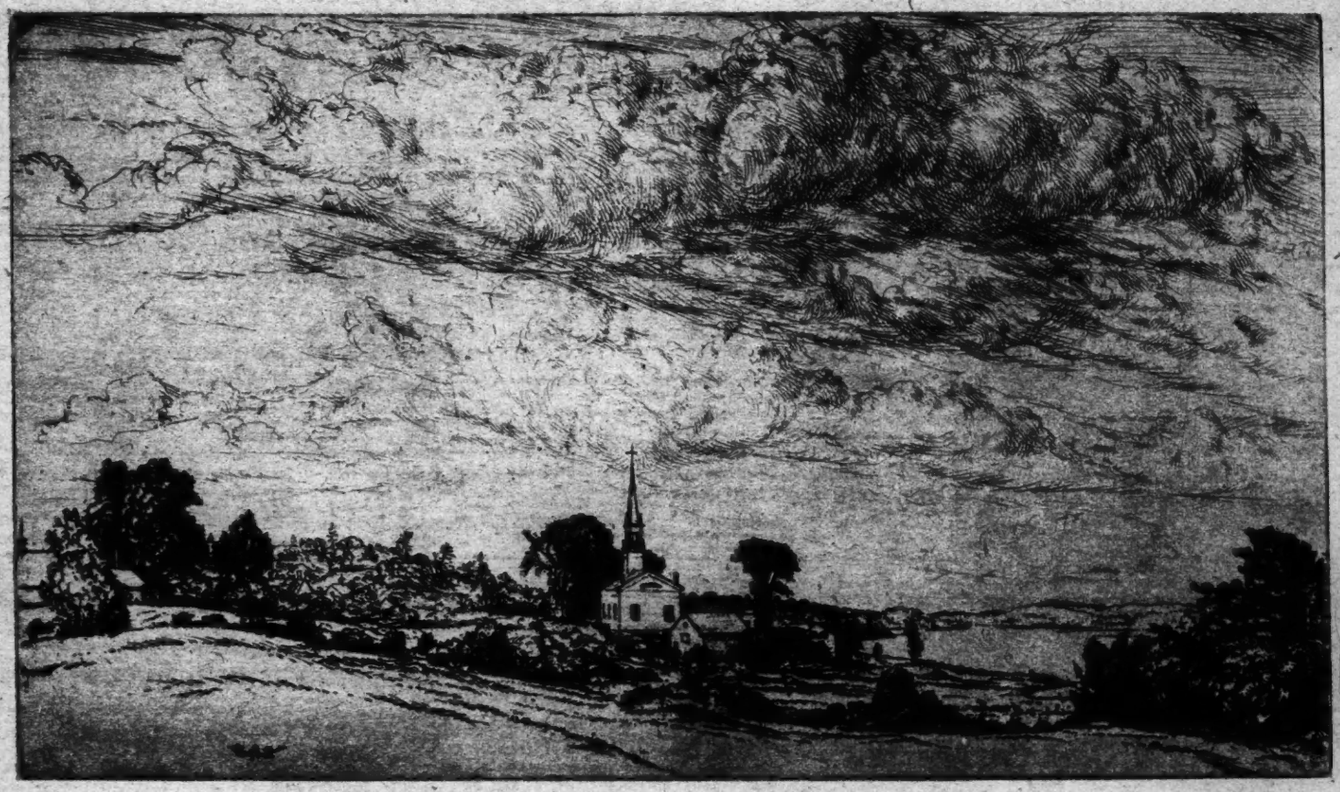
Trees play star parts, of course, willows, oaks and elms, but they are less isolated, much more closely related to their surroundings than in the Western plates. The sky is given a chance at true drama and successfully avails itself even when it has nothing to do but present a space empty of clouds. A Dune sitting quietly with her back to the audience. The back tells the audience there is murder in the air.

No murder in Maine, however—a pleasant river, wide stretches of hayfield, the plainest, homeliest barns and sheds in the world, little churches with sharp steeples, rickety fences, farm tools lying untidily about, an inland Maine back from the coast, and so enticing and refreshing that any homing Maine man might cry as old Polyphemus to his dear sweet apple, Galatea: "Now who would choose the sea and his waves and a home like this forego!" Mr. Haskell has felt the spirit of place as never before, but it is not that, of course, that gives these etchings their special excellence.

The excellence lies in the overcoming of extraordinary difficulties with the most direct method. One plate shows a simple farmyard scene framed by the arch of two splendid

Maine. Etching by Ernest Haskell.

In Exhibition at Anderson Galleries.



"River Sanctuary." From an Etching by Ernest Haskell.

In Exhibition at Anderson Gallery.

trees. An enormous tree at the right, slightly further in at the left another tree of lighter girth and more graciously inclining, behind the big tree a clapboard structure, behind the slim tree another, and, still further in, a crooked little fence staggering toward the open fields, the foreground open, yet full of business. Not a drypoint line for richness, not a cast shadow, not a touch of chiaroscuro, not even linear perspective to help the observer on his travels toward the interior of his composition. Everything precisely in place, the planes perfectly defined, marching with a beautiful naturalness toward the horizon, nothing mussy or muzzy, the light sparkling. A plate to rejoice the soul of an etcher born, one would think, yet one that any ordinary intelligence may delight in.

Another plate, "Phippsburg," was inspired, according to the artist's own account, by Rembrandt's famous "Six's Bridge," beloved of Mr. Haskell, though not of Mr. Pennell. The Haskell plate is in no degree or detail an imitation. A swiftly moving panorama struck the artist as the thing Rembrandt had accomplished and the thing he himself wished to accomplish. His work has a more workmanlike aspect than the Dutch print, his panorama moves more swiftly, his composition is finer; in artistic quality this particular plate is far ahead of the noble Rembrandt's. And the subject hardly could be more delightful. The Kennebec glides with a charming smoothness between banks jeweled with the tiny houses and little bush and tree ornament of which Mr. Haskell is master and which he evokes here with more than his usual mastery. In the foreground a deeply studied tree, sap flowing vigorously through its limbs, branches intricately outlined against the sky, the typical red oak of the region.

All the Maine trees are in the vein of true portraiture by an artist familiar with the type. There is none of the overemphasis upon obvious eccentricity haunting the trees of the West, as he saw them, with less accustomed eyes. But those who know say that he should not leave his Maine for whatever regions of picturesqueness without doing the Kennebunk elm, the Hamlet of the play by local consent.

Charm of subject aside—and it is Mr. Haskell's own fault that his subject holds so much of interest for the man who knows what he likes—the technical interest of these clean-wiped plates is great. They convey the conviction that line will do whatever you ask it to do for you; that the artist who falls back on tone or burr as aid to romantic sentiment merely is saving trouble. It is a quite unworthy conviction, of course, as all expedients in the hands of a great artist deliver a message to be welcomed; but so few push a line to its furthest possibilities that the event when it occurs must be applauded.

At the Carrington Galleries the Gavarnis are now framed, glazed and hung. On the walls they make an impression of greater richness than when one was turning them over in their solander box. They look better on the walls than in the hand, and this more or less is fair test for a print in spite of the opinion generally held that one should keep such things for intimate examination. The greatest prints, lithographs or etchings, are delightful where you really can see them without peering into them.

In the rear gallery are drawings by Sir Peter Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Richard Cosway, John Hoppner and Thomas Rowlandson. Of course the Rowlandsons are the feast. Not a dull note, except in the "Charing Cross," which is so out-and-out stupid that you wonder what happened to the artist that day. He was certainly sufficiently fit the day he did "Full Cry in the Garden," with the penciled note under the wash to the effect that the sub-title might be "The Parterres Deranged or the Outraged Vicar." The beautiful parterres with neat topiary effects are in utmost danger of derangement. A hunting party chases a minute fox hardly out of its cradle across the tidy garden, undeterred by the threatening sign "Steel Traps," and the outraged vicar risks his ultimately inevitable apoplexy by dashing to the rescue, not of the fox but of his greenery. And the lovely bath of color washing over the agitated scene makes it seem the prettiest garden party conceivable. Color with Rowlandson always does that.

It does it to the convivial "Camp at Barham Downs" with every man and maid discussing the contents of a mug and in the distance a cask promising plenty still to come. The russet tree in front of one that has kept the tender green of May is a lyric from Robin Hood. Rowlandson has his dog as Jan Steen his, and the episodes in which it figures are the life of the party.

The catalogue quotes an old number of "The Gentleman's Magazine," issued the year of Rowlandson's death, as declaring with an accent of pride that Sir Joshua and Benjamin West had each expressed the opinion that some of Rowlandson's drawings would do honor to Rubens or any of the greatest masters of design of the old schools. And now the growing fame of Rowlandson easily may rise quite above that of Rubens in this field, and already is looking down on Sir Joshua and West. Frank Mather gives a nice description of the way the magic of the color is gained:

"Rowlandson's drawings are merely the quintessence of what is intended in the prints, the method being the same. A bold outline swung in with the reed pen is the life of the design. Modified by a dose of vermillion, the India ink assumes warmth. Upon this skeleton the fundamental wash of gray is set with masterly ease and modeling power. Rowlandson's grays are what give quality to his designs. The wash is never quite neutral, but verges toward rose or cobalt * * * and here I may recall a shrewd saying of the artist-critic, Roger E. Fry, that what we call atmospheric quality in a painting depends not on specific truthfulness of effect, but upon equilibrium of color and texture."

The superb drawing, "The Fair," illustrates this point. In spite of the clear, sharp definition of each incident in the opulently varied scene (the eighteenth century artists were all of them generous with brilliant little side shows) the air that flows about them unites them, and the design without the color would be a haggard performance.

Turning from these atmospheric washes of color, these caperings and calisthenics of line, to Sir Peter Lely's pedestrian portraits we get the German note in English art. Sir Peter remained a Westphalian to the day of his death, to the day of his picturesque funeral by torchlight. One little portrait by him in this restricted exhibition is in oil and the lighting is that of torches as much as of anything. But the lovely child with moist parted lips has the beauty of English childhood. Not even Greuse could show so sweet a mouth. An even more heavenly mouth is that in the penciled "Portrait of a Young Girl," where the delicacy of the modeling is untroubled by the heaviness of the medium. The other features are a bit askew.

Sir Godfrey Kneller is another German, born at Lübeck, who worked and died in England. He was a speedier craftsman than Lely without the latter's feeling for objective beauty. Walpole says that Charles II., to save time and trouble, sat to Kneller and Lely at the same time, and Kneller's picture was finished by the time the underpainting of Lely's was ready. This was enough to establish his fame, speed in art already having begun to be reckoned an asset. He painted kings and queens and court beauties by wholesale, and all the notables of his time, and Hampton Court bears witness to his dull mind and incapable brush.

John Hoppner is represented in the exhibition by one drawing, a "Girl Standing Under a Tree," a beautiful chalk sketch. The girl is a barefoot peasant with a dreamy way of doing her hair, and huge earrings. She leans against a rock and you see how well her weight is borne by the hand resting on the big boulder and you see also what a considerable weight it was, the stocky figure solidly built up with a few significant strokes. Very Hoppneresque are the faint touches of color on the flesh and in the sky. Loving art and nature, Hoppner was frightfully hampered by his true affection. Where Romney could let himself go with a blue sash and a pretty face poor Hoppner strove to make a picture. With less striving he would have done better—and worse.

The Cosway has scarcity interest. The timid, self-conscious old miniaturist has had no little attention paid to him in these later years, but very little that he has done stirs the mind to special concern for him. If one wishes to know about him the catalogue says all there is of real interest.

"Leda." By Gleb Derujinsky. Carved in Mexican Redwood.

In the Salon d'Automne, Paris.

WHO'S NEW IN THE OPERA

(Continued from Page 8)

with Mme. Nicklas-Kempner. She was engaged at the Berlin State Opera and the opera houses in Vienna, Dresden and Hamburg.

Merle Alcock, by virtue of a lucky initial to her name, like Abou Ben-Adhem's, "leads all the rest" of the Metropolitan's present contralto choir. Born in Missouri of American parentage, Mrs. Alcock studied in New York with Mr. Witherspoon and Mrs. Behr. She sang with the Boston Symphony and other orchestras throughout the country, also several concerts in London and in Canada.

Last Summer, following her engagement for opera, she went abroad again to appear briefly in France. She is an artist of established reputation in America's choral celebrations, such as that held biennially by the Cincinnati May festival and annually by the Bach Choir of Bethlehem, Pa.

Karin Branzell, latest of Mr. Gatti's added starters, will not join the Metropolitan performances until January. Mme. Branzell is Swedish, having commenced her career as contralto at the Royal Opera, Stockholm. At present she is an important member of the State Opera, Berlin. Her répertoire includes all the Wagnerian mezzo rôles as well as such Italian and French rôles as Amneris, Azucena and Delilah.

Miguel Fleta, the Spanish tenor, who arrived here from Argentina last month after reported triumphant seasons at Buenos Aires and also in Brazil, will be the first of the new Metropolitan artists to appear in a leading rôle, that of Cavaradossi in "Tosca" on Thursday night as originally announced. Señor Fleta was born in Saragossa, Spain, twenty-five years ago. He made his début at Triest in 1920, and has since been singing in Italy and South America.

Rudolph Laubenthal, announced for his first American hearing on Friday as the knightly hero of the prize song, Walther von Stolzing, in "Die Meistersinger," is a man of contrasting type, educated in youth for another profession than music. Herr Laubenthal had prepared himself to be a doctor of medicine, but gave up that career for singing. He was born in Düsseldorf, where he studied, making his début in Cologne.

Arnold Gabor, also in Mr. Gatti's cast for the "Meistersinger" revival, is a Hungarian well known in Budapest, and also in Berlin and Munich, where he has achieved much popularity. He studied singing for several years in Italy and is said to be equally effective in Italian and German opera. He will be with the company the entire season.

A new king will arise in Egypt when James Wolf sings in "Aida" on Wednesday. Mr. Wolf was born at Riga, Russia, and studied singing there with Richard Helvoir von Pell and at Berlin with Professor Ott, making his début as the priest in "Magic Flute." He sang three years at the Berlin Opera and several Summers at Baireuth. In 1919 he went to France as basso with the Russian Opera Company, and coming to America, was engaged by the Chicago Opera Company here.

From last year's Wagner Festival Company comes Friedrich Schorr, baritone, a Hungarian artist, who first studied law at the University of Vienna, later forsaking his legal career for the stage. His début as Wotan made a favorable impression. He was engaged at the age of 22 for the opera in Graz, and after four years there was called to the State Theatre, Prague, and thence to Cologne. Success as a Wagner interpreter gained him a position with the State Opera in Berlin as one of its leading baritones. He appeared in Wagnerian festivals in Germany, Austria, Holland and Czechoslovakia.

Two young baritones, one an American and both known here, are also among the singers later to be heard at the Metropolitan. Lawrence Tibbett, who has appeared in song recital, was born at Bakersfield, Cal., and made his concert début with the Orpheus Club in Los Angeles. His club won the first prize at the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco in 1915 for the best male choral singing. Tibbett sang in light opera in Hollywood for two seasons and with the California Opera Company in Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. He studied with the former Metropolitan basso, Basil Ruysdael, in California, and in New York with Franke La Forge.

Vincente Ballester, the Spanish baritone, was born in Valencia. He intended to become a painter, but having discovered that he had a voice, studied singing instead. At Barcelona, the Mayor of the city became interested in him and sent him to Paris to study with Jean de Reszke. It was at Paris that he made his début, singing in "Pagliacci" and "Aida" in French. Later he went to Italy, appearing in Milan at the Teatro Dal Verme in Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera," as well as in other leading cities of Italy, and later South America, Mexico and Cuba. He spent two years in America with the San Carlo Opera Company, sang a season at the Colon in Buenos Aires and another recently with the Chicago Opera Company.

With this catalogue complete to date the Metropolitan's newcomers are all told. There may be surprises during the season. Tomorrow there will be no unfamiliar names, only the tried and true favorites for a gala welcome home to the stars on the stage and to society in the boxes. As to the opera, "Thaïs," chosen for the opening night, thereby hangs a tale. Before Gatti-Casazza announced it as his choice the bets were all against it. Oscar Hammerstein himself, the producer of the bulk of Massenet's works here in America, never but once varied from an Italian season's opener. That once was the Manhattan's final year under his rule—1909-10—begun by Rénaud in "Herodiade." Three previous Hammerstein seasons started with "Puritana," "Gioconda" and "Tosca."

"Thaïs" has never begun a year at the Metropolitan, where this work was a late acquirement for the repertory of Miss Farrar, now followed in it by Jeritza. French opera in general has been the stepchild of New York's opera house, buffeted and beaten in the forty-year clash of embattled Italian and German lyric art. The very "Faust" that first opened the "Faustspielhaus" back in 1883 was sung in Italian. On the theatre's turn-over for seven years to the Germans, the first-night bills were successively "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Queen of Sheba," "Tristan," Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" in German, "Flying Dutchman" and, in 1890, Fanchetti's "Asrael."

Abbey and Grau came back in 1891 with the real Paris article, the débuts of the de Reszkes and Eames in "Roméo et Juliette." After the fire year Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau reopened the theatre with "Faust," and the next year "Romeo" again. Mr. Grau's independent tenure began in 1898, at a time when the public had warmed to de Reszke and Eames in "Lohengrin," de Reszke and Nordica in "Tristan," but in opening with a German work Grau's choice was "Tannhäuser," and his next season première saw "Romeo" reinstated. Thrice in the 1900's he checkmated all rivals with "Romeo" again, then "Tristan" and tragic "Otello."

Director Conried, a German, had inherited from Grau the contract that introduced Caruso to this public when a new régime opened in 1903 with "Rigoletto," sung by the tenor and Mme. Sembrich. Caruso again led the second Conried year in "Aida," opened his third year in "Gioconda," and the fifth year in "Adriana Lecouvreur." Custom was meanwhile varied by introduction of Farrar in "Romeo et Juliette" in 1906, with a gallant second place for "Bohème" and Sembrich and Caruso.

Mr. Gatti's openings read like a chess players' manual. In the present general manager's fifteen years hitherto, he has on three occasions put forward "Aida," as indeed he did on first entering the directorate in 1908. Twice "Gioconda" led off, and twice "Tosca," so given last season for Jeritza. The Italians also had first pickings once in "Manon Lescaut" and "Masked Ball," both for Caruso, and two years ago "Traviata," on the entrance of a captured rival star, Galli-Curci.

When Toscanini conducted a century-old "Armide" for the first time here in 1910, Glück's opera was sung in Italian, though its composer is a classic of the French. A year previously Massenet's "Werther" had led a side enterprise of the Metropolitan at the New Theatre, now the Century. Caruso himself brought the French works to the front on Broadway in Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Dalila" in 1915, Bizet's "Pearl Fishers" the following season, and, in alternate years thereafter, "Samson" again in 1918 and Halévy's "La Juive" in 1920, the great tenor's last year on his greatest stage.

BREADMAKING IN NORMANDY

It is not hard to persuade a Norman peasant to believe anything strange or outrageous of that extraordinary country, America; but he always finds it difficult to understand how it can be true that American women make bread!

The men of America must be brutes, he thinks, for, although a farmer's wife in the north of France may do a good part of the heavy work about the farm, she never thinks of making the bread. That is man's work, and it is carried on, not in the kitchen, but in the stable.

The Norman peasant eats an astonishing quantity of bread. He has little else—except cider—for his breakfast and supper, and it is a very important part of his noonday meal as well.

And such queer-looking bread as it is! The "loaves" are as round and as palely yellow as the full moon; they are often three feet in circumference and eight or ten inches thick. Seeing one of them for the first time, you would be quite likely to take it for a large cheese.

Breadmaking in Normandy being only a monthly occurrence, the operations must be on a scale of considerable magnitude if the family supply is to be sufficient to last for four long weeks. The dough is always mixed in a certain enclosed space upon the floor of the barn.

At other times cats, dogs and poultry enjoy the freedom of this space; but when breadmaking is at hand these are evicted and the floor is swept—let us hope very thoroughly.

There is no dough pan or trough. The flour and water are poured together upon the floor, and the farmer and his sons or hired laborers beat the mass into the proper consistency with heavy clubs, widely flattened at the ends until they look something like roughly shaped snow shovels. Then a lump of leaven is added, and the mass is given ten or twelve hours to "rise."

Next it must be kneaded, a process which is accomplished with the feet. Shod in heavy sabots or wooden shoes—not the every-day shoes, which are painted black, but made of unstained wood (whitewood)—the men leap into the midst of the dough. They jump about with agility; they stamp and kick the spongy stuff; they dance clumsy jigs in it, the stiffening dough clinging tenaciously to their shoes. It is the hardest of work, requiring endurance as well as strength, and before it is time to stop more than one of the men will be staggering to and fro in the pasty mass, thoroughly exhausted.

The dough is allowed to rise a second time and is again soundly beaten with the flattened clubs, is then put into great round pans and baked in the massive brick oven which stands in almost every Norman stable.

The bread which results is firm, close in texture and rather dingy in color, sweet but dry, and decidedly palatable even to those who have seen it made.

As the month draws to a close the outer crust becomes so thick and hard that it can only be penetrated by a saw kept for that purpose. But this horny shell has its use, for it keeps the interior of the loaf fairly soft and fresh, sometimes for several months.

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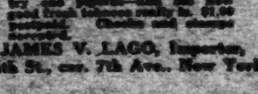
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THE HEARTS OF MASTER-WOMEN

(Continued from Page 6)

later Mme. Scarron, later the Marquise de Maintenon, and finally the wife of Louis XIV. of France, one of the most regal manarchs who ever wore a crown.

Poor, orphaned while yet in her 'teens, in her desperate straits accepting as her husband a crippled and improvident invalid, widowed while yet a young woman and obliged to accept employment as the governess of the illegitimate children of Louis XIV., by means of her intellectual qualities and, above all, of her absolute mastery of self, she became at 51 years of age the wife of the King of France, three years her junior, whom she never loved, but through whom she sought to guide the destinies of France. So successful was she in her aim that the responsibility of the infamous Revocation of the Edict of Nantes is frequently laid at her door. Thirsting for power, yet wearied unutterably by the monotony of court life in the later years of the reign and by its galling restrictions, her abandonment of the old King as he lay dying in his palace has always been held up against her as proof positive of her cold-blooded heartlessness to one who had raised her from poverty and obscurity to almost the pinnacle of high estate.

Queen Victoria, as a strictly constitutional monarch, was deprived of the opportunity of exercising that sovereign power so eagerly sought and so jealously guarded by the foregoing rulers, and although she showed a marked aptitude for State affairs, she can scarcely be judged by the same standards as those applied to these other women. But that she was enormously successful in her sphere cannot be denied; and neither can it be asserted, even by those to whom she is not sympathetic that her life contained any very romantic episodes. Indeed, her devotion to the memory of her husband terminated by having a somewhat irritating effect on the English people, who would have preferred less woe and mourning and more pomp and regal splendor about the court of their sovereign.

Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra and the East, is the best example that we have of the successful master-woman of antiquity. Her reign, though it ended in defeat by the Romans, while it lasted was one of blazing glory; and as for her heart, her exemplary virtue is underlined by Gibbon in a footnote of his "Decline and Fall." A good wife and the mother of five children, there are many who would judge her to be a somewhat cold-hearted specimen of her sex.

But the unfortunate Queens who failed! Ah, these were not cold-hearted! Mary Stuart, with her beauty, her romantic temperament and her warm and passionate heart, will ever fire the imagination of men and inspire them with pity for her hideous fate. She loved and was loved, where Isabella and Elizabeth were only feared and Catherine II. merely mocked at. Cleopatra, again, sunk in her infatuation for Marc Antony as he was sunk in his for her, was, one suspects, a more lovable woman than Queen Victoria or Mme. de Maintenon. Mary Tudor sacrificed the affection of her people for the sake of her religion and her Spanish suitor, with whom she found herself desperately in love, while Christina of Sweden sacrificed her throne for the sake of freedom to pursue her philosophers and (one suspects) her clandestine love affairs over the length and breadth of Europe.

The most notorious failure in Queens of recent times was Isabella II. of Spain, whose utter incapacity for government combined with a predilection for low-class lovers led to her dethronement in 1870. Gay, inordinately pleasure-loving, full of life and vitality, notoriously kind, generous and good-natured, so great was her personal popularity in the earlier part of her reign that the Spanish people were prepared to allow her considerable latitude in her love affairs in view of the fact that she had been bartered for state reasons in a marriage to a ridiculous weakling whom she despised.

But her public devotion to a rapid succession of lovers, culminating with the low-class actor Marfori, strained their indulgence beyond the limit, and poor Isabella passed the last thirty-four years of her life in exile in Paris.

Living, men courted these master-women as rulers, but reserved their hearts for those women who themselves had a heart to give them in return. And in our own day—this day of triumphant feminism—something of the same phenomenon is to be remarked in connection with many of those women who hungrily aspire to subject their fellow-creatures to their domination; like the master-women we have noted, they preserve a most excellent control over their hearts, and, like them, too, are as unsuccessful in evoking the love of men. "Plus ceia change," as the French saying runs, "plus c'est la même chose."

THE DAPPERS AND THE SMARTS

(Continued from Page 5)

If there were more reactionary spirits like the old golf veteran perhaps the men would be more restrained. But most of the influences point in the opposite direction. There are, for instance, the handsome men in the clothing ads to egg the Dappers on. They've got under the skins of American men. Advertising is so diabolically clever. The tailor's dummies don't look like dummies any more. They are not shown stiff and ridiculous and too beautiful to be true. They are draped in natural, nonchalant attitudes, chaffing with their fair ones, watching the game from the player's bench, swapping stories at the club. There is something irresistible about them. "No reason why I can't look like that," the Dapper decides.

If you doubt the influence of the clothing-ad god, watch a man try on a suit some day when you have a few hours to spare. He will dangle a cigarette from the right corner of his mouth, rest his left hand lightly on his hip, bend one knee a little. He will lean against something—anything handy—in an attitude that bespeaks ease—just as he has seen it done in the advertisement.

But vast as is the influence of the clothing-ad Apollos, they cannot rival the power of women in bringing the Dapper back to life. Every day they lead the men on to dress with more brilliance and less discretion.

It is all a part of the emancipation of the frail sex. They have lost all fear of the men's shops. This is partly because many of the men's stores have opened women's departments and partly—well, because there is nothing that the women are afraid of any more. When friend husband fares forth to hunt his new Winter suit, friend wife trudges resolutely beside him. And if he seems drawn by blue serge or Oxford-cloth, she leads him over to the grays and the creamy tans and cajoles him with flattery into selecting his suit from among them.

A fashion periodical called Men's Wear has estimated that 65 per cent. of men's ties, 75 per cent. of their socks and 30 per cent. of their shirts are bought by women today. Which may account for many startling displays we have seen.

There is another way that women have affected men's dressing. They are always about; uptown and downtown, at the office and in the subway. Time was when a man was safe at work in his shabby suit so long as he cut a dashing figure when he rang a certain doorbell at 8:30 in the evening. But that doesn't hold when the object of his affection works in the office next to his and drops in every hour or so to pass the time of day.

Some may condone the rebirth of the Dapper, but one group regards his advent with a beaming complacency. That group includes the dealers in men's clothes.

"Why, it is amazing even to me," said the founder of an important chain of men's stores in New York, "how much difference a man's clothes make to him today. Just look at this stock—" and he led the way past case after case of overcoats rivaling the famous garment presented to Joseph by his father: "I can't get them bright enough. And as for suits, why, I have them in all colors and a hundred different styles. I remember the day when I could order a consignment of sack suits, and practically all I had to specify were the sizes. A man would come in, slip on a few coats, and take any one that seemed to fit him half-way. Now, they are worse than the ladies."

"I used to have at least a thousand black suits in stock all the time. Today there is no demand for them. I doubt if we have fifteen, all told—excepting dress clothes, of course.

"We sell more of them all the time, because the styles change every season. Up to a few years ago, a man used to buy a full-dress suit when he was 21, and he'd be ready for formal occasions until he was buried in it. Times have changed—" he sighed contentedly.

"And how they do spend their money!" he went on. "Ten years ago, $45 was about our top price for suits. Now it is our beginning price, and we have them for $100 and over."

Like many other wise dealers in ready-to-wear clothes, he has his own made to order. He confided that in about eight years, his tailor had jumped from $85 to $150 a suit. "It's worth it, though," he concluded. "We men must look smart these days."

KNIGHTS OF THE MAHOGANY

(Continued from Page 11)

Fate, ever kind to the truly valiant, had relented. The maitre d'hotel in person burst into the room to whisper the encouraging news. The crabs were already on the fire. There would be no appreciable delay. O boy!

The schemes, the stratagems and the researches of the knights would furnish forth a volume of exciting adventures. Other men might roam the world for pleasure or for profit, to view ancient places or the art treasures of the museums, to give their women folk the pleasures of shopping in London and Paris, but not so the Knights of the Mahogany. Year after year they proceeded upon voyages of discovery. Like the famous Archestratus, they scoured the sea and the land only for the pleasures of the table. And every year they returned secreting from envious eyes the treasures they had found.

Now and then it was a prize beyond price, like the unique Blood-good madeira, imported in early days by a discerning merchant of that name and ever since coveted by every expert in the four corners of the globe. Once a knight came down the gangplank with a whole Royal Stilton cheese under each arm. By a rare bit of good fortune he had been able to capture these from the dairies of the Duke of Westminster. Judge Truax, versed in all the vintages, devoted special attention to the rare champagnes. Controller Fitch was without a rival in knowledge of port, and his library on this subject was admittedly superior to all others. Through the courtesy of his son, the present Ashbel P. Fitch, we are able to reproduce the following menu of a dinner served on April 2, 1900:

Caviar on toast.
Bussard's Bay oysters.
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Broiled brook trout.
Cucumbers. Julienne potatoes.
Lubeck sausages. New string beans.
Rack of Spring lamb chatelaine.
Broiled Virginia ham.
New asparagus Hollandaise.
Orange sherbet.
Canvas back duck.
Hominy. Chiffonade salad.
Assorted cheese.
Coffee.

With this went the following wines:

Cortado sherry, furnished by the club.
Chablis Moutonne, 1893, furnished by the club.
Marcobrunner cabinet, 1868, furnished by Randolph Guggenheimer.
Chateau Haut Brion, 1895, furnished by Judge Morgan J. O'Brien. (Bottled at chateau).
Moet & Chandon, 1884, furnished by Judge Gildersleeve.
Krug, 1880, 4 bottle, furnished by Judge Van Brunt.
Krug, 1892, 1 bottle, furnished by Judge Morgan J. O'Brien.
Pommery Brut, 1865, furnished by Judge Truax.
Barlow madeira, furnished by Judge Truax.

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